This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

.684

Library of the University of Michigan
Bought with the income
of the
Ford-Messer
Bequest

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

BY

RICHARD GARNETT
(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

LEON VALLÉE
(FRENCH LITERATURE)

ALOIS BRANDL
(GERMAN LITERATURE)

AND

PAUL BOURGET
(French Critical Essays)

EMILE ZOLA
(French Naturalistic Literature)

EDWARD DOWDEN
(Elizabethan Literature)

DEAN FARRAR
(Literature of Religious Criticism)

E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ
(Russian Literature)

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(Collected Literature)

F. BRUNETIERE
(Modern French Poetry)

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS
(Scientific Literature)

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD
(American Literature)

ANDREW LANG
(Nineteenth Century Literature)

HENRY JAMES
(The Novel)

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
(The Modern Drama)

PASQUALE VILLARI
(The Italian Renaissance)

BRET HARTE
(Short Stories)

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES
(Decadent Literature)

EDMUND GOSSE
(Poetry)

J. P. MAHAFFY
(Historical Literature)

WALTER BESANT
(Historical Novels)

This Westminster Edition, in English, of The Universal Anthology is limited to one thousand complete sets, of which this copy is number 552

St Paul

From the painting by Raphael

WESTMINSTER EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT
KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE
LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL
PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

Volume Twenty-six

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON
MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS
BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservé
Paris, 1899

Alle rechte, insbesondere das der Übersetzung, vorbehalten
Berlin, 1899.

Proprietà Letteraria, Riservaté tutti i divitti
Rome, 1899

Copyright 1899
by
Richard Garnett

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXVI.

		PAGE
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	13
The Deacon's Masterpiece: or the Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	44
The Last Leaf	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	47
Lotus Farm	*Frédéric Mistral*	48
Duty	*Jules Simon*	53
The Bread Riot	*Dinah Mulock*	57
Mrs. Proudie's Reception	*Anthony Trollope*	71
The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green	*Cuthbert Bede*	86
The Romance of a Poor Young Man	*Octave Feuillet*	98
Flowers of Evil	*Charles Baudelaire*	118
The Blessèd Damozel	*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*	119
A Man of Great Projects	*Ivan S. Turgenieff*	123
Frederick the Great and his Court	*Louise Mühlbach*	135
The Old Scottish Domestic Servant	*Dean Ramsay*	147
The Despotism of Custom	*John Stuart Mill*	158
The Uniformity of Social Laws	*H. T. Buckle*	173
A Bulwark of Sound Religion	*George Eliot*	177
Forbearance	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	182
The Ruose that Decked her Breast	*William Barnes*	183
Cosmos	*Alexander von Humboldt*	184
The Story of Saïdjah and Adinda	*Eduard Douwes Dekker*	191
Liberty	*William Lloyd Garrison*	203
Irish History and Irish Character	*Goldwin Smith*	204
In School Days	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	215
The Song of the Camp	*Bayard Taylor*	216
The Warfare of Life	*"Owen Meredith"*	218
Dinners	*"Owen Meredith"*	220
Each and All	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	221
The Rhododendron	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	222
National Hymns	*Richard Grant White*	223
The Star-Spangled Banner	*Francis Scott Key*	234
America	*Samuel Francis Smith*	235
The Marseillaise	*Rouget de l'Isle*	236
The Departure for Syria	*M. de Laborde*	237
God Save the King	*Henry Carey*	238

		PAGE
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	239
The Watch on the Rhine	*Max Schneckenburger*	240
If I could only Write	*Ramon de Campoamor*	241
An Order for a Picture	*Alice Cary*	242
The Fairies	*William Allingham*	245
The Convict in the Marshes	*Charles Dickens*	247
David Copperfield at School	*Charles Dickens*	252
The Death of Dora	*Charles Dickens*	258
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	*Jean Ingelow*	263
The Christian Idea of God	*James Freeman Clarke*	267
Self-Culture	*William Ellery Channing*	276
A Sermon of Old Age	*Theodore Parker*	280
The Character of Jesus	*Horace Bushnell*	284
Nurture of Noble Impulse	*Henry Ward Beecher*	289
The Right Use of Prayer	*Sir Aubrey de Vere*	296
Book-Buying	*Henry Ward Beecher*	296
St. Paul on Marriage and Celibacy	*Frederick W. Robertson*	300
Criticism of History	*Frederick D. Maurice*	306
Carcassonne	*Gustave Nadaud*	311
Poems of Thackeray:		
The White Squall		313
Little Billee		316
Sorrows of Werther		317
The Age of Wisdom		318
The Brave Old Oak	*Henry F. Chorley*	319
Woodman, Spare that Tree!	*George P. Morris*	320
The Ivy Green	*Charles Dickens*	321
The Experiment in Desiccation	*Edmond About*	322
Tears, Idle Tears	*Alfred Tennyson*	336
Fritz and Suzel	*Erckmann-Chatrian*	336
Miller Voss and the Amtshauptmann	*Fritz Reuter*	348
Marjorie Fleming	*Dr. John Brown*	357
New-Born Death	*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*	380
The Death of Barnier	*E. and J. de Goncourt*	380
Poems of Robert Browning:		
Up at a Villa — Down in the City		388
Love among the Ruins		391
The Jews' Plea		393
Any Wife to Any Husband		394
Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:		
Lord Walter's Wife		398
My Heart and I		401
A Musical Instrument		402
Psyche and Pan		403
Sonnets from the Portuguese		403

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME XXVI.

ST. PAUL . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

THE "ONE HOSS SHAY" 44

HOMELESS 56

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL 120

HER LETTER 242

PAN AND PSYCHE 398

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847-1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.

I.

I WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: $2+2=4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a+b=c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity student lately come among us to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had made the same observation. — No, sir, I replied, he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that

sounds something like it, and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days.

— If I belong to a society of Mutual Admiration? — I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied; a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray —

Letters four do form his name —

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, "That's it! that's it!"

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men

of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you, that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us the *Spectator?* Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company, or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about, when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence, because it is lofty, serene, impregnable and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

— All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing,

shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will of course understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady boarders, — the same that sent me her autograph book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that *The Pactolian* pays me five dollars a line for everything I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I (she and the century were in their teens together), "all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man that I would trust with my latchkey."

"Who might that favored person be?"

"Zimmermann."

The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra de capello. You remember what they tell of

William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell and his face flush and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of the thermometer.

(— You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you, — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.)

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing." — Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said. — "Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma," — and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not

true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.

— What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulæ like a cornsheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it, since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I have not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

— Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean: it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

So you admire conceited people, do you? said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for — the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"! Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequaled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

— What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else; — long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

— Do you mean to say the pun question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide* — that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life — are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as

man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says that all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then — and not till then — struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the Monthly Rag Bag and Stolen Miscellany, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied: "Jest so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

I will thank you, B. F., to bring down two books, of which I will mark the places on this slip of paper. (While he is gone, I may say that this boy, our landlady's youngest, is called Benjamin Franklin, after the celebrated philosopher of that name. A highly merited compliment.)

I wished to refer to two eminent authorities. Now be so good as to listen. The great moralist says: "To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade

the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

And, once more, listen to the historian: "The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The Lords Temporal carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have its Royal quibble. 'Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester.' The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of 'Og, the King of Bashan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier who brought him water for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw 'Othello' performed at the Globe Theater, remarked that the blackamoor was a brute, and not a man. 'Thou hast reason,' replied a great Lord, 'according to Plato his saying; for this be a two-legged animal *with* feathers.' The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The inflection spread to the national conscience. Political double dealings naturally grew out of verbal double meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of the Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts."

Who was that boarder that just whispered something about the Macaulay flowers of literature? — There was a dead silence. — I said calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my boarding house. Do not plead my example. If *I* have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken helot. We have done with them.

— If a logical mind ever found out anything with its logic? — I should say that its most frequent work was to build a *pons asinorum* over chasms that shrewd people can bestride without such a structure. You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove. You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker Hill was ever fought. The great minds are those with a wide span, that couple truths related to, but far removed from, each other. Logicians carry the surveyor's chain over the track of which these are the true explorers. I value a man mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth, — not for any secondary artifice in handling his ideas. Some of

the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment. I should not trust the counsel of a smart debater any more than that of a good chess player. Either may of course advise wisely, but not necessarily because he wrangles or plays well.

The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his fore foot, at the expression, "his relations with truth as I understand truth," and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

Precisely so, my dear sir, I replied; common sense, *as you understand it*. We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own, than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other. It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down! I have sometimes compared conversation to the Italian game of *mora*, in which one player lifts his hand with so many fingers extended, and the other matches or misses the number, as the case may be, with his own. I show my thought, another his; if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

— What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

When Eve had led her lord away,
  And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
  Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
  And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
  Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
  Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
  The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
  Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
  Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
  A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
  And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
  On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
  The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
  And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
  And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses, my friends? — Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Æt. 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says, "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) — *Oui et non, ma petite,* — Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written offhand; the other two took a week, — that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le* DERNIER *pas qui coute.* Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think

they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of outdoors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day*, *ray*, *beauty*, *duty*, *skies*, *eyes*, *other*, *brother*, *mountain*, *fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above. — Here, turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top leathers to an old pair of boot soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

. . . . . youth
. . . . . morning
. . . . . truth
. . . . . warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side curl, gummed on each temple, — when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, — and when she says

"Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

"I was only giving some hints on the fine arts."

"Yes?"

— It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's Voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady baskets. When I fling a Bay State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate that the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket* shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

— We are the Romans of the modern world, — the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civilized society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu or the journals of Congress: —

The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish *lance* that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the *shattered spear!*

What business had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in "The Pleasures of Hope."

— Self-made men? — Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from

drain to chimney top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little further on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? — O, I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out: it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen — among them a member of His Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress not later than the time of topboots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Smibert. The great merchant uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his counting-room in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist: brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiff, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown: flat stomacher, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hos-

pital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependents. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine;* wisps of curls, like celery tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college students in them, — family names; — you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man that inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear Professor over there ever read "Poli Synopsis," or consulted "Castelli Lexicon," while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the

man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

—I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they haven't. Perhaps you would like to hear my

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle — rasp — and straw —
  Grow bigger *downwards* through the box, —

When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —
When haberdashers choose the stand
  Whose window hath the broadest light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,
  And party leaders all they mean, —
When what we pay for, that we drink,
  From real grape and coffee bean, —

When lawyers take what they would give,
  And doctors give what they would take, —
When city fathers eat to live,
  Save when they fast for conscience' sake, —

When one that hath a horse on sale
  Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
  That holds the iron on the hoof, —

When in the usual place for rips
  Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
  Where first umbrellas need repair, —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
  The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
  Such dimples as would hold your fist, —

When publishers no longer steal
  And pay for what they stole before, —
When the first locomotive's wheel
  Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
  And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
  Then order your ascension robe!

The company seemed to like the verses, and I promised them to read others occasionally, if they had a mind to hear them. Of course they would not expect it every morning. Neither must the reader suppose that all these things I have reported were said at any one breakfast time. I have not taken the trouble to date them, as Raspail, *père*, used to date every proof he sent to the printer; but they were scattered over several breakfasts; and I have said a good many more things since which I shall very possibly print some time or other, if I am urged to do it by judicious friends.

II.

Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters just spoken of, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate, and become, what some old fools would have it, a matter of convenience, and not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough, — on one condition.

— What is that, Sir? — said the divinity student.

— That they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the

biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The "Sunday blood," the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual Fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummell and D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for "la main de fer sous le gant de velours" (which I printed in English the other day without quotation marks, thinking whether any *scarabæus criticus* would add this to his globe and roll in glory with it into the newspapers, — which he didn't do it, in the charming pleonasm of the London language, and therefore I claim the sole merit of exposing the same). A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them. There was Alcibiades, the "curled son of Clinias," an accomplished young man, but what would be called a "swell" in these days. There was Aristoteles, a very distinguished writer, of whom you have heard, — a philosopher, in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again. Regular dandy, he was. So was Marcus Antonius; and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it wasn't his dandyism that spoiled his chance. Petrarca was not to be despised as a scholar or a poet, but he was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphry Davy; so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Yes, — a dandy is good for something as such; and dandies such as I was just speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle, — aye, and left it swinging to this day. — Still, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's, on the strength of these remarks, and run up a long bill which will render pockets a superfluity in your next suit. *Elegans "nascitur, non fit."* A man is born a dandy, as he is born a poet. There are heads that can't wear hats; there are necks that can't fit cravats; there are jaws that can't fill out collars — (Willis touched this last point in one of his earlier ambrotypes, if I remember rightly); there are *tournures* nothing can humanize, and movements nothing can subdue to the gracious suavity or elegant languor or stately serenity which belong to different styles of dandyism.

We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this

country, — not a *gratiâ-Dei*, nor a *jure-divino* one, — but a *de-facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life as the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves, — very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities. I say, then, we are forming an aristocracy; and, transitory as its individual life often is, it maintains itself tolerably, as a whole. Of course, money is its corner stone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race, — I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. When the spring chickens come to market — I beg your pardon, that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would find it hard to match from all its townships put together. Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact I have just spoken of, — which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now.

The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach panels. It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues. Still I don't believe in any aristocracy without

they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of outdoors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day*, *ray*, *beauty*, *duty*, *skies*, *eyes*, *other*, *brother*, *mountain*, *fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above. — Here, turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top leathers to an old pair of boot soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

. . . . . youth
. . . . . morning
. . . . . truth
. . . . . warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side curl, gummed on each temple, — when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, — and when she says

"Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

"I was only giving some hints on the fine arts."

"Yes?"

— It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's Voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady baskets. When I fling a Bay State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate that the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket* shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

— We are the Romans of the modern world, — the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civilized society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu or the journals of Congress: —

The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish *lance* that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the *shattered spear!*

What business had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in "The Pleasures of Hope."

— Self-made men? — Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from

drain to chimney top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little further on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? — O, I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen — among them a member of His Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of topboots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Smibert. The great merchant uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his armchair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hos-

pital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependents. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine;* wisps of curls, like celery tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college students in them, — family names; — you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man that inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear Professor over there ever read "Poli Synopsis," or consulted "Castelli Lexicon," while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the

man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

—I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they haven't. Perhaps you would like to hear my

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle — rasp — and straw —
  Grow bigger *downwards* through the box, —

When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —
When haberdashers choose the stand
  Whose window hath the broadest light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,
  And party leaders all they mean, —
When what we pay for, that we drink,
  From real grape and coffee bean, —

When lawyers take what they would give,
  And doctors give what they would take, —
When city fathers eat to live,
  Save when they fast for conscience' sake, —

When one that hath a horse on sale
  Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
  That holds the iron on the hoof, —

When in the usual place for rips
  Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
  Where first umbrellas need repair, —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
  The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
  Such dimples as would hold your fist, —

When publishers no longer steal
  And pay for what they stole before, —
When the first locomotive's wheel
  Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
  And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
  Then order your ascension robe!

The company seemed to like the verses, and I promised them to read others occasionally, if they had a mind to hear them. Of course they would not expect it every morning. Neither must the reader suppose that all these things I have reported were said at any one breakfast time. I have not taken the trouble to date them, as Raspail, *père*, used to date every proof he sent to the printer; but they were scattered over several breakfasts; and I have said a good many more things since which I shall very possibly print some time or other, if I am urged to do it by judicious friends.

II.

Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters just spoken of, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate, and become, what some old fools would have it, a matter of convenience, and not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough, — on one condition.

— What is that, Sir? — said the divinity student.

— That they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the

biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggery takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The "Sunday blood," the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual Fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummell and D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for "la main de fer sous le gant de velours" (which I printed in English the other day without quotation marks, thinking whether any *scarabæus criticus* would add this to his globe and roll in glory with it into the newspapers, — which he didn't do it, in the charming pleonasm of the London language, and therefore I claim the sole merit of exposing the same). A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them. There was Alcibiades, the "curled son of Clinias," an accomplished young man, but what would be called a "swell" in these days. There was Aristoteles, a very distinguished writer, of whom you have heard, — a philosopher, in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again. Regular dandy, he was. So was Marcus Antonius; and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it wasn't his dandyism that spoiled his chance. Petrarca was not to be despised as a scholar or a poet, but he was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphry Davy; so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Yes, — a dandy is good for something as such; and dandies such as I was just speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle, — aye, and left it swinging to this day. — Still, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's, on the strength of these remarks, and run up a long bill which will render pockets a superfluity in your next suit. *Elegans "nascitur, non fit."* A man is born a dandy, as he is born a poet. There are heads that can't wear hats; there are necks that can't fit cravats; there are jaws that can't fill out collars — (Willis touched this last point in one of his earlier ambrotypes, if I remember rightly); there are *tournures* nothing can humanize, and movements nothing can subdue to the gracious suavity or elegant languor or stately serenity which belong to different styles of dandyism.

We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this

country, — not a *gratiâ-Dei*, nor a *jure-divino* one, — but a *de-facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life as the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves, — very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities. I say, then, we are forming an aristocracy; and, transitory as its individual life often is, it maintains itself tolerably, as a whole. Of course, money is its corner stone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race, — I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. When the spring chickens come to market — I beg your pardon, that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would find it hard to match from all its townships put together. Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact I have just spoken of, — which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now.

The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach panels. It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues. Still I don't believe in any aristocracy without

pluck as its backbone. Ours may show it when the time comes, if it ever does come.

— These United States furnish the greatest market for intellectual *green fruit* of all the places in the world. I think so, at any rate. The demand for intellectual labor is so enormous, and the market so far from nice, that young talent is apt to fare like unripe gooseberries, — get plucked to make a fool of. Think of a country which buys eighty thousand copies of the "Proverbial Philosophy," while the author's admiring countrymen have been buying twelve thousand! How can one let his fruit hang in the sun until it gets fully ripe, while there are eighty thousand such hungry mouths ready to swallow it and proclaim its praises? Consequently, there never was such a collection of crude pippins and half-grown windfalls as our native literature displays among its fruits. There are literary greengroceries at every corner, which will buy anything, from a button pear to a pineapple. It takes a long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing. The temptation of money fame is too great for young people. Do I not remember that glorious moment when the late Mr. — we won't say who, — editor of the — we won't say what, offered me the sum of fifty cents *per* double-columned quarto page for shaking my young boughs over his foolscap apron? Was it not an intoxicating vision of gold and glory? I should doubtless have reveled in its wealth and splendor, but for learning the fact that the *fifty cents* was to be considered a rhetorical embellishment, and by no means a literal expression of past fact or present intention.

— Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

— I don't believe one word of what you are saying, — spoke up the angular female in black bombazine.

I am sorry you disbelieve it, Madam, — I said, and added softly to my next neighbor, — but you prove it.

The young fellow sitting near me winked; and the divinity student said, in an undertone, — *Optime dictum.*

Your talking Latin, — said I, — reminds me of an odd trick of one of my old tutors. He read so much of that language, that his English half turned into it. He got caught in town,

one hot summer, in pretty close quarters, and wrote, or began to write, a series of city pastorals. Eclogues he called them, and meant to have published them by subscription. I remember some of his verses, if you want to hear them. — You, Sir, (addressing myself to the divinity student,) and all such as have been through college, or, what is the same thing, received an honorary degree, will understand them without a dictionary. The old man had a great deal to say about "æstivation," as he called it, in opposition, as one might say, to *hibernation*. Intramural æstivation, or town life in summer, he would say, is a peculiar form of suspended existence or semi-asphyxia. One wakes up from it about the beginning of the last week in September. This is what I remember of his poem: —

ÆSTIVATION.

An Unpublished Poem, by my late Latin Tutor.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames;
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anheling, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum, —
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump, —
Depart, — be off, — excede, — evade, — erump!

— I have lived by the seashore and by the mountains. — No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *ferœ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain side; you see a light halfway up its ascent in the evening, and you

know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. — The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet, — its huge flanks pur very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints, — but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. — In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

Yet I should love to have a little box by the seashore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by and by begin to lash itself into rage and show its white teeth and spring at his bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury. — And then, — to look at it with that inward eye, — who does not love to shuffle off time and its concerns, at intervals, — to forget who is President and who is Governor, what race he belongs to, what language he speaks, which golden-headed nail of the firmament his particular planetary system is hung upon, and listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out and man is a fossil on its shores?

— What should decide one, in choosing a summer residence? — Constitution, first of all. How much snow could you melt in an hour, if you were planted in a hogshead of it? Comfort is essential to enjoyment. All sensitive people should remem-

ber that persons in easy circumstances suffer much more from cold in summer — that is, the warm half of the year — than in winter, or the other half. You must cut your climate to your constitution, as much as your clothing to your shape. After this, consult your taste and convenience. But if you would be happy in Berkshire, you must carry mountains in your brain; and if you would enjoy Nahant, you must have an ocean in your soul. Nature plays at dominoes with you; you must match her piece, or she will never give it up to you.

— The schoolmistress said, in rather a mischievous way, that she was afraid some minds or souls would be a little crowded, if they took in the Rocky Mountains or the Atlantic.

Have you ever read the little book called "The Stars and the Earth"? — said I. — Have you seen the Declaration of Independence photographed in a surface that a fly's foot would cover? The forms or conditions of Time and Space, as Kant will tell you, are nothing in themselves, — only our way of looking at things. You are right, I think, however, in recognizing the category of Space as being quite as applicable to minds as to the outer world. Every man of reflection is vaguely conscious of an imperfectly defined circle which is drawn about his intellect. He has a perfectly clear sense that the fragments of his intellectual circle include the curves of many other minds of which he is cognizant. He often recognizes these as manifestly concentric with his own, but of less radius. On the other hand, when we find a portion of an arc outside of our own, we say it *intersects* ours, but are very slow to confess or to see that it *circumscribes* it. Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions. After looking at the Alps, I felt that my mind had been stretched beyond the limits of its elasticity, and fitted so loosely on my old ideas of space that I had to spread these to fit it.

— If I thought I should ever see the Alps! — said the schoolmistress.

Perhaps you will, some time or other, — I said.

It is not very likely, — she answered. — I have had one or two opportunities, but I had rather be anything than governess in a rich family.

[Proud, too, you little soft-voiced woman! Well, I can't say I like you any the worse for it. How long will school keeping take to kill you? Is it possible the poor thing works with

her needle, too? I don't like those marks on the side of her forefinger.

Tableau. Chamouni. Mont Blanc in full view. Figures in the foreground; two of them standing apart; one of them a gentleman of — oh, — ah, — yes! the other a lady in a white cashmere, leaning on his shoulder. — The ingenuous reader will understand that this was an internal, private, personal, subjective diorama, seen for one instant on the background of my own consciousness, and abolished into black nonentity by the first question which recalled me to actual life, as suddenly as if one of those iron shop blinds (which I always pass at dusk with a shiver, expecting to stumble over some poor but honest shop boy's head, just taken off by its sudden and unexpected descent, and left outside upon the sidewalk) had come down "by the run."]

— Should you like to hear what moderate wishes life brings one to at last? I used to be very ambitious, — wasteful, extravagant, and luxurious in all my fancies. Read too much in the "Arabian Nights." Must have the lamp, — couldn't do without the ring. Exercise every morning on the brazen horse. Plump down into castles as full of little milk-white princesses as a nest is of young sparrows. All love me dearly at once. — Charming idea of life, but too high-colored for the reality. I have outgrown all this; my tastes have become exceedingly primitive, — almost, perhaps, ascetic. We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there. I think you will be willing to hear some lines which embody the subdued and limited desires of my maturity.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!

I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there, —
Some good bank stock, — some note of hand
Or trifling railroad share; —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names; —
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
But only near St. James; —
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; —
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;) —
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

(*A Parenthesis.*)

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

— I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real

lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow. — Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of it. — Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy. — She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle, aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather, — said a wise old friend to me, — he was a boor. — Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. — Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

— Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not, — whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon, — whether I cribbed them from Balzac, — whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom, — or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience, (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs,) I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things, and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

— You are a stranger to me, Ma'am. — I don't doubt you

would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress. — I shan't do it; — I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

— My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of, to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front yards or borders; Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences, — one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it, — here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head, (as I said in my poem the other day,) and look as if they were whispering "May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!" — and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch and toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything. — I hold any man cheap, — he said, — of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans. — How is that, Professor? — said I; — I should have set you down for one of that sort. — Sir, — said he, — I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, — "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, — "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, — "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city, — one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried, — and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, — "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, — "Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the street ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants — the smaller tribes always in front — saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner stone of the State House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

— Let us cry! —

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps

I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it, — but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. — Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman, (of the right kind,) reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that, — that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water, — to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit, — to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards, — to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years, — to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium, — and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life, too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were

made for love, — unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

— I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master of the breakfast table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon, — with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, — Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly, — said the schoolmistress, — with much pleasure. — Think, — I said, — before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, — the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree. — Pray, sit down, — I said. — No, no, — she answered softly, — I will walk the *long path* with you!

— The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, — "Good morning, my dears!"

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A Logical Story.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847–1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857–1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.]

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —

The "One Hoss Shay."

From the etching by W. H. Shelton

Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em, —
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way "he put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon Earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they call it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*,
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'house on the hill.

— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE LAST LEAF.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff.
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

LOTUS FARM.[1]

By FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.

(From "Mirèio": translated by Harriet W. Preston.)

[FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL is one of a group of writers called "Les Félibriges," whose aim is the "restoration" of the Provençal literature. He was born near Maillane, in the department of Bouches-du-Rhône, September 8, 1830, and

[1] Copyright, 1872, by Roberts Brothers. Published by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

studied law at Avignon. His masterpiece is the epic "Mirèio" (1859), which gained the poet's prize of the French Academy and secured for the author the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Other works are: the poems "Calendau" and "The Golden Isles," "Nerto," a novel, and a Provençal-French lexicon.]

I SING the love of a Provençal maid;
How through the wheat fields of La Crau she strayed,
Following the fate that drew her to the sea.
Unknown beyond remote La Crau was she;
And I, who tell the rustic tale of her,
Would fain be Homer's humble follower.

What though youth's aureole was her only crown?
And never gold she wore nor damask gown?
I'll build her up a throne out of my song,
And hail her queen in our despisèd tongue.
Mine be the simple speech that ye all know,
Shepherds and farmer folk of lone La Crau.

God of my country, who didst have Thy birth
Among poor shepherds when Thou wast on earth,
Breathe fire into my song! Thou knowest, my God,
How, when the lusty summer is abroad,
And figs turn ripe in sun and dew, comes he, —
Brute, greedy man, — and quite despoils the tree.

Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft
Some little branch inviolate aloft,
Tender and airy up against the blue,
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:
Only the birds shall come and banquet there,
When, at St. Magdalene's, the fruit is fair.

Methinks I see yon airy little bough:
It mocks me with its freshness even now;
The light breeze lifts it, and it waves on high
Fruitage and foliage that cannot die.
Help me, dear God, on our Provençal speech,
To soar until the birds' own home I reach!

Once, then, beside the poplar-bordered Rhone,
There lived a basket weaver and his son,
In a poor hut set round with willow trees
(For all their humble wares were made from these);
And sometimes they from farm to farm would wend,
And horses' cribs and broken baskets mend.

And so one evening, as they trudged their round
With osier bundles on their shoulders bound,
"Father," young Vincen said, "the clouds look wild
About old Magalouno's tower uppiled.
If that gray rampart fell, 'twould do us harm:
We should be drenched ere we had gained the farm."

"Nay, nay!" the old man said, "no rain to-night!
'Tis the sea breeze that shakes the trees. All right!
A western gale were different." Vincen mused:
"Are many plows at Lotus farmstead used?"
"Six plows!" the basket weaver answered slow:
"It is the finest freehold in La Crau.

"Look! There's their olive orchard, intermixt
With rows of vines and almond trees betwixt.
The beauty of it is, that vineyard hath
For every day in all the year a path!
There's ne'er another such the beauty is;
And in each path are just so many trees."

"O heavens! How many hands at harvest tide
So many trees must need!" young Vincen cried.
"Nay: for 'tis almost Hallowmas, you know,
When all the girls come flocking in from Baux,
And, singing, heap with olives green and dun
The sheets and sacks, and call it only fun."

The sun was sinking, as old Ambroi said;
On high were little clouds aflush with red;
Sideways upon their yokèd cattle rode
The laborers slowly home, each with his goad
Erect. Night darkened on the distant moor;
'Twas supper time, the day of toil was o'er.

"And here we are!" the boy cried. "I can see
The straw-heaped threshing floor, so hasten we!"
"But stay!" the other. "Now, as I'm alive,
The Lotus Farm's the place for sheep to thrive—
The pine woods all the summer, and the sweep
Of the great plain in winter. Lucky sheep!

"And look at the great trees that shade the dwelling,
And look at that delicious stream forth welling
Inside the vivary! And mark the bees!
Autumn makes havoc in their colonies;

But every year, when comes the bright May weather,
Yon lotus grove a hundred swarms will gather."

"And one thing more!" cried Vincen, eagerly,
"The very best of all, it seems to me, —
I mean the maiden, father, who dwells here.
Thou canst not have forgotten how, last year,
She bade us bring her olive baskets two,
And fit her little one with handles new."

So saying, they drew the farmhouse door anigh,
And, in the dewy twilight, saw thereby
The maid herself. Distaff in hand she stood,
Watching her silkworms at their leafy food.
Then Master Ambroi let his osiers fall,
And sang out cheerily, "Good even, all!"

"Father, the same to you!" the damsel said.
"I had come out my distaff point to thread,
It grows so dark. Whence come you now, I pray?
From Valabrègo?" Ambroi answered, "Yea.
I said, when the fast-coming dark I saw,
'We'll sleep at Lotus Farm, upon the straw.'"

Whereat, with no more words, father and son
Hard by upon a roller sat them down,
And fell to their own work right busily.
A half-made cradle chanced the same to be.
Fast through the nimble fingers of the two
The supple osier bent and crossed and flew.

Certes, our Vincen was a comely lad.
A bright face and a manly form he had,
Albeit that summer he was bare sixteen.
Swart were his cheeks; but the dark soil, I ween,
Bears the fine wheat, and black grapes make the wine
That sets our feet adance, our eyes ashine.

Full well he knew the osier to prepare,
And deftly wrought: but ofttimes to his share
Fell coarser work; for he the panniers made
Wherewith the farmers use their beasts to lade,
And divers kinds of baskets, huge and rough,
Handy and light. Ay, he had skill enough!

And likewise brooms of millet grass, and such,—
And baskets of split cane. And still his touch
Was sure and swift; and all his wares were strong,
And found a ready sale the farms among.
But now, from fallow field and moorland waste,
The laborers were trooping home at last.

Then hasted sweet Mirèio to prepare,
With her own hands and in the open air,
Their evening meal. There was a broad flat stone
Served for a table, and she set thereon
One mighty dish, where each man plunged his ladle.
Our weavers wrought meanwhile upon their cradle.

Until Ramoun, the master of the farm,
Cried, "How is this?"—brusque was his tone and warm.
"Come to your supper, Ambroi: no declining!
Put up the crib, my man: the stars are shining.
And thou, Mirèio, run and fetch a bowl:
The travelers must be weary, on my soul!"

Wherefore the basket weaver, well-content,
Rose with his son and to the table went,
And sat him down and cut the bread for both;
While bright Mirèio hasted, nothing loath,
Seasoned a dish of beans with olive oil,
And came and sat before them with a smile.

Not quite fifteen was this same fair Mirèio.
Ah, me! the purple coast of Font Vièio,
The hills of Baux, the desolate Crau plain,
A shape like her will hardly see again.
Child of the merry sun, her dimpled face
Bloomed into laughter with ingenuous grace.

Eyes had she limpid as the drops of dew;
And, when she fixed their tender gaze on you,
Sorrow was not. Stars in a summer night
Are not more softly, innocently bright:
And beauteous hair, all waves and rings of jet;
And breasts, a double peach, scarce ripened yet.

DUTY.

By JULES SIMON.

[Jules François Suisse Simon, French publicist and author, was born at Lorient, Bay of Biscay, in 1814; educated there and at Vannes; tutor at Caën in 1836; disciple of Victor Cousin, and succeeded him in philosophy at the Sorbonne, writing on Plato's and Aristotle's Theodicy (1840), and the Alexandrian School (1844–1845). Entering politics in 1846, he was deputy in 1848, councilor of state 1849. Refusing the oath to Louis Napoleon, he was suspended from the Sorbonne. Sent to the Corps Legislatif in 1863, he was the recognized republican leader till 1870; after Sedan was of the Provisional Government, and minister of public instruction in Thiers' cabinet; in 1875 created life senator and elected to the Academy; premier 1876–1877. He died in 1896. He wrote also "Duty" (1854), "Natural Religion" (1856), "Liberty of Conscience" (1859), "The Workingwoman" (1863), "The School" (1864), "Labor" (1866), "Free Trade" (1870), "Reform of Secondary Education" (1874), "The Twentieth Century Woman" (1891), and "Four Portraits"—Lamartine, Lavigerie, Renan, and William II. (1896).]

It is a mistake to consider oneself an honest man, when he has merely earned the right to say, in the words of the popular proverb, that he has never harmed a fellow-creature. The moral law obliges us not only to do no harm to our fellow-men, it obliges us to aid them. It is not enough that we do not kill them, we must help them to live; nor to respect their property, for we should share ours with them. In a word, we owe them in equal measure justice and help.

Civil law, so minute, so precise in what it forbids, is timorous, scrupulous, incomplete in what it prescribes. It commands a father to educate his son; a son, to furnish an allowance to his father; a husband, to support his wife as befits her station; in certain cases it punishes ingratitude, but only by withdrawal of the benefit conferred; everywhere it establishes a system of taxation, which serves in certain countries, under different names, for various objects: and that is about all it has ventured on. There is this difference between the prohibitions which the law enforces and its prescriptions: the former are all favorable to liberty, while the latter are all contrary to that principle. Law, by forbidding that I shall be harmed, sanctions my independence; by ordering me to aid my fellow-citizens, it lessens my liberty. The tendency of absolute constitutions is to prescribe many duties, giving but few securities to our rights; while the tendency of liberal constitutions is to multiply our securities, leaving duties to the individual conscience; and that is the reason that theorists in favor of absolute monarchy are in a position to assert that this form of government fosters

human brotherhood, while liberty, by strengthening the rights of the individual, leads to isolation, to egotism, to dissension. Our own belief is that we must look for the development of human brotherhood in civil institutions, in education, in faith and moral conduct; and that penal law should be limited almost exclusively to assuring us justice — that is to say, liberty. As soon as penal law undertakes to control our actions, it destroys free will; and as soon as it undertakes to dispose of property, or only of its benefits, it attacks ownership. So one should not complain of a necessary reserve; but the more timid the written law should be when a question of aid occurs, so much the more should we insist on the duties prescribed by moral law.

A brigand attacks a traveler on the highway. I am the sole witness of the crime, and I do not attempt to prevent it: am I innocent of the murder? A man seduces a woman in my presence. I might warn the victim, open her eyes, save her — and I am silent: am I innocent of her ruin? A slander is repeated before me; I know the truth and refrain from stating it: am I not now an accomplice of the slanderer? Merely to ask these questions is to answer them. A man who deceives his fellow-men is an enemy of God; but the man who might enlighten them, and who, through indifference or pride, locks up within himself his learning, does this man fulfill his rightful destiny? A beggar must die of hunger at the baker's door, without touching the bread which does not belong to him: such is the right of ownership, in all its terrible rigor. The written law sanctions it in this form, and does not oblige the rich to give to a dying man; but the moral law obliges him imperiously so to do. If he enjoy his superfluity in the presence of the dying man, he is responsible for his death. Christian morality teaches us eloquently that the rich are only the treasurers of the poor: a truly divine saying, and enough in itself, if engraved in every heart, to prove the salvation of society.

When we reflect on what man is, on the place he occupies in creation, the faculties with which he has been endowed, the treasures he has received, we can no longer be reconciled to the thought that all this love, all this force, all this intelligence, should be employed only in the service of their possessor; that God asks of us only that we should not mar his plan, should not cut each other's throats, should not persecute one another; but it is clear, on the other hand, that God has saved us from

nothingness that we may be fellow-workers in his sublime task; that he has commanded us to love and to aid our brothers, and to consecrate our forces, our talents, all that we possess and all that we are, to protect them, to feed, to enlighten, to do them good. When he shall call us to him (for we must consider death and its consequences), shall we say to him merely, "I have done no harm"? Of what avail then are thought and will, if to have been useless is Virtue enough? Why this burning heart, if prudence allow the flame to flicker out? Of what avail are men of genius, if God allow this genius to be silent, to become as naught? Far from having destined us to a passive rôle, he has measured our obligations according to our force, and our worthiness according to our obligations. To live is to act; to fight at one's post the battle of life; leader or soldier, it matters little, so long as one does one's duty valiantly. The strength which God has given us, be it great or small, is a gift truly divine; we should neither let it perish, nor profane it by unworthy uses.

As there are men who consider themselves honest enough because they harm no one, and who speak with conviction of their probity and their honor, while they allow their fellowmen to suffer and to die in their midst, without holding out a helping hand, there are others who, from ostentation, from preference, from kindness of heart perhaps, love to give, to be active in charity, putting to a generous use an ill-acquired fortune. Benevolence is more attractive than justice, above all when the kind deed is such as to win us personal devotion, or of those which pass for heroic, gaining for the benefactor universal esteem and admiration. We take a complacent delight in the thought of these generous acts; feeling ourselves capable of self-devotion, we place ourselves without hesitancy among the chosen souls, without reflecting that the time given to some protégé, to some favorite case, is due to another; that the money we spend so gladly in this relief belongs by right to another; that another has a prior claim, and that an absolute one, to this fortune spent in bountiful giving. We should first of all establish matters on a rightful footing, accomplish the austere task imposed upon us by strict equity, thus earning the right of yielding to the desires of our own hearts. No doubt it is a duty to give; but in order to give a thing we must before all make it legitimately our own. Justice is absolute, inexorable; with her no compromise is possible. All that she ordains must be

executed at once and loyally, without hypocrisy, without second thought, because the decree is just, and not because it is profitable or may do us credit. When by mischance our heart is not in accord with justice, it should be silenced. It must be conquered, subdued by the yoke of duty. To fail in one's duty, because by so failing one may accomplish great things, may be called according to circumstances heroic or grand; it is given this name by the feeble-souled many, but philosophers call it failing in one's duty. The rules of justice are not like those of military tactics, nor yet like those which govern the art of poetry, above which genius may soar free. They are written by the hand of God himself, and whosoever infringes them violates God's law and profanes within himself the most sacred quality of humanity. Could a just law admit of an exception, justice ceases to be justice. If there be two moralities, true morality no longer exists.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by acclamations from without. Men naturally love all that comes from the heart, all that is grand, all which dazzles, and even all that is new and strange. A heroic action or a simple act of generosity is sure to move them and to provoke their enthusiasm. They see the acts, but fail to see the justice which rules the heart of the just. Be a hero like D'Assas, and one moment of sublime courage renders your name immortal. But Aristides, if no longer destined to be at the head of the Republic, may carry with him to the tomb but a faint esteem. There is no character on the stage more admired than Charles Moor. To seize in order to give away again; to tread beneath one's feet all vulgar duties; to be always ready to protect the poor, to avenge their insults, to relieve their sufferings; to revolt against social order, but for passion's sake, not egotistically; to make the heart a guide, in spite of reason, and the heart must be loyal and chivalrous: all this is enough and more than enough to make many faults, nay crimes, forgotten, and to enable one to pass through life as a triumphant conqueror. Strength alone, success without generosity, suffice at times to blind the multitude, and to throw dust in the eyes of History, so great is the fascination of strength! Who would deny his title of Great to Alexander, the unjust conqueror of Asia? Who but admires Cæsar and Augustus? Augustus pardoned Cinna, perhaps by policy; it was enough to make the proscriptions forgotten. In one day fell twenty thousand victims, but

Homeless.

on another occasion he spared one man, with public show and ceremony; and so a poem is written entitled "On the Clemency of Augustus." And so it is with the judgments of men, the voice of the majority, and the moral principle that underlies success in life. But of what concern are all these human follies to truth, to justice? There can be no majority against the voice of conscience. If between you and noble deeds there stands only death, brave death and be a hero! but if there be a teaching of the divine law, pause, and die obscure and honest!

THE BREAD RIOT.

By DINAH MULOCK.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

[DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK), English novelist, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826; and began to write as a means of support for her widowed mother and two younger brothers. She was married in 1865 to George Lillie Craik, nephew of the famous Scottish author and professor of the same name. She published many books, the more famous of which are: "The Ogilvies" (1849), her first; "Agatha's Husband" (1852); "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1857); "A Life for a Life" (1859); "Young Mrs. Jardine"; "Mistress and Maid" (1863); "A Noble Life" (1866); "A Brave Lady" (1870); "Hannah" (1872), a "purpose novel" on the deceased wife's sister question; "The Little Lame Prince" (1874); "My Mother and I" (1874); "Plain Speaking" (1882); "Miss Tommy" (1884); and "King Arthur" (1886). She died in 1887.]

THE mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while — it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by, — a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father ——"

"Hush!" whispered John, "he has *a son*, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold, we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable rioters! A handful of weak, starved men, pelting us with stones and words! One pistol shot might have routed them all, but my father was a man of peace. Small as

their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! Us mun have bread! Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher will throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half-curses, half-cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Fletcher; I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you, not to save your life, but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arm, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now open the window, — dash the panes through, — it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot, oh, no! you cannot mean that."

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself, then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain, — or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed, — his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased; but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam or waded after them, clutching a handful here or there; but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them — John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the name that, young man as he

was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry unto the Great Father of the human family.

Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose; they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? and Phineas is here!"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him downstairs,—he was very lame,—his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour mill was built on piles in the center of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute we had crept forth and dashed out of sight in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, in a strangely quiet tone, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home; they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour—unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher made a decisive, negative gesture. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time, both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas, for your sake and his own."

But my poor, broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which for the first time in his life he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic, where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance; she was out watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was as safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed so that my father might lie down, and wrapping his cloak round me, "you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas," — he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way, — "you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you were?"

I clasped his hand without reply.

"Now good-by; I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard; I fear we must give up the mill. "No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk; everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly, then unloosed them; and I heard his step descending the staircase. . . .

After midnight, — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the abbey chimes, and our light had gone out. — after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep; all my faculties were preternaturally alive. My weak body and timid soul became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight, therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him and crept downstairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent; only the faithful warder Jem dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder, at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas; hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir; wish I did! wouldn't be long a finding out, though, on'y he says, 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they (pointing his thumb up the staircase). So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence; so he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tan-yard, who was as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat; I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished that he stood with open mouth, while I took the said garments from him and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said——"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the doorsill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere'—and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard behind it—waiting for John—until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent. I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil lamps that lit the night darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction,—fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house, and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street,—no one except the abbey watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now——"

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables, no law?"

"Oh, he's a Quaker! the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth, — the hard, grinding truth in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got in the midst of that small body of men, — "the rioters."

A mere handful they were, not above two score, apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow lads from the country round; but they were desperate. They had come up the Coltham road so quietly that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road, — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering: "Th' old man bean't there" — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree, nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked around to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do ——"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you? Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

"Now, Phineas, we have not a minute's time. I must have you safe; we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a staff of constables; she has braved them once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! there they are! — I say, Jael!"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful Society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me; thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? for that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it, — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house; but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Holloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael, between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight with these? What are you doing, Jael?" For she had taken down a large book, the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully put back the volume in its place, — that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; . . . pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood by the book shelves, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan, — at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did for the best and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off, our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid, I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry.

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! they be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose, — stop, let me think, — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly Jael was not born to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the top of the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me; I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed, nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh.

"Who be thee?" — "It's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division rising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him; he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "He be a

real gentleman." — "No, he comed here, as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried: —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night to burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so; it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

That argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob, — at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men — some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened either. Look here — the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you, — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back with that pleased gesture I remember so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I give you something to eat, would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay, ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed, — I marvel now to think of it, — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back with a strong, sharp sob to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal, — all come alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still, — the best weapon a man can use, — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so, and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational, human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man,

who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none, — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines. And another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, sure-ly. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" and Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader, — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns," — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering. "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man — I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting, the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man, and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't that better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound notes — and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers, have shot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I doan't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in, unsteadily,

all but staggering. Jael placed a chair for him, — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it, and pressed it hard.

"Oh! Phineas, lad, I'm glad; glad it's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay, indeed; thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, and then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face; it looked ten years older since yesterday. He stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or the tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or, stay, better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it, and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he were satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us. I thank thee."

There was no answer — none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.

MRS. PROUDIE'S RECEPTION.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(From "Barchester Towers.")

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE: An English novelist; born in London, April 24, 1815; died December 6, 1882. He assisted in establishing the *Fortnightly Review* (1865). Among his works are: "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847); "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (1848); "La Vendée" (1850); "The Warden" (1855); "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," a book of travel (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Orley Farm" (1861–1862); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Tales of All Countries" (1861–1863); "North America," travels (1862); "Rachel Ray" (1863); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "Can You Forgive Her?" (1864); "Miss Mackenzie" (1865); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "Linda Tressel" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "Phineas Redux" (1873); "Lady Anna" (1874); "The Prime Minister" (1875); "The American Senator" (1877); "Is He Popenjoy?" (1878); "Thackeray," in English Men of Letters (1879); "Life of Cicero" (1880); "Ayala's Angel" (1881); "Mr. Scarborough's Family" (1882); "The Landleaguers," unfinished (1882); "An Old Man's Love" (1884).]

THE tickets of invitation were sent out from London. They were dated from Bruton Street, and were dispatched by the odious Sabbath-breaking railway, in a huge brown-paper parcel to Mr. Slope. Everybody calling himself a gentleman, or herself a lady, within the city of Barchester, and a circle of two miles round it, was included.

And now the day of the party had arrived. The bishop and his wife came down from town only on the morning of the eventful day, as behooved such great people to do; but Mr. Slope had toiled day and night to see that everything should be in right order. There had been much to do. No company had been seen in the palace since heaven knows when. New furniture had been required, new pots and pans,

new cups and saucers, new dishes and plates. Mrs. Proudie had at first declared that she would condescend to nothing so vulgar as eating and drinking; but Mr. Slope had talked, or rather written, her out of economy! Bishops should be given to hospitality, and hospitality meant eating and drinking. So the supper was conceded; the guests, however, were to stand as they consumed it.

People were to arrive at ten, supper was to last from twelve till one, and at half-past one everybody was to be gone. Carriages were to come in at the gate in the town and depart at the gate outside. They were desired to take up at a quarter before one. It was managed excellently, and Mr. Slope was invaluable.

At half-past nine the bishop and his wife and their three daughters entered the great reception room, and very grand and very solemn they were. Mr. Slope was downstairs giving the last orders about the wine. He well understood that curates and country vicars with their belongings did not require so generous an article as the dignitaries of the close. There is a useful gradation in such things, and Marsala at 20*s*. a dozen did very well for the exterior supplementary tables in the corner.

"Bishop," said the lady, as his lordship sat himself down, "don't sit on that sofa, if you please; it is to be kept separate for a lady."

The bishop jumped up and seated himself on a cane-bottomed chair. "A lady?" he inquired meekly; "do you mean one particular lady, my dear?"

"Yes, bishop, one particular lady," said his wife, disdaining to explain.

"She has got no legs, papa," said the youngest daughter, tittering.

"No legs!" said the bishop, opening his eyes.

"Nonsense, Netta, what stuff you talk," said Olivia. "She has got legs, but she can't use them. She has always to be kept lying down, and three or four men carry her about everywhere."

"Laws, how odd!" said Augusta. "Always carried about by four men! I'm sure I shouldn't like it. Am I right behind, mamma? I feel as if I was open;" and she turned her back to her anxious parent.

"Open! to be sure you are," said she, "and a yard of petticoat strings hanging out. I don't know why I pay such high

wages to Mrs. Richards, if she can't take the trouble to see whether or no you are fit to be looked at;" and Mrs. Proudie poked the strings here, and twitched the dress there, and gave her daughter a shove and a shake, and then pronounced it all right.

"But," rejoined the bishop, who was dying with curiosity about the mysterious lady and her legs, "who is it that is to have the sofa? What's her name, Netta?"

A thundering rap at the front door interrupted the conversation. Mrs. Proudie stood up and shook herself gently, and touched her cap on each side as she looked in the mirror. Each of the girls stood on tiptoe, and rearranged the bows on their bosoms; and Mr. Slope rushed upstairs three steps at a time.

"But who is it, Netta?" whispered the bishop to his youngest daughter.

"La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni," whispered back the daughter; "and mind you don't let any one sit upon the sofa."

"La Signora Madeline Vicinironi!" muttered, to himself, the bewildered prelate. Had he been told that the Begum of Oude was to be there, or Queen Pomara of the Western Isles, he could not have been more astonished. La Signora Madeline Vicinironi, who, having no legs to stand on, had bespoken a sofa in his drawing-room! Who could she be? He, however, could now make no further inquiry, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope were announced.

The bishop was all smiles for the prebendary's wife, and the bishop's wife was all smiles for the prebendary. Mr. Slope was presented, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of one of whom he had heard so much. The doctor bowed very low, and then looked as though he could not return the compliment as regarded Mr. Slope, of whom, indeed, he had heard nothing. The doctor, in spite of his long absence, knew an English gentleman when he saw him.

And then the guests came in shoals. Mr. and Mrs. Quiverful and their three grown daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and their three daughters. The burly chancellor and his wife and clerical son from Oxford. The meager little doctor without incumbrance. Mr. Harding with Eleanor and Miss Bold. The dean leaning on a gaunt spinster, his only child now living with him, a lady very learned in stones, ferns, plants, and vermin, and who had written a book about petals. A wonderful

woman in her way was Miss Trefoil. Mr. Finney, the attorney, with his wife, was to be seen, much to the dismay of many who had never met him in a drawing-room before. The five Barchester doctors were all there, and old Scalpen, the retired apothecary and tooth drawer, who was first taught to consider himself as belonging to the higher orders by the receipt of the bishop's card. Then came the archdeacon and his wife, with their elder daughter Griselda, a slim, pale, retiring girl of seventeen, who kept close to her mother, and looked out on the world with quiet, watchful eyes, one who gave promise of much beauty when time should have ripened it.

And so the rooms became full, and knots were formed, and every newcomer paid his respects to my lord and passed on, not presuming to occupy too much of the great man's attention. The archdeacon shook hands very heartily with Dr. Stanhope, and Mrs. Grantly seated herself by the doctor's wife. And Mrs. Proudie moved about with well-regulated grace, measuring out the quantity of her favors to the quality of her guests, just as Mr. Slope had been doing with the wine. But the sofa was still empty, and five and twenty ladies and five gentlemen had been courteously warned off it by the mindful chaplain.

"Why doesn't she come?" said the bishop to himself. His mind was so preoccupied with the Signora that he hardly remembered how to behave himself as a bishop should do.

At last a carriage dashed up to the hall steps with a very different manner of approach from that of any other vehicle that had been there that evening. A perfect commotion took place. The doctor, who had heard it as he was standing in the drawing-room, knew that his daughter was coming, and retired into the furthest corner, where he might not see her entrance. Mrs. Proudie perked herself up, feeling that some important piece of business was in hand. The bishop was instinctively aware that La Signora Vicinironi was come at last; and Mr. Slope hurried into the hall to give his assistance.

He was, however, nearly knocked down and trampled on by the cortége that he encountered on the hall steps. He got himself picked up as well as he could, and followed the cortége upstairs. The Signora was carried head foremost, her head being the care of her brother and an Italian manservant who was accustomed to the work; her feet were in the care of the lady's maid and the lady's Italian page; and Charlotte Stanhope followed to see that all was done with due grace and

decorum. In this manner they climbed easily into the drawing-room, and a broad way through the crowd having been opened, the Signora rested safely on her couch. She had sent a servant beforehand to learn whether it was a right or a left hand sofa, for it required that she should dress accordingly, particularly as regarded her bracelets.

And very becoming her dress was. It was white velvet, without any other garniture than rich white lace worked with pearls across her bosom, and the same round the armlets of her dress. Across her brow she wore a band of red velvet, on the center of which shone a magnificent Cupid in mosaic, the tints of whose wings were of the most lovely azure, and the color of his chubby cheeks the clearest pink. On the one arm which her position required her to expose she wore three magnificent bracelets, each of different stones. Beneath her on the sofa, and over the cushion and head of it, was spread a crimson silk mantle or shawl, which went under her whole body and concealed her feet. Dressed as she was and looking as she did, so beautiful and yet so motionless, with the pure brilliancy of her white dress brought out and strengthened by the color beneath it, with that lovely head, and those large, bold, bright, staring eyes, it was impossible that either man or woman should do other than look at her.

Neither man nor woman for some minutes did do other.

Her bearers too were worthy of note. The three servants were Italian, and though perhaps not peculiar in their own country, were very much so in the palace at Barchester. The man especially attracted notice, and created a doubt in the mind of some whether he were a friend or a domestic. The same doubt was felt as to Ethelbert. The man was attired in a loose-fitting, common black cloth morning coat. He had a jaunty, fat, well-pleased clean face, on which no atom of beard appeared, and he wore round his neck a loose black silk neck handkerchief. The bishop essayed to make him a bow, but the man, who was well trained, took no notice of him, and walked out of the room quite at his ease, followed by the woman and the boy.

Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neck handkerchief, which was fastened beneath his throat with a

coral ring, and very loose blue trousers which almost concealed his feet. His soft, glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever.

The bishop, who had made one mistake, thought that he also was a servant, and therefore tried to make way for him to pass. But Ethelbert soon corrected the error.

"Bishop of Barchester, I presume?" said Bertie Stanhope, putting out his hand frankly; "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are in rather close quarters here, a'n't we?"

In truth they were. They had been crowded up behind the head of the sofa, — the bishop in waiting to receive his guest, and the other in carrying her; and they now had hardly room to move themselves.

The bishop gave his hand quickly, and made his little studied bow, and was delighted to make —— He couldn't go on, for he did not know whether his friend was a signor, or a count, or a prince.

"My sister really puts you all to great trouble," said Bertie.

"Not at all!" The bishop was delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming the Signora Vicinironi, — so at least he said, — and attempted to force his way round to the front of the sofa. He had, at any rate, learnt that his strange guests were brother and sister. The man, he presumed, must be Signor Vicinironi, — or count, or prince, as it might be. It was wonderful what good English he spoke. There was just a twang of foreign accent, and no more.

"Do you like Barchester on the whole?" asked Bertie.

The bishop, looking dignified, said that he did like Barchester.

"You've not been here very long, I believe," said Bertie.

"No, — not long," said the bishop, and tried again to make his way between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector, who was staring over it at the grimaces of the Signora.

"You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"Ah, — I thought so," said Bertie; "but you are changed about sometimes, a'n't you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said Dr. Proudie; "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie.

To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

"But the work, I suppose, is different?" continued Bertie. "Is there much to do here, at Barchester?" This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson, — a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best." The bishop could not discuss the point, so he remained silent. "Now, there's my father," continued Bertie; "he hasn't stuck to it. I fancy he didn't like saying the same thing over so often. By the bye, Bishop, have you seen my father?"

The bishop was more amazed than ever. Had he seen his father? "No," he replied; "he had not yet had the pleasure; he hoped he might;" and, as he said so, he resolved to bear heavy on that fat, immovable rector, if ever he had the power of doing so.

"He's in the room somewhere," said Bertie, "and he'll turn up soon. By the bye do you know much about the Jews?"

At last the bishop saw a way out. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I'm forced to go round the room."

"Well, — I believe I'll follow in your wake," said Bertie. "Terribly hot, — isn't it?" This he addressed to the fat rector, with whom he had brought himself into the closest contact. "They've got this sofa into the worst possible part of the room. Suppose we move it. Take care, Madeline."

The sofa had certainly been so placed that those who were behind it found great difficulty in getting out; — there was but a narrow gangway, which one person could stop. This was a bad arrangement, and one which Bertie thought it might be well to improve.

"Take care, Madeline," said he; and turning to the fat rector added, "just help me with a slight push."

The rector's weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran halfway into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable; but she was not in the very best of tempers; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favorite, no doubt; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves. A long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved.

We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train.

"Oh, you idiot, Bertie!" said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences.

"Idiot!" reëchoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning; "I'll let him know——;" and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behooved her to collect the scattered débris of her dress.

Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me," said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. "Unhand it, sir!" she almost screamed.

"It's not me; it's the cursed sofa," said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said, — and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said playfully, "Bertie, you idiot, get up."

By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fell into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and rearray herself.

As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector, said: "After all, it was your doing, sir — not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it."

Whereupon there was a laugh against the fat rector, in which both the bishop and the chaplain joined; and thus things got themselves again into order.

"Oh! my lord, I am so sorry for this accident," said the Signora, putting out her hand so as to force the bishop to take it. "My brother is so thoughtless. Pray sit down, and let me have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Though I am so poor a creature as to want a sofa, I am not so selfish as to require it all." Madeline could always dispose herself so as to make room for a gentleman, though, as she declared, the crinoline of her lady friends was much too bulky to be so accommodated.

"It was solely for the pleasure of meeting you that I have

"Take care, Madeline," said he; and turning to the fat rector added, "just help me with a slight push."

The rector's weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran halfway into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable; but she was not in the very best of tempers; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favorite, no doubt; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves. A long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved.

We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train.

"Oh, you idiot, Bertie!" said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences.

"Idiot!" reëchoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning; "I'll let him know——;" and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behooved her to collect the scattered débris of her dress.

Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me," said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. "Unhand it, sir!" she almost screamed.

"It's not me; it's the cursed sofa," said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said, — and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said playfully, "Bertie, you idiot, get up."

By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fell into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and rearray herself.

As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector, said: "After all, it was your doing, sir — not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it."

Whereupon there was a laugh against the fat rector, in which both the bishop and the chaplain joined; and thus things got themselves again into order.

"Oh! my lord, I am so sorry for this accident," said the Signora, putting out her hand so as to force the bishop to take it. "My brother is so thoughtless. Pray sit down, and let me have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Though I am so poor a creature as to want a sofa, I am not so selfish as to require it all." Madeline could always dispose herself so as to make room for a gentleman, though, as she declared, the crinoline of her lady friends was much too bulky to be so accommodated.

"It was solely for the pleasure of meeting you that I have

had myself dragged here," she continued. "Of course, with your occupation, one cannot even hope that you should have time to come to us; that is, in the way of calling. And at your English dinner parties all is so dull and so stately. Do you know, my lord, that in coming to England my only consolation has been the thought that I should know you." And she looked at him with the look of a she-devil.

The bishop, however, thought that she looked very like an angel, and, accepting the proffered seat, sat down beside her. He uttered some platitude as to his deep obligation for the trouble she had taken, and wondered more and more who she was.

"Of course you know my sad story?" she continued.

The bishop didn't know a word of it. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that she couldn't walk into a room like other people, and so made the most of that. He put on a look of ineffable distress, and said that he was aware how God had afflicted her.

The Signora just touched the corner of her eyes with the most lovely of pocket handkerchiefs. Yes, she said, — she had been sorely tried, — tried, she thought, beyond the common endurance of humanity; but while her child was left to her, everything was left. "Oh! my lord!" she exclaimed, "you must see that infant, — the last bud of a wondrous tree. You must let a mother hope that you will lay your holy hands on her innocent head, and consecrate her for female virtues. May I hope it?" said she, looking into the bishop's eye, and touching the bishop's arm with her hand.

The bishop was but a man, and said she might. After all, what was it but a request that he would confirm her daughter? — a request, indeed, very unnecessary to make, as he should do so as a matter of course, if the young lady came forward in the usual way.

"The blood of Tiberius," said the Signora, in all but a whisper; "the blood of Tiberius flows in her veins. She is the last of the Neros!"

The bishop had heard of the last of the Visigoths, and had floating in his brain some indistinct idea of the last of the Mohicans, but to have the last of the Neros thus brought before him for a blessing was very staggering. Still he liked the lady. She had a proper way of thinking, and talked with more propriety than her brother. But who were they? It

was now quite clear that that blue madman with the silky beard was not a Prince Vicinironi. The lady was married, and was of course one of the Vicinironis by right of the husband. So the bishop went on learning.

"When will you see her?" said the Signora, with a start.

"See whom?" said the bishop.

"My child," said the mother.

"What is the young lady's age?" asked the bishop.

"She is just seven," said the Signora.

"Oh," said the bishop, shaking his head, "she is much too young; — very much too young."

"But in sunny Italy, you know, we do not count by years," and the Signora gave the bishop one of her very sweetest smiles.

"But, indeed, she is a great deal too young," persisted the bishop; "we never confirm before ——"

"But you might speak to her; you might let her hear from your consecrated lips that she is not a castaway because she is a Roman; that she may be a Nero and yet a Christian; that she may owe her black locks and dark cheeks to the blood of the pagan Cæsars, and yet herself be a child of grace. You will tell her this, won't you, my friend?"

The friend said he would, and asked if the child could say her catechism.

"No," said the Signora, "I would not allow her to learn lessons such as those in a land ridden over by priests, and polluted by the idolatry of Rome. It is here, here in Barchester, that she must first be taught to lisp those holy words. Oh, that you could be her instructor!"

Now, Dr. Proudie certainly liked the lady, but, seeing that he was a bishop, it was not probable that he was going to instruct a little girl in the first rudiments of her catechism! So he said he'd send a teacher.

"But you'll see her yourself, my lord?"

The bishop said he would, but where should he call?

"At papa's house," said the Signora, with an air of some little surprise at the question.

The bishop actually wanted the courage to ask her who was her papa; so he was forced at last to leave her without fathoming the mystery. Mrs. Proudie, in her second best, had now returned to the rooms, and her husband thought it as well that he should not remain in too close conversation with the lady

whom his wife appeared to hold in such slight esteem. Presently he came across his youngest daughter.

"Netta," said he, "do you know who is the father of Signora Vicinironi?"

"It isn't Vicinironi, papa," said Netta; "but Vesey Neroni, and she's Dr. Stanhope's daughter. But I must go and do the civil to Griselda Grantly; I declare, nobody has spoken a word to the poor girl this evening."

Dr. Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope's daughter, of whose marriage with a dissolute Italian scamp he now remembered to have heard something! And that impertinent blue cub who had examined him as to his Episcopal bearings was old Stanhope's son, and the lady who had entreated him to come and teach her child the catechism was old Stanhope's daughter! the daughter of one of his own prebendaries! As these things flashed across his mind, he was nearly as angry as his wife had been. Nevertheless, he could not but own that the mother of the last of the Neros was an agreeable woman.

Mr. Slope in the mean time had taken the seat which the bishop had vacated on the Signora's sofa, and remained with that lady till it was time to marshal the folks to supper. Not with contented eyes had Mrs. Proudie seen this. Had not this woman laughed at her distress, and had not Mr. Slope heard it? Was she not an intriguing Italian woman, half wife and half not, full of affectation, airs, and impudence? Was she not horribly bedizened with velvet and pearls, with velvet and pearls, too, which had not been torn off her back? Above all, did she not pretend to be more beautiful than her neighbors? To say that Mrs. Proudie was jealous would give a wrong idea of her feelings. She had not the slightest desire that Mr. Slope should be in love with herself. But she desired the incense of Mr. Slope's spiritual and temporal services, and did not choose that they should be turned out of their course to such an object as Signora Neroni. She considered also that Mr. Slope ought in duty to hate the Signora; and it appeared from his manner that he was very far from hating her.

"Come, Mr. Slope," she said, sweeping by, and looking all that she felt, "can't you make yourself useful? Do pray take Mrs. Grantly down to supper."

Mrs. Grantly heard and escaped. The words were hardly

out of Mrs. Proudie's mouth, before the intended victim had stuck her hand through the arm of one of her husband's curates and saved herself. What would the archdeacon have said had he seen her walking downstairs with Mr. Slope?

Mr. Slope heard also, but was by no means so obedient as was expected. Indeed, the period of Mr. Slope's obedience to Mrs. Proudie was drawing to a close. He did not wish yet to break with her, nor to break with her at all, if it could be avoided. But he intended to be master in that palace, and as she had made the same resolution it was not improbable that they might come to blows.

Before leaving the Signora he arranged a little table before her, and begged to know what he should bring her. She was quite indifferent, she said, — nothing, — anything. It was now she felt the misery of her position, now that she must be left alone. Well, a little chicken, some ham, and a glass of champagne.

Mr. Slope had to explain, not without blushing for his patron, that there was no champagne.

Sherry would do just as well. And then Mr. Slope descended with the learned Miss Trefoil on his arm. Could she tell him, he asked, whether the ferns of Barsetshire were equal to those of Cumberland? His strongest worldly passion was for ferns, — and before she could answer him he left her wedged between the door and the sideboard. It was fifty minutes before she escaped, and even then unfed.

"You are not leaving us, Mr. Slope," said the watchful lady of the house, seeing her slave escaping towards the door, with stores of provisions held high above the heads of the guests.

Mr. Slope explained that the Signora Neroni was in want of her supper.

"Pray, Mr. Slope, let her brother take it to her," said Mrs. Proudie, quite out loud. "It is out of the question that you should be so employed. Pray, Mr. Slope, oblige me. I am sure Mr. Stanhope will wait upon his sister."

Ethelbert was most agreeably occupied in the furthest corner of the room, making himself both useful and agreeable to Mrs. Proudie's youngest daughter.

"I couldn't get out, madam, if Madeline were starving for her supper," said he; "I'm physically fixed, unless I could fly."

The lady's anger was increased by seeing that her daughter also had gone over to the enemy; and when she saw that in spite of her remonstrances, in the teeth of her positive orders, Mr. Slope went off to the drawing-room, the cup of her indignation ran over, and she could not restrain herself. "Such manners I never saw," she said, muttering. "I cannot and will not permit it;" and then, after fussing and fuming for a few minutes, she pushed her way through the crowd and followed Mr. Slope.

When she reached the room above, she found it absolutely deserted, except by the guilty pair. The Signora was sitting very comfortably up to her supper, and Mr. Slope was leaning over her and administering to her wants. They had been discussing the merits of Sabbath-day schools, and the lady had suggested that as she could not possibly go to the children, she might be indulged in the wish of her heart by having the children brought to her.

"And when shall it be, Mr. Slope?" said she.

Mr. Slope was saved the necessity of committing himself to a promise by the entry of Mrs. Proudie. She swept close up to the sofa so as to confront the guilty pair, and stared full at them for a moment, and then said as she passed on to the next room, "Mr. Slope, his lordship is especially desirous of your attendance below; you will greatly oblige me if you will join him." And so she stalked on.

Mr. Slope muttered something in reply, and prepared to go downstairs. As for the bishop's wanting him, he knew his lady patroness well enough to take that assertion at what it was worth; but he did not wish to make himself the hero of a scene, or to become conspicuous for more gallantry than the occasion required.

"Is she always like this?" said the Signora.

"Yes, — always, — madam," said Mrs. Proudie, returning; "always the same, — always equally adverse to impropriety of conduct of every description;" and she stalked back through the room again, following Mr. Slope out of the door.

The Signora couldn't follow her, or she certainly would have done so. But she laughed loud, and sent the sound of it ringing through the lobby and down the stairs after Mrs. Proudie's feet. Had she been as active as Grimaldi she could probably have taken no better revenge.

"Mr. Slope," said Mrs. Proudie, catching the delinquent at

the door, "I am surprised that you should leave my company to attend on such a painted Jezebel as that."

"But she's lame, Mrs. Proudie, and cannot move. Somebody must have waited upon her."

"Lame," said Mrs. Proudie; "I'd lame her if she belonged to me. What business had she here at all? — such impertinence — such affectation."

In the hall and adjacent rooms all manner of cloaking and shawling was going on, and the Barchester folk were getting themselves gone. Mrs. Proudie did her best to smirk at each and every one, as they made their adieux, but she was hardly successful. Her temper had been tried fearfully. By slow degrees, the guests went.

"Send back the carriage quick," said Ethelbert, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope took their departure.

The younger Stanhopes were left till the very last, and an uncomfortable party they made with the bishop's family. They all went into the dining room, and then, the bishop observing that "the lady" was alone in the drawing-room, they followed him up. Mrs. Proudie kept Mr. Slope and her daughters in close conversation, resolving that he should not be indulged, nor they polluted. The bishop, in mortal dread of Bertie and the Jews, tried to converse with Charlotte Stanhope about the climate of Italy. Bertie and the Signora had no resource but in each other.

"Did you get your supper at last, Madeline?" said the impudent or else mischievous young man.

"Oh, yes," said Madeline; "Mr. Slope was so very kind as to bring it me. I fear, however, he put himself to more inconvenience than I wished."

Mrs. Proudie looked at her, but said nothing. The meaning of her look might have been thus translated: "If ever you find yourself within these walls again, I'll give you leave to be as impudent, and affected, and as mischievous as you please."

At last the carriage returned with the three Italian servants, and La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni was carried out, as she had been carried in.

The lady of the palace retired to her chamber by no means contented with the result of her first grand party at Barchester.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

["CUTHBERT BEDE" was the pseudonym of Rev. Edward Bradley; born in 1827 at Kidderminster, England; died 1889. He was rector of several churches, and wrote many books, of which the one here cited (1855) is the only one well known.]

HE GOES TO CHAPEL.

VERDANT found his bedroom inconveniently small; so contracted, indeed, in its dimensions, that his toilet was not completed without his elbows having first suffered severe abrasions. His mechanical turnip showed him that he had no time to lose; and the furious ringing of a bell, whose noise was echoed by the bells of other colleges, made him dress with a rapidity quite unusual, and hurry downstairs and across quad. to the chapel steps, up which a throng of students were hastening. Nearly all betrayed symptoms of having been aroused from their sleep without having had any spare time for an elaborate toilet; and many indeed were completing it, by thrusting themselves into surplices and gowns as they hurried up the steps.

Mr. Fosbrooke was one of these; and when he saw Verdant close to him, he benevolently recognized him, and said: "Let me put you up to a wrinkle. When they ring you up sharp for chapel, don't you lose any time about your absolutions — washing, you know; but just jump into a pair of bags and Wellingtons, clap a topcoat on you and button it up to the chin, and there you are, ready dressed in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Before Mr. Verdant Green could at all comprehend why a person should jump into two bags, instead of dressing himself in the normal manner, they went through the antechapel, or "Court of the Gentiles," as Mr. Fosbrooke termed it, and entered the choir of the chapel through a screen elaborately decorated in the Jacobean style, with pillars and arches, and festoons of fruit and flowers, and bells and pomegranates. On either side of the door were two men, who quickly glanced at each one who passed, and as quickly pricked a mark against his name on the chapel lists. As the freshman went by, they made a careful study of his person, and took mental daguerreotypes of his features. Seeing no beadle or pew opener (or, for the matter of that, any pews) or any one to direct him to

a place, Mr. Verdant Green quietly took a seat in the first place that he found empty, which happened to be the stall on the right hand of the door. Unconscious of the trespass he was committing, he at once put his cap to his face and knelt down; but he had no sooner risen from his knees, than he found an imposing-looking Don, as large as life and quite as natural, who was staring at him with the greatest astonishment, and motioning him to immediately "come out of that!" This our hero did with the greatest speed and confusion, and sank breathless on the end of the nearest bench; when just as, in his agitation, he had again said his prayer, the service fortunately commenced, and somewhat relieved him of his embarrassment.

Although he had the glories of Magdalen, Merton, and New College chapels fresh in his mind, yet Verdant was considerably impressed with the solemn beauties of his own college chapel. He admired its harmonious proportions, and the elaborate carving of its decorated tracery. He noted everything: the great eagle that seemed to be spreading its wings for an upward flight, the pavement of black and white marble, the dark canopied stalls, rich with the later work of Grinling Gibbons, the elegant tracery of the windows; and he lost himself in a solemn reverie as he looked up at the saintly forms through which the rays of the morning sun streamed in rainbow tints.

But the lesson had just begun; and the man on Verdant's right appeared to be attentively following it. Our freshman, however, could not help seeing the book, and, much to his astonishment, he found it to be a Livy, out of which his neighbor was getting up his morning's lecture. He was still more astonished, when the lesson had come to an end, by being suddenly pulled back when he attempted to rise, and finding the streamers of his gown had been put to a use never intended for them, by being tied round the finial of the stall behind him, — the silly work of a boyish gentleman, who, in his desire to play off a practical joke on a freshman, forgot the sacredness of the place where college rules compelled him to show himself on morning parade.

Chapel over, our hero hurried back to his rooms, and there to his great joy found a budget of letters from home; and surely the little items of intelligence that made up the news of the Manor Green had never seemed to possess such interest

as now! The reading and re-reading of these occupied him during the whole of breakfast time; and Mr. Filcher found him still engaged in perusing them when he came to clear away the things. Then it was that Verdant discovered the extended meaning that the word "perquisites" possesses in the eyes of a scout; for, to a remark that he had made, Robert replied in a tone of surprise, "Put away these bits o' things as is left, sir!" and then added, with an air of mild correction, "You see, sir, you's fresh to the place, and don't know that gentlemen never likes that sort o' thing done *here*, sir; but you gets your commons, sir, fresh and fresh every morning and evening, which must be much more agreeable to the 'ealth than a heating of stale bread and such like. No, sir!" continued Mr. Filcher, with a manner that was truly parental, "no, sir! you trust to me, sir, and I'll take care of your things, I will." And from the way that he carried off the eatables, it seemed probable that he would make good his words. But our freshman felt considerable awe of his scout, and murmuring broken accents that sounded like "ignorance — customs — University," he endeavored, by a liberal use of his pocket handkerchief, to appear as if he were not blushing.

As Mr. Slowcoach had told him that he would not have to begin lectures until the following day, and as the Greek play fixed for the lecture was one with which he had been made well acquainted by Mr. Larkyns, Verdant began to consider what he could do with himself; when the thought of Mr. Larkyns suggested the idea that his son Charles had probably by this time returned to college. He determined therefore at once to go in search of him; and looking out a letter which the rector had commissioned him to deliver to his son, he inquired of Robert, if he was aware whether Mr. Charles Larkyns had come back from his holidays.

"'Ollidays, sir?" said Mr. Filcher. "Oh, I see, sir! Vacation, you mean, sir. Young gentlemen as is *men*, sir, likes to call their 'ollidays by a different name to boys, sir. Yes, sir, Mr. Charles Larkyns, he come up last arternoon, sir; but he and Mr. Smalls, the gent as he's been down with this vacation, the same as had these rooms, sir, they didn't come to 'All, sir, but went and had their dinners comfortable at the 'Star,' sir; and very pleasant they made theirselves; and Thomas, their scout, sir, has had quite a horder for sober water this morning, sir."

With somewhat of a feeling of wonder how one scout contrived to know so much of the proceedings of gentlemen who were waited on by another scout, and wholly ignorant of his allusion to his fellow-servant's dealings in soda water, Mr. Verdant Green inquired where he could find Mr. Larkyns; and as the rooms were but just on the other side of the quad., he put on his hat and made his way to them. The scout was just going into the room, so our hero gave a tap at the door and followed him.

MR. VERDANT GREEN CALLS ON A GENTLEMAN WHO "IS LICENSED TO SELL."

Mr. Verdant Green found himself in a room that had a pleasant lookout over the gardens of Brazenface, from which a noble chestnut tree brought its pyramids of bloom close up to the very windows. The walls of the room were decorated with engravings in gilt frames, their variety of subject denoting the catholic taste of their proprietor. "The start for the Derby," and other colored hunting prints, showed his taste for the field and horseflesh; Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "Dignity and Impudence," and others, displayed his fondness for dog flesh; while Byron beauties, "Amy Robsart," and some extremely *au naturel* pets of the ballet, proclaimed his passion for the fair sex in general. Over the fireplace was a mirror (for Mr. Charles Larkyns was not averse to the reflection of his good-looking features, and was rather glad than otherwise of "an excuse for the glass"), its frame stuck full of tradesmen's cards and (unpaid) bills, invites, "bits of pasteboard" penciled with a mystic "wine," and other odds and ends — no private letters though! Mr. Larkyns was too wary to leave his "family secrets" for the delectation of his scout. Over the mirror was displayed a fox's mask, gazing vacantly from between two brushes, leaving the spectator to imagine that Mr. Charles Larkyns was a second Nimrod, and had in some way or other been intimately concerned in the capture of these trophies of the chase. This supposition of the imaginative spectator would be strengthened by the appearance of a list of hunting appointments (of the past season) pinned up over a list of lectures, and not quite in character with the tabular views of prophecies, kings of Israel and Judah, and the

Thirty-nine Articles, which did duty elsewhere on the walls, where they were presumed to be studied in spare minutes, — which were remarkably spare indeed.

The sporting character of the proprietor of the rooms was further suggested by the huge pair of antlers over the door, bearing on their tines a collection of sticks, whips, and spurs; while to prove that Mr. Larkyns was not wholly taken up by the charms of the chase, fishing rods, tandem whips, cricket bats, and Joe Mantons were piled up in odd corners; and singlesticks, boxing gloves, and foils, gracefully arranged upon the walls, showed that he occasionally devoted himself to athletic pursuits. An ingenious wire rack for pipes and meerschaums, and the presence of one or two suspicious-looking boxes, labeled "collorados," "regalia," "lukotilla," and with other unknown words, seemed to intimate that if Mr. Larkyns was no smoker himself, he at least kept a bountiful supply of "smoke" for his friends; but the perfumed cloud that was proceeding from his lips as Verdant entered the room, dispelled all doubts on the subject.

He was much changed in appearance during the somewhat long interval since Verdant had last seen him, and his handsome features had assumed a more manly, though perhaps a more rakish look. He was lolling on a couch in the *negligé* attire of dressing gown and slippers, with his pink striped shirt comfortably open at the neck. Lounging in an easy-chair opposite to him was a gentleman clad in tartan plaid, whose face might only be partially discerned through the glass bottom of a pewter, out of which he was draining the last draught. Between them was a table covered with the ordinary appointments for a breakfast, and the extraordinary ones of beer cup and soda water. Two Skye terriers, hearing a strange footstep, immediately barked out a challenge of "Who goes there?" and made Mr. Larkyns aware that an intruder was at hand.

Slightly turning his head, he dimly saw through the smoke a spectacled figure taking off his hat, and holding out an envelope; and without looking further, he said, "It's no use coming here, young man, and stealing a march in this way! I don't owe *you* anything; and if I did, it is not convenient to pay it. I told Spavin not to send me any more of his confounded reminders; so go back and tell him that he'll find it all right in the long run, and that I'm really going to read this term, and shall stump the examiners at last. And now, my friend,

you'd better make yourself scarce and vanish! You know where the door lies!"

Our hero was so confounded at this unusual manner of receiving a friend, that he was some little time before he could gasp out, "Why, Charles Larkyns, don't you remember me, — Verdant Green?"

Mr. Larkyns, astonished in his turn, jumped up directly, and came to him with outstretched hands. "'Pon my word, old fellow," he said, "I really beg you ten thousand pardons for not recognizing you; but you are so altered — allow me to add, improved — since I last saw you; you were not a bashaw of two tails then, you know; and, really, wearing your beaver up, like Hamlet's uncle, I altogether took you for a dun. For I am a victim of a very remarkable monomania. There are in this place wretched beings calling themselves tradesmen, who labor under the impression that I owe them what they facetiously term little bills; and though I have frequently assured their messengers, who are kind enough to come here to inquire for Mr. Larkyns, that that unfortunate gentleman has been obliged to hide himself from persecution in a convent abroad, yet the wretches still hammer at my oak, and disturb my peace of mind. But bring yourself to an anchor, old fellow! This man is Smalls, — a capital fellow, whose chief merit consists in his devotion to literature; indeed, he reads so hard that he is called a *fast* man. Smalls, let me introduce my friend Verdant Green, a freshman, — ahem! — and the proprietor, I believe, of your old rooms."

Our hero made a profound bow to Mr. Smalls, who returned it with great gravity, and said he "had great pleasure in forming the acquaintance of a freshman like Mr. Verdant Green," — which was doubtless quite true; and he then evinced his devotion to literature by continuing the perusal of one of those vivid and refined accounts of "a rattling set-to between Nobby Buffer and Hammer Sykes," for which "Tintinnabulum's Life" is so justly famous.

"I heard from my governor," said Mr. Larkyns, "that you were coming up, and in the course of the morning I should have come and looked you up; but the — the fatigues of traveling yesterday," continued Mr. Larkyns, as a lively recollection of the preceding evening's symposium stole over his mind, "made me rather later than usual this morning. Have you done anything in this way?"

Verdant replied that he had breakfasted, although he had not done anything in the way of cigars, because he never smoked.

"Never smoked! Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Smalls, violently interrupting himself in the perusal of "Tintinnabulum's Life," while some private signals were rapidly telegraphed between him and Mr. Larkyns; "ah, you'll soon get the better of that weakness! Now, as you're a freshman, you'll perhaps allow me to give you a little advice. The Germans, you know, would never be the deep readers that they are unless they smoked; and I should advise you to go to the Vice Chancellor as soon as possible, and ask him for an order for some weeds. He'd be delighted to think you are beginning to set to work so soon!" To which our hero replied, that he was much obliged to Mr. Smalls for his kind advice, and if such were the customs of the place, he should do his best to fulfill them.

"Perhaps you'll be surprised at our simple repast, Verdant," said Mr. Larkyns; "but it's our misfortune. It all comes of hard reading and late hours; the midnight oil, you know, must be supplied, and *will* be paid for; the nervous system gets strained to excess, and you have to call in the doctor. Well, what does he do? Why, he prescribes a regular course of tonics; and I flatter myself that I am a very docile patient, and take my bitter beer regularly, and without complaining." In proof of which Mr. Charles Larkyns took a long pull at the pewter.

"But you know, Larkyns," observed Mr. Smalls, "that was nothing to my case, when I got laid up with elephantiasis on the biceps of the lungs, and had a fur coat in my stomach!"

"Dear me!" said Verdant, sympathizingly; "and was that also through too much study?"

"Why, of course!" replied Mr. Smalls; "it couldn't have been anything else — from the symptoms, you know! But then the sweets of learning surpass the bitters. Talk of the pleasures of the dead languages, indeed! why, how many jolly nights have you and I, Larkyns, passed 'down among the dead men'!"

Charles Larkyns had just been looking over the letter which Verdant had brought him, and said, "The governor writes that you'd like me to put you up to the ways of the place, because they are fresh to you, and you are fresh (ahem! very!) to them. Now, I am going to wine with Smalls to-

night, to meet a few nice, quiet, hard-working men (eh, Smalls?) and I dare say Smalls will do the civil, and ask you also."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Smalls, who saw a prospect of amusement; "delighted, I assure you! I hope to see you,—after Hall, you know,—but I hope you don't object to a very quiet party?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Verdant; "I much prefer a quiet party; indeed, I have always been used to quiet parties; and I shall be very glad to come."

"Well, that's settled then," said Charles Larkyns; "and, in the mean time, Verdant, let us take a prowl about the old place, and I'll put you up to a thing or two, and show you some of the freshman's sights. But you must go and get your cap and gown, old fellow, and then by that time I'll be ready for you."

Whether there are really any sights in Oxford that are more especially devoted, or adapted, to its freshmen, we will not undertake to affirm; but if there are, they could not have had a better expositor than Mr. Charles Larkyns, or a more credible visitor than Mr. Verdant Green.

His credibility was rather strongly put to the test as they turned into the High Street, when his companion directed his attention to an individual on the opposite side of the street, with a voluminous gown, and enormous cocked hat profusely adorned with gold lace. "I suppose you know who that is, Verdant? No! Why, that's the Bishop of Oxford! Ah, I see, he's a very different-looking man to what you had expected; but then these university robes so change the appearance. That is his official dress, as the Visitor of the Ashmolean!"

Mr. Verdant Green having "swallowed" this, his friend was thereby enabled, not only to use up old "sells," but also to draw largely on his invention for new ones. Just then, there came along the street, walking in a sort of young procession, the Vice Chancellor, with his Esquire and Yeoman bedels. The silver maces carried by these latter gentlemen made them by far the most showy part of the procession, and accordingly Mr. Larkyns seized the favorable opportunity to point out the foremost bedel and say, "You see that man with the poker and loose cap? Well, that's the Vice Chancellor."

"But what does he walk in procession for?" inquired our freshman.

"Ah, poor man!" said Mr. Larkyns, "he's obliged to do it.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' you know; and he can never go anywhere, or do anything, without carrying that poker, and having the other minor pokers to follow him. They never leave him, not even at night. Two of the pokers stand on each side of his bed, and relieve each other every two hours. So, I need hardly say, that he is obliged to be a bachelor."

"It must be a very wearisome office," remarked our freshman, who fully believed all that was told to him.

"Wearisome, indeed; and that's the reason why they are obliged to change the Vice Chancellors so often. It would kill most people, only they are always selected for their strength, —and height," he added, as a brilliant idea just struck him. They had turned down Magpie Lane, and so by Oriel College, where one of the fire-plug notices had caught Mr. Larkyns' eye. "You see that," he said; "well, that's one of the plates they put up to record the Vice's height. F. P. 7 feet, you see; the initials of his name, — Frederick Plumptre!"

"He scarcely seemed so tall as that," said our hero, "though certainly a tall man. But the gown makes a difference, I suppose."

"His height was a very lucky thing for him, however," continued Mr. Larkyns. "I dare say when you have heard that it was only those who stood high in the University that were elected to rule it, you little thought of the true meaning of the term?"

"I certainly never did," said the freshman, innocently; "but I knew that the customs of Oxford must of course be very different from those of other places."

"Yes, you'll soon find that out," replied Mr. Larkyns, meaningly. "But here we are at Merton, whose Merton ale is as celebrated as Burton ale. You see the man giving in the letters to the porter? Well, he's one of their principal men. Each college does its own postal department; and at Merton there are fourteen postmasters, for they get no end of letters there."

"Oh, yes!" said our hero, "I remember Mr. Larkyns, — your father, the rector, I mean, — telling us that the son of one of his old friends had been a postmaster of Merton; but I fancied that he had said it had something to do with a scholarship."

"Ah, you see, it's a long while since the governor was here,

and his memory fails him," remarked Mr. Charles Larkyns, very unfilially. "Let us turn down the Merton fields, and round into St. Aldate's. We may perhaps be in time to see the Vice come down to Christ Church."

"What does he go there for?" asked Mr. Verdant Green.

"To wind up the great clock, and put big Tom in order. Tom is the bell that you hear at nine each night; the Vice has to see that he is in proper condition, and, as you have seen, goes out with his pokers for that purpose."

On their way, Charles Larkyns pointed out, close to Folly Bridge, a house profusely decorated with figures and indescribable ornaments, which he informed our freshman was Blackfriars' Hall, where all the men who had been once plucked were obliged to migrate to; and that Folly Bridge received its name from its propinquity to the Hall. They were too late to see the Vice Chancellor wind up the clock of Christ Church; but as they passed by the college, they met two gownsmen who recognized Mr. Larkyns by a slight nod. "Those are two Christ Church men," he said, "and noblemen. The one with the Skye-terrier's coat and eyeglass is the Earl of Whitechapel, the Duke of Minories' son. I dare say you know the other man. No! Why, he is Lord Thomas Peeper, eldest son of the Lord Godiva who hunts our county. I knew him in the field."

"But why do they wear *gold* tassels to their caps?" inquired the freshman.

"Ah," said the ingenious Mr. Larkyns, shaking his head; "I had rather you'd not have asked me that question, because that's the disgraceful part of the business. But these lords, you see, they *will* live at a faster pace than us commoners, who can't stand a champagne breakfast above once a term or so. Why, those gold tassels are the badges of drunkenness!"

"Of drunkenness! dear me!"

"Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?" pursued Mr. Larkyns; "and I wonder that Peeper in particular should give way to such things. But you see how they brazen it out, and walk about as coolly as though nothing had happened. It's just the same sort of punishment," continued Mr. Larkyns, whose inventive powers increased with the demand that the freshman's gullibility imposed upon them,—"it is just the same sort of thing that they do with the Greenwich pensioners. When *they* have been transgressing the laws of sobriety, you know, they are

made marked men by having to wear a yellow coat as a punishment; and our dons borrowed the idea, and made yellow tassels the badges of intoxication. But for the credit of the University, I'm glad to say that you'll not find many men so disgraced."

They now turned down the New Road, and came to a strongly castellated building, which Mr. Larkyns pointed out (and truly) as Oxford Castle or the Jail; and he added (untruly), "if you hear Botany Bay College spoken of, this is the place that's meant. It's a delicate way of referring to the temporary sojourn that any undergrad has been forced to make there, to say that he belongs to Botany Bay College."

They now turned back, up Queen Street and High Street, when, as they were passing All Saints, Mr. Larkyns pointed out a pale, intellectual-looking man who passed them, and said, "That man is Cram, the patent safety. He's the first coach in Oxford."

"A coach!" said our freshman, in some wonder.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know college slang. I suppose a royal mail is the only gentleman coach that *you* know of. Why, in Oxford, a coach means a private tutor, you must know; and those who can't afford a coach, get a cab — *alias* a crib — *alias* a translation. You see, Verdant, you are gradually being initiated into Oxford mysteries."

"I am indeed," said our hero, to whom a new world was opening.

They had now turned round by the west end of St. Mary's, and were passing Brasenose; and Mr. Larkyns drew Verdant's attention to the brazen nose that is such a conspicuous object over the entrance gate. "That," said he, "was modeled from a cast of the Principal feature of the first Head of the college; and so the college was named Brazen-nose. The nose was formerly used as a place of punishment for any misbehaving Brazennosian, who had to sit upon it for two hours, and was not *countenanced* until he had done so. These punishments were so frequent that they gradually wore down the nose to its present small dimensions.

"This round building," continued Mr. Larkyns, pointing to the Radcliffe, "is the Vice Chancellor's house. He has to go each night up to that balcony on the top, and look round to see if all's safe. Those heads," he said, as they passed the Ashmolean, "are supposed to be the twelve Cæsars; only

there happen, I believe, to be thirteen of them. I think that they are the busts of the original Heads of Houses."

Mr. Larkyns' inventive powers having been now somewhat exhausted, he proposed that they should go back to Brazenface and have some lunch. This they did; after which Mr. Verdant Green wrote to his mother a long account of his friend's kindness, and the trouble he had taken to explain the most interesting sights that could be seen by a freshman.

"Are you writing to your governor, Verdant?" asked the friend, who had made his way to our hero's rooms, and was now perfuming them with a little tobacco smoke.

"No; I am writing to my mama — mother, I mean!"

"Oh, to the missis!" was the reply; "that's just the same. Well, had you not better take the opportunity to ask them to send you a proper certificate that you have been vaccinated, and had the measles favorably?"

"But what is that for?" inquired our freshman, always anxious to learn. "Your father sent up the certificate of my baptism, and I thought that was the only one wanted."

"Oh," said Mr. Charles Larkyns, "they give you no end of trouble at these places; and they require the vaccination certificate before you go in for your responsions, — the Little-go, you know. You need not mention my name in your letter as having told you this. It will be quite enough to say that you understand such a thing is required."

Verdant accordingly penned the request; and Charles Larkyns smoked on, and thought his friend the very beau-ideal of a freshman. "By the way, Verdant," he said, desirous not to lose any opportunity, "you are going to wine with Smalls this evening; and — excuse me mentioning it — but I suppose you would go properly dressed — white tie, kids, and that sort of thing, eh? Well! ta, ta, till then. 'We meet again at Philippi!'"

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.[1]

By OCTAVE FEUILLET.

[OCTAVE FEUILLET: A French novelist; born at St. Lô, August 11, 1821; died in Paris, December 28, 1890. He was educated at the College of Louis-le-Grand in Paris, and at the age of twenty-four began to write, his first marked success being the novel "Le Cheveu Blanc," produced in 1853. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 succeeded Scribe as a member of the French Academy. His published works include: "The Great Old Man" (1845); "Polichinelle" (1846); "The Redemption" (1849); "Vieillesse de Richelieu," a play (1848); "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" (1858), afterward dramatized; "The History of Sibylla" (1862); "Monsieur de Camors" (1867); "Julie de Trécœur" (1872); "A Marriage in High Life" (1875); "Le Journal d'une Femme" (1878); "L'Histoire d'une Parisienne," "La Veuve," and "La Morte"; besides many successful plays.]

THE next day — that is, yesterday — I set out on horseback early in the morning, to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning toward four o'clock, in the direction of the château, when, at a sharp turn of the road, I found myself face to face with Mlle. Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

"A beautiful autumn day, monsieur," said she.

"Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?"

"As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them, for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there — my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him by chance?"

"With pleasure. Where are you going?"

"Why, I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the Tower of Elven." She pointed with the end of her riding whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. "I think," she added, "that you have never made this pilgrimage."

"It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why."

"Well, it is easily found; but it is already late, and we must make a little haste, if you please."

I turned my horse's head, and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode, I sought to explain to myself this unexpected

[1] Published by permission of L. C. Page and Company.

whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mlle. Marguerite's mind the first impression made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mlle. Helouin's veracity, and contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me, I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this Tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country, and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye that uncertain mass which one sees towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a crossroad, which led us up a barren hill; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were descended sharply toward marshy meadows, surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough, unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the Tower of Elven, the locality of which I could not even conjecture, when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite, which compose this magnificent octagonal structure, give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the purest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and somber, can be imagined than this old donjon, impervious to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, and with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mlle. Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what we now see; but if you wish to wake the princess, we can enter. As far as I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them — you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the castle. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction which forbidden fruit has for us, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and encumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the bodyguard in former times; from thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, while the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty, broken roof. At the sound of our steps, an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps, ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase; I led the way, and Mlle. Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage; the dark marshes, and the green, mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence

of a beloved being; all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was, without doubt, the last that would be given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" Then she began to descend the staircase, and I followed her.

When we attempted to leave the castle, to our great surprise, we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It was actually an enchanted castle; I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself, but the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone that I found amongst the rubbish, and that I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mlle. Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and which was not without danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, but with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had now fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the old castle. Some rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mlle. Marguerite, who had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness, ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat

in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable, but I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress; but in truth the more uncertain the success of my efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and almost impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved. For long hours there were only she and I in the world, only her life and mine. I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I should have the right and the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

As I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in a tone of affected tranquillity: "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea, that fear and anxiety had affected her brain — that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! how odious he is! What a coward, — yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Well, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she cried with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man — or this child — to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost, dishonored in public opinion, and I can belong only to you; such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death, — all, to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness — as certainly I shall not have — to give you my person, and what is of more importance to you, my fortune — in return for this

beautiful stroke of policy? — What kind of a man are you? to wish for wealth and a wife acquired at such a price as this? Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes; they are imprudent, believe me, for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I would draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not have possibly arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy; we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence; you have been reckless of our repose; you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts without pity. That is what you have done, or wished to do; it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it — and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence, which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also — you love me; you love me, unfortunate! and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah! what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it — it is untouched. And soon I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that, if I die, you will weep for me; that, if I live, never, adored as you are — were you on your knees before me — never will I marry you till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles; it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window, and sprung upon the upper step; I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing in the moat reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock; for, though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice: "Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake, in the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose, and saw her in the opening of the window, in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair disheveled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château; it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret — that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Dr. Desmarests was in the salon. I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I, gayly, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow, and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see?"

"How — sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is, then, a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"*Mon Dieu!* I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

"Mlle. Marguerite? Why, I saw her——"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the Tower of Elven."

"The Tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out. I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to wait there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mlle. Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque, and I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake breathless. At length the day dawned, and I became calmer. At eight o'clock Mlle. de Porhoet came and installed herself by my bedside, her knitting in her hand. She has done the honors of my room to the visitors, who have succeeded each other all the day. Madame Laroque came first after my old friend. As she held with a long pressure the hand I had extended to her, I saw two large tears roll down her cheeks. Has she, then, been taken into her daughter's confidence?

Mlle. de Porhoet has informed me that M. Laroque has kept his bed since yesterday. He has had a slight attack of paralysis. To-day he cannot speak, and his state causes great anxiety. It has been decided to hasten the marriage. M. Laubepin has been sent for from Paris; he is expected to-morrow, and the marriage contract will be signed the day following, under his supervision.

I have sat up some hours this evening; but if I am to believe M. Desmarests, I am wrong to write, with my fever, and I am a great blockhead.

October 3.

It really seems as if some malign power took the trouble to devise the most singular and the cruelest temptations, and to offer them by turns to my conscience and my heart! M. Laubepin not having arrived this morning, Madame Laroque asked me for some information which she needed in order to determine upon the preamble of the contract which, as I have said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for several days longer, I begged Madame Laroque to send me the titles and private papers, which were in the possession of her father-in-law, and which were indispensable to me, in order to solve the difficulties that had been pointed out.

They soon brought me two or three drawers filled with them, that had been secretly taken out of M. Laroque's cabinet while the old man was asleep, for he had always shown himself very jealous of his private papers. In the first which I took up, the repetition of my own family name attracted my attention and appealed to my curiosity with irresistible force.

This is the literal text of the paper: —

To my Children, —

The name that I bequeath to you and that I have honored, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was manager of a plantation of considerable size in the island of Saint Lucie, at that time belonging to France, and owned by a wealthy and noble family of Dauphiny, — that of the Champceys d'Hauterives. My father died in 1793, and I inherited, although still quite young, the confidence they placed in him. Toward the close of that sad year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were delivered up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Haute-

rive (Jacques Auguste), whom the orders of the Convention had not then reached, commanded at that time the frigate "Thetis," which had cruised in these waters for three years.

A large number of French colonists scattered through the Antilles had acquired large fortunes, with the loss of which they were now daily threatened. They contrived, with the aid of Commandant Champcey, to organize a flotilla of light transports, to which they transferred all their movable property, hoping to return to their native land, protected by the guns of the "Thetis." I had long before received orders to sell the plantation, which I had managed since my father's death, at any price, in view of the impending troubles. On the night of the 14th of November, 1793, I secretly quitted Saint Lucie, already occupied by the enemy, alone in a boat from Cape Mome-au-Sable. I carried with me the sum for which I had sold the plantation, in English bank notes and guineas. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had gained of these coasts, had been able to elude the English cruisers, and had taken refuge in the difficult and obscure channel of the Gros-Ilet. He had ordered me to join him there this very night, and only waited my coming on board before issuing from the channel with the flotilla under his escort, and heading for France. On the way thither, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. My captors, masters in treachery as they are, gave me the choice to be shot immediately, or to sell them, by means of the million which I had in my possession, and which they would abandon to me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay. I was young, the temptation was too strong; a half-hour later the "Thetis" was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey grievously wounded. A year passed, a sleepless year. I became mad, and I resolved to revenge myself on the accursed English for the torments which racked me. I went to Guadaloupe, I changed my name, and devoting the greater part of the price of my treason to the purchase of an armed brig, I fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed out in their blood and my own, the stain I had made in an hour of weakness on my country's flag. Although more than three fourths of my real fortune has been acquired in glorious battles, its origin is, none the less, as I have stated.

On my return to France in my old age, I inquired into the situation of the Champceys d'Hauterives; they were happy and rich. I continued, therefore, to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I could not gain courage to blush before them while I live; but my death will reveal this secret to them; they will use it according to the inspiration of their consciences. For myself, I have only one prayer to make to them; there will be, sooner or later, a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each

other too much; we must ruin them, or they will ruin us! If this war breaks out during the lifetime of my children or my grandchildren, I desire that they shall present to the government a corvette armed and equipped, on the sole condition that she shall be named the "Savage," and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside that she sends on the Carthaginian shore my bones will shake with pleasure in my grave.

RICHARD SAVAGE, called LABOQUE.

The recollections that were roused in my mind on reading this dreadful confession confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father twenty times relate, with a mixture of pride and sorrow, the incident in my grandfather's life which was here spoken of. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage was the victim, and not the actor, in the treason which had betrayed the commander of the "Thetis."

I now understood all that had struck me as singular in the old sailor, and in particular his timid bearing toward me. My father had always told me that I was the living portrait of my grandfather, the Marquis Jacques; and without doubt some glimmering of this resemblance penetrated occasionally his clouded brain, and even reached the unquiet conscience of the poor old man.

Hardly was I master of this secret, when I fell into a terrible quandary. I could not feel animosity against this man, whose temporary loss of moral strength had been expiated by a long life of repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred which were not wanting in grandeur. I could not recognize without a kind of admiration the savage spirit which still animated these lines, written by a culpable but heroic hand.

But what ought I to do with this terrible secret? The first thought which occurred to me was that it would destroy all obstacles between Mlle. Marguerite and me; that henceforth this fortune which had separated us would be an almost obligatory bond between us, since I alone, of all the world, could render it legitimate in sharing it with her. In truth, the secret was not mine; and although the most innocent of chances had revealed it to me, strict probity demanded, perhaps, that I should leave it to reach, in its own good time, the hands for which it was intended; but in waiting for this moment, that which was irreparable had taken place — and I should allow it when I could prevent it by a single word! And these poor women themselves, when the day came for the fatal truth to

make them blush, would, perhaps, share my sorrow, my despair! They would be the first to cry to me, "Ah! if you knew it, why did you not speak?"

Well, no! neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, if I can help it, shall those noble faces blush with shame. I will not purchase my happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret, known only to me, which this old man, henceforth mute forever, cannot betray — this secret exists no longer; the flames have devoured it!

I had considered it well. I know what I have dared to do. It was a will — a testament — and I have destroyed it! Moreover, it would not have benefited me alone. My sister, who is confided to my care, would have gained a fortune through it; and without her consent, I have thrust her back into poverty with my own hand. I know all that. But two pure, elevated, proud souls will not be crushed and blighted by the weight of a crime which was foreign to them. There is here a principle of equity which seemed to me superior to all literal justice. If I have committed a crime, in my turn I will answer for it. But this inward struggle has wearied me. I can write no longer.

October 12.

It is now two days since I left my retreat and went to the château. I had not seen Mlle. Marguerite since the moment of our separation in the Tower of Elven. She was alone in the salon when I entered there; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement as if to withdraw; then she remained immovable, her face becoming crimson. This was contagious, for I felt myself flush to the very roots of my hair.

"How do you do, monsieur?" said she, holding out her hand, and pronouncing these simple words in a voice so soft, so humble, — alas, so tender, that I could hardly restrain myself from kneeling before her. But I replied in a tone of cold politeness. She looked sadly at me, then cast down her large eyes and resumed her work.

At that moment her mother sent for her to come to her grandfather, whose state had become very alarming. He lost his voice and all power of motion several days previous, the paralysis having attacked his whole body; the last glimmerings of intellectual life were also extinguished; sensibility alone contended with disease. No one could doubt that the old man

drew near his end ; but his energetic heart had so strong a hold on life, that the struggle promised to be a long and obstinate one. From the first appearance of danger, however, Madame Laroque and her daughter had been lavish of their strength, watching beside him day and night with the passionate abnegation and earnest devotion which are the special virtue and glory of their sex. But they succumbed to fatigue and fever on the night before last; we offered, M. Desmarests and I, to supply their places beside M. Laroque during the night, and they consented to take a few hours' repose.

The doctor, very tired himself, soon announced that he was going to lie down in the adjoining room. "I am of no use here," said he ; "the matter is decided. You see he suffers no longer, the poor old man ! He is in a state of lethargy, which has nothing disagreeable in it ; he will awake only to die. Therefore, you can be easy. If you remark any change, you will call me ; but I do not think this will be before to-morrow. In the mean time, I am dead with sleep ! " and, yawning aloud, he left the room.

Left alone in the sick room, I seated myself near the foot of the bed, the curtains of which had been raised, and tried to read by the light of a lamp that stood near me on a little table. The book fell from my hands ; I could think only of the singular combination of events which gave to this old man the grandson of his victim as a witness and protector of his last sleep. . . .

At length, towards the middle of the night, an irresistible torpor seized me, and I fell asleep, my forehead leaning on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by some mournful sound ; I raised my eyes, and I felt a shivering in the very marrow of my bones. The old man was half risen in his bed, and had fixed upon me an attentive, astonished look, in which shone a life and an intelligence that, up to this time, I had never beheld in him. When my eye met his he trembled ; he stretched out his crossed arms, and said to me, in a supplicating voice, the strange, unusual sound of which suspended the very beating of my heart : —

" Monsieur le Marquis, forgive me ! "

I tried to rise, I tried to speak, but in vain. I sat in my chair like one petrified.

After a silence, during which the eyes of the dying man had not ceased to plead to me, he again spoke : —

"Monsieur le Marquis, deign to forgive me!"

I found power at last to go to him. As I approached, he shrunk backward, as if to escape some dreadful contact. I raised one hand, and lowering it gently before his eyes, which were distended and wild with terror, I said to him: —

"Go in peace. I forgive you."

I had not finished speaking these words, when his withered face became illuminated with a flash of joy and youth, and a tear flowed from each sunken eye. He extended one hand towards me, but suddenly clinched it, waving it threateningly in the air; I saw his eyeballs roll as if a ball had been sent to his heart; "The English," he murmured, and fell back upon the pillow, an inert mass. He was dead.

I called aloud quickly; attendants came running in. He was soon surrounded by prayers and pious tears. I withdrew, deeply moved by this extraordinary scene, which would forever remain a secret between myself and the dead.

This sad family event has caused numerous duties and cares to devolve upon me, which have justified in my own eyes my prolonged stay at the château. It is impossible to conjecture what could have been M. Laubepin's motives in counseling me to defer my departure. What can he hope from this delay? It seems to me that he yielded in this case to a feeling of vague superstition and puerility, to which a mind tempered like his should never have bowed, and which I was wrong myself in submitting to. Did he not understand that he was imposing on me a part entirely wanting in openness and dignity, besides the increase of useless suffering? Could not one justly reproach me now with trifling with sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguerite had sufficed to reveal to me all the severity of the test I am condemned to, but the death of M. Laroque has given a little naturalness to my relations with her, and propriety to my continued stay.

RENNES, *October* 26.

The last word is spoken, — my God! how strong was this tie! How it has rent my heart to break it!

Last night at nine o'clock I was surprised, as I sat at my open window, to see a faint light approaching my dwelling through the dark alleys of the park, and from a different direction to that used by the servants at the château. An instant afterward some one knocked at my door, and Mlle. de Porhoet

entered breathless. "Cousin," said she, "I have business with you."

I looked in her face. "Is there some new misfortune?"

"No, it is not exactly that. You shall judge of it yourself. Sit down, my dear child. You have spent two or three evenings at the château in the course of this week; have you observed anything new or singular in the bearing of the ladies?"

"Nothing."

"Have you not, at least, remarked in their faces an expression of unusual serenity?"

"Perhaps so, yes. Aside from the melancholy of their recent affliction, they have seemed to me calmer and even happier than formerly."

"Without doubt. You would have been struck by other peculiarities if you had, like me, lived for fifteen years in their daily intimacy. Thus I have lately often surprised some sign of secret intelligence, of mysterious complicity, between them. Besides, their habits are perceptibly changed. Madame Laroque has put aside her *brasero*, her easy-chair with its turret, and her innocent Creole fancies; she rises at fabulous hours and seats herself, with Marguerite, at their work table. They have both become passionately fond of embroidery, and have inquired how much money a woman can earn daily at this kind of work. In short, it has been an enigma to which I have striven to discover the clew. This has just been disclosed to me, and, without intruding upon your secrets, I have thought it right to communicate it to you without delay."

On my protestations of the entire confidence I would gladly repose in her, Mlle. de Porhoet continued, in her sweet, firm style: "Madame Aubry came secretly to see me this evening; she began by throwing her two covetous arms around my neck, which greatly displeased me; then, with a thousand jeremiads that I will spare you, she begged me to stop her cousins, who were on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at the doors, according to her delicate custom: these ladies are soliciting at this moment the authorization of giving all their property to a church at Rennes, in order to destroy the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and you, which now separates you. Being unable to make you rich, they intend to make themselves poor. It seems impossible, cousin, to leave you ignorant of this determination, equally worthy of those generous hearts and those childish heads. You will for-

give me for adding that your duty is to thwart this design at any cost. What repentance it prepares for our friends, what terrible responsibility it threatens you with, it is needless to tell you; you will understand it all as well as I, at first sight. If you could, my friend, receive Marguerite's hand at once, that would be the best ending in the world; but you are bound in this respect by a promise which, blind, imprudent, as it was, is none the less obligatory on you. There remains, then, only one thing for you to do: to leave this country without delay, and to crush resolutely all the hopes your presence here inevitably keeps alive. When you are gone, it will be easier for me to bring these children back to reason."

"Well, I am ready; I will set out this very night."

"That is right," she replied. "In giving you this advice I have myself obeyed a very harsh law of honor. You charm the last hours of my solitude; you have restored the illusions of the sweetest attachments of life, which I had lost for many years. In sending you away I make my last sacrifice, and it is very great." She rose and looked at me a moment without speaking. "One does not embrace young men at my age," she resumed with a sad smile, "one blesses them. Adieu, dear child! may the good God help you!"

I kissed her trembling hands and she left me.

I hastily made my preparations for departure, then I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque. I begged her to abandon a determination, the consequences and extent of which she could not measure, and to which I was firmly determined, for my part, to be in no way an accessory. I gave her my word — and she knew she could rely on it — that I would never accept my happiness at the price of her ruin. In conclusion, in order the better to divert her from her foolish design, I spoke vaguely of an approaching future where I pretended to see glimpses of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a painful farewell, to my retreat, to this old tower, where I have suffered and loved so deeply! and I crept into the château by a private door, the key of which had been confided to me. I stealthily crossed the galleries, now empty and resounding, like a criminal, guiding myself as well as I could in the darkness; at length I reached the saloon where I had seen Marguerite for the first time. She and her mother could hardly have quitted it an hour before; their recent presence was betrayed by a soft, sweet perfume that intoxicated me. I sought for and

found her basket, in which her hand had just replaced her newly begun embroidery, — alas! my poor heart! — I fell on my knees by her chair, and there, with my forehead throbbing against the cold marble of the table, I sobbed like an infant.

Oh! how I have loved her!

I profited by the remaining hours of night to be secretly driven to the little neighboring town, where I took this morning the carriage for Rennes. To-morrow night I shall be in Paris. Poverty, solitude, despair, — all that I left there, I shall find them again! Last dream of youth, of heaven, farewell!

PARIS.

The next morning, as I was about going to the railroad, a post chaise entered the courtyard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain descend from it. His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah! monsieur, how lucky! you are not gone! Here is a letter for you!" I recognized the handwriting of M. Laubepin. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoet was seriously ill, and that she asked for me. I took time only to change horses, and threw myself into the chaise, compelling Alain, with great difficulty, to take the seat opposite me.

I then pressed him with questions, and made him repeat the incredible news he brought me. Mlle. de Porhoet had received the evening before an official paper, conveyed to her by M. Laubepin, informing her that she was put in full and complete possession of the estates of her Spanish relatives. "And it seems," added Alain, "that she owes it to monsieur, who discovered in the pigeon house some old papers which nobody knew of, and which have established the old lady's right and title. I do not know how much truth there is in that; but if it be so, the more pity, said I to myself, that she has got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and which she will not let go of, — for take notice that she holds to them more than ever, monsieur. At first, when the news came, she fell stiff on the floor, and it was thought she was dead; but an hour afterward she began to talk without end or rest about her cathedral, of the choir and the nave, of the chapter house and the canons, of the north aisle and the south aisle, so that, in order to calm her, an architect and masons were sent for, and all the plans of her cursed edifice were placed round her on her bed. At length, after three hours' conversation with them, she fell asleep; on waking she asked to see monsieur — Monsieur le Marquis (Alain

bowed, shutting his eyes), and I was sent after him. It seems she wishes to consult monsieur about the lobby."

This strange event caused me great surprise. But with the help of my memory and the confused details given me by Alain, I arrived at an explanation of the matter which subsequent information soon confirmed. As I have before said, the question of the succession of the Spanish branch of the Porhoet family had two phases. There was first a protracted lawsuit between Mlle. de Porhoet and a noble house of Castile, which my old friend lost on its final trial; then, a new suit, in which Mlle. de Porhoet was not involved, between the Spanish heirs and the crown, which claimed that the property in question devolved to it by escheatage. During these transactions, a singular paper fell into my hands, as I was pursuing my researches in the archives of the Porhoets, two months before my departure from the château. I will copy it literally: —

Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, of the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaen, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, seigneur of Biscay and Molina, etc.

To thee, Horve Jean Jocelyn, sieur de Porhoet-Gael, Count of Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my dominions, and hast served me with exemplary fidelity, I promise as a special favor that, in case of the extinction of thy direct and legitimate heirs, the property of thy house shall return, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and legitimate heirs of the French branch of the Porhoets-Gael, so long as it shall exist.

And I promise this for me and my successors upon my faith and kingly word.

Given at the Escurial, the 16th of April, 1716.

Yo el Rey.

Aside from this paper, which was only a translation, I found the original, bearing the royal seal. The importance of this document did not escape me, but I was fearful of exaggerating it. I doubted greatly whether the validity of a title over which so many years had passed would be admitted by the Spanish government; I doubted also whether it would have the power, if it had the will, to make it good. I decided therefore to leave

Mlle. de Porhoet in ignorance of a discovery, the result of which was so problematical, and limited myself to sending the title to M. Laubepin. Having received no news respecting it, I had forgotten it amidst the personal anxieties which had overwhelmed me. Contrary to my unjust suspicions, the Spanish government had not hesitated to redeem the kingly promise of Philip V., and as soon as a supreme decree had adjudged the immense property of the Porhoets to the crown, it nobly restored them to the legitimate heir.

It was nine o'clock at night when I descended from the carriage at the threshold of the humble house where this almost royal fortune had so tardily come. The little servant opened the door. She was weeping. I heard the grave voice of M. Laubepin saying, at the head of the staircase, "It is he!" I hastened up the stairs. The old man grasped my hand firmly, and led me into Mlle. de Porhoet's chamber, without speaking. The doctor and the curé of the town stood silently in the shade of a window. Madame Laroque was kneeling on a hassock near the bed; her daughter was at the bed's head, supporting the pillows upon which reposed the head of my poor friend. When the sufferer perceived me, a feeble smile spread over her features, now sadly changed; she extended one hand, but with evident pain. I took it as I kneeled beside her, and I could not restrain my tears.

"My child!" said she, "my dear child!" Then she looked earnestly at M. Laubepin. The old notary took up from the bed a sheet of paper, and appeared to continue an interrupted reading: —

For these reasons, I appoint by this will, written by my own hand, Maximilian Jacques Marie Odiot, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, noble in heart as well as by birth, general legatee of all my property both in France and in Spain, without reserve or condition. Such is my will.

JOCELYNDE JEANNE,
Countess de Porhoet-Gael.

In the excess of my surprise, I rose abruptly, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoet, drawing my hand gently back, placed it in Marguerite's. The dear girl started at this sudden contact, and laying her blushing face on the pillow, whispered a few words into the dying woman's ear. For myself, I could not speak; I could only fall on my knees and thank God.

Several minutes passed thus in solemn silence, when Marguerite suddenly withdrew her hand from mine, and made a sign of alarm. The rector approached hastily; I rose.

Mlle. de Porhoet's head had fallen backward; her face was radiant with joy, and her eyes turned upward as if fixed on heaven; her lips half opened, and she spoke as if in a dream: "O God! Good God! I see it — up there! yes — the choir — the golden lamps — the windows — the sun, shining everywhere! Two angels kneeling before the altar — in white robes — their wings move — they are living!" This exclamation was smothered on her lips, on which the smile remained; she shut her eyes as if falling asleep, then suddenly a look of immortal youth spread over her face.

Such a death, crowning such a life, was full of instruction to my soul. I begged them to leave me alone with the priest in the chamber. This pious watching will not be lost to me, I hope. More than one forgotten or doubtful truth appeared to me with irresistible evidence upon that face stamped with a glorious peace. My noble and sainted friend! I knew that you had the virtue of self-sacrifice; I saw that you had received your reward!

Some hours after midnight, yielding to fatigue, I went to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and avoiding the saloon, where I saw a light, I entered the garden. The night was extremely dark. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, I heard a slight noise under the elm tree; at the same instant an indistinct form disengaged itself from the foliage. My heart beat violently, my sight grew dim; I saw the sky fill with stars. "Marguerite!" I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured softly, then — I felt her lips meet mine!

I have given Helen half my fortune; Marguerite is my wife. I close these pages forever; I have nothing more to confide to them. That can be said of men which has been said of nations: "Happy those who have no history!"

FLOWERS OF EVIL.

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

[1821-1867.]

I.

I ADORE thee as much as the vaults of night,
O vase full of grief, taciturnity great,
And I love thee the more because of thy flight.
It seemeth, my night's beautifier, that you
Still heap up those leagues — yes! ironically heap! —
That divide from my arms the immensity blue.

I advance to attack, I climb to assault,
Like a choir of young worms at a corpse in the vault;
Thy coldness, oh cruel, implacable beast!
Yet heightens thy beauty, on which my eyes feast!

II.

Two warriors come running, to fight they begin,
With gleaming and blood they bespatter the air;
These games, and this clatter of arms, is the din
Of youth that's a prey to the surgings of love.

The rapiers are broken! and so is our youth,
But the dagger's avenged, dear! and so is the sword,
By the nail that is steeled and the hardened tooth.
Oh, the fury of hearts aged and ulcered by love!

In the ditch, where the ounce and the pard have their lair,
Our heroes have rolled in an angry embrace;
Their skin blooms on brambles that erewhile were bare.
That ravine is a fiend-inhabited hell!
Then let us roll in, oh woman inhuman,
To immortalize hatred that nothing can quell!

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical: and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessèd Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

The Blessèd Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth,
The which is Space begun;

So high, that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

1874

The Blessed Damozel.

From the painting by Edward Burne-Jones.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we too, we too, thou sayst!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,

With her five handmaidens, whose names
  Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
  Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
  And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
  Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth robes for them
  Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
  Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
  Not once abashed or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
  My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
  To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
  Bowed with their aureoles;
And angels meeting us shall sing
  To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
  Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
  With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
  Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
  Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased,
  The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
  Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
  Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
  The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
  And wept. (I heard her tears.)

A MAN OF GREAT PROJECTS.

By IVAN SERGYEVICH TURGENIEFF.

(From "Rudin": translated by Constance Garnet.)

[IVAN SERGYEVICH TURGENIEFF, one of the most celebrated of modern Russian novelists, was born at Orel, Russia, November 9, 1818. Educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, he entered the civil service, and established his reputation as an author with "Sketches from the Diary of a Sportsman" (1845–1847). In 1852 some remarks on Russian officialism, made in an obituary letter on Gogol, led to his being imprisoned and afterwards banished for several years to the interior of Russia. He subsequently lived in Baden-Baden, and after the Franco-Prussian War removed to Paris, where he mainly resided until his death, September 3, 1883, at Bougival. Among his chief novels are: "Dmitri Rudin," "A Nest of Nobles," "Helene" (translated as "On the Eve"), "Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil." They have been translated into many languages, — into French largely by the author himself.]

SEVEN o'clock struck, and they were all assembled again in the drawing-room.

"He is not coming, clearly," said Darya Mihaïlovna.

But, behold, the rumble of a carriage was heard: a small tarantas drove into the court, and a few instants later a footman entered the drawing-room and gave Darya Mihaïlovna a note on a silver salver. She glanced through it, and turning to the footman asked: —

"But where is the gentleman who brought this letter?"

"He is sitting in the carriage. Shall I ask him to come up?"

"Ask him to do so."

The man went out.

"Fancy, how vexatious!" continued Darya Mihaïlovna, "the baron has received a summons to return at once to Petersburg. He has sent me his essay by a certain Mr. Rudin, a friend of his. The baron wanted to introduce him to me — he speaks very highly of him. But how vexatious it is! I had hoped the baron would stay here for some time."

"Dmitri Nikolaitch Rudin," announced the servant.

A man of about thirty-five entered, of a tall, somewhat stooping figure, with crisp curly hair and swarthy complexion, an irregular but expressive and intelligent face, a flickering brilliance in his quick, dark gray eyes, a straight bread nose, and well-curved lips. His clothes were not new, and were somewhat small, as though he had outgrown them.

He walked quickly up to Darya Mihaïlovna and with a slight bow told her that he had long wished to have the honor of an introduction to her, and that his friend the baron greatly regretted that he could not take leave of her in person.

The thin sound of Rudin's voice seemed out of keeping with his tall figure and broad chest.

"Pray be seated . . . very delighted," murmured Darya Mihaïlovna, and, after introducing him to the rest of the company, she asked him whether he belonged to those parts or was a visitor.

"My estate is in the T—— district," replied Rudin, holding his hat on his knees. "I have not been here long. I came on business and stayed for a while in your district town."

"With whom?"

"With the doctor. He was an old chum of mine at the university."

"Ah! the doctor. He is highly spoken of. He is skillful in his work, they say. But have you known the baron long?"

"I met him last winter in Moscow, and I have just been spending about a week with him."

"He is a very clever man, the baron."

"Yes."

Darya Mihaïlovna sniffed at her little crushed-up handkerchief steeped in *eau de cologne*.

"Are you in the government service?" she asked.

"Who? I?"

"Yes."

"No. I have retired."

There followed a brief pause. The general conversation was resumed.

"If you will allow me to be inquisitive," began Pigasof, turning to Rudin, "do you know the contents of the essay which his excellency the baron has sent?"

"Yes, I do."

"This essay deals with the relations to commerce — or no, of manufactures to commerce in our country. . . . That was your expression, I think, Darya Mihaïlovna?"

"Yes, it deals with" . . . began Darya Mihaïlovna, pressing her hand to her forehead.

"I am, of course, a poor judge of such matters," continued

Pigasof, "but I must confess that to me even the title of the essay seems excessively (how could I put it delicately?) — excessively obscure and complicated."

"Why does it seem so to you?"

Pigasof smiled and looked across at Darya Mihaïlovna.

"Why, is it clear to you?" he said, turning his foxy face again towards Rudin.

"To me? yes."

"H'm. No doubt you must know better."

"Does your head ache?" Alexandra Pavlovna inquired of Darya Mihaïlovna.

"No. It is only my — *c'est nerveux.*"

"Allow me to inquire," Pigasof was beginning again in his nasal tones, "your friend his excellency, Baron Muffel — I think that's his name?"

"Precisely."

"Does his excellency, Baron Muffel, make a special study of political economy, or does he only devote to that interesting subject the hours of leisure left over from his social amusements and his official duties?"

Rudin looked steadily at Pigasof.

"The baron is an amateur on this subject," he replied, growing rather red, "but in his essay there is much that is curious and valuable."

"I am not able to dispute it with you; I have not read the essay. But I venture to ask — the work of your friend Baron Muffel is no doubt founded more upon general propositions than upon facts?"

"It contains both facts and propositions founded upon the facts."

"Yes, yes. I must tell you that, in my opinion — and I've a right to give my opinion, on occasion; I spent three years at Dorpat . . . all these so-called general propositions, hypotheses, these systems — excuse me, I am a provincial, I speak the truth bluntly — are absolutely worthless. All that's only theorizing — only good for misleading people. Give us facts, sir, and that's enough!"

"Really!" retorted Rudin, "why, but ought not one to give the significance of the facts?"

"General propositions," continued Pigasof, "they're my abomination, these general propositions, theories, conclusions. All that's based on so-called convictions; every one is talking

about his convictions, and attaches importance to them, prides himself on them. Ah!"

And Pigasof shook his fist in the air. Pandalevsky laughed.

"Capital!" put in Rudin, "it follows that there is no such thing as conviction according to you?"

"No, it doesn't exist."

"Is that your conviction?"

"Yes."

"How do you say that there are none then? Here you have one at the very first turn."

All in the room smiled and looked at one another.

"One minute, one minute, but ——" Pigasof was beginning.

But Darya Mihaïlovna clapped her hands, crying, "Bravo, bravo, Pigasof's beaten!" and she gently took Rudin's hat from his hand.

"Defer your delight a little, madam; there's plenty of time!" Pigasof began with annoyance. "It's not sufficient to say a witty word, with an appearance of aptness; you must prove, refute. We had wandered from the subject of our discussion."

"With your permission," remarked Rudin, coolly, "the matter is very simple. You do not believe in the value of general propositions — you do not believe in convictions?"

"I don't believe in them, I don't believe in them a bit!"

"Very good. You are a skeptic."

"I see no necessity for using such a learned word. However ——"

"Don't interrupt!" interposed Darya Mihaïlovna.

"At him, good dog!" Pandalevsky said to himself at the same instant, and smiled all over.

"That word expresses my meaning," pursued Rudin. "You understand it; why not make use of it? You don't believe in anything. Why do you believe in facts?"

"Why? That's good! Facts are matters of experience, every one knows what facts are. I judge of them by experience, by my own senses."

"But may not your senses deceive you?" Your senses tell you that the sun goes round the earth, . . . but perhaps you don't agree with Copernicus? You don't even believe in him?"

Again a smile passed over every one's face, and all eyes

were fastened on Rudin. "He's by no means a fool," every one was thinking.

"You are pleased to keep on joking," said Pigasof. "Of course that's very original, but it's not to the point."

"In what I have said hitherto," rejoined Rudin, "there is, unfortunately, too little that's original. All that has been well known a very long time, and has been said a thousand times. That is not the pith of the matter."

"What is then?" asked Pigasof, not without insolence.

In discussions he always first bantered his opponent, then grew cross, and finally sulked and was silent.

"Here it is," continued Rudin. "I cannot help, I own, feeling sincere regret when I hear sensible people attack ——"

"Systems?" interposed Pigasof.

"Yes, with your leave, even systems. What frightens you so much in that word? Every system is founded on a knowledge of fundamental laws, the principles of life ——"

"But there is no knowing them, no discovering them."

"One minute. Doubtless they are not easy for every one to get at, and to make mistakes is natural to man. However, you will certainly agree with me that Newton, for example, discovered some at least of these fundamental laws? He was a genius, we grant you; but the grandeur of the discoveries of genius is that they become the heritage of all. The effort to discover universal principles in the multiplicity of phenomena is one of the radical characteristics of human thought, and all our civilization ——"

"That's what you're driving at!" Pigasof broke in in a drawling tone. "I am a practical man and all these metaphysical subtleties I don't enter into and don't want to enter into."

"Very good! That's as you prefer. But take note that your very desire to be exclusively a practical man is itself your sort of system — your theory."

"Civilization you talk about!" blurted in Pigasof; "that's another admirable notion of yours! Much use in it, this vaunted civilization! I would not give a brass farthing for your civilization!"

"But what a poor sort of argument, African Semenitch!" observed Darya Mihaïlovna, inwardly much pleased by the calmness and perfect good breeding of her new acquaintance. "*C'est un homme comme il faut*," she thought, looking with well-disposed scrutiny at Rudin; "we must be nice to him."

Those last words she mentally pronounced in Russian.

"I will not champion civilization," continued Rudin after a short pause; "it does not need my championship. You don't like it; every one to his own taste. Besides, that would take us too far. Allow me only to remind you of the old saying, 'Jupiter, you are angry; therefore you are in the wrong.' I meant to say that all those onslaughts upon systems — general propositions — are especially distressing, because together with these systems men repudiate knowledge in general, and all science and faith in it, and consequently also faith in themselves, in their own powers. But this faith is essential to men; they cannot exist by their sensations alone, they are wrong to fear ideas and not to trust in them. Skepticism is always characterized by barrenness and impotence."

"That's all words!" muttered Pigasof.

"Perhaps so. But allow me to point out to you that when we say 'that's all words!' we often wish ourselves to avoid the necessity of saying anything more substantial than mere words."

"What?" said Pigasof, winking his eyes.

"You understood what I meant," retorted Rudin, with involuntary but instantly repressed impatience. "I repeat, if man has no steady principle in which he trusts, no ground on which he can take a firm stand, how can he form a just estimate of the needs, the tendencies, and the future of his country? How can he know what he ought to do, if——"

"I leave you the field," ejaculated Pigasof, abruptly, and with a bow he turned away without looking at any one.

Rudin stared at him, and smiled slightly, saying nothing.

"Aha! he has taken to flight!" said Darya Mihaïlovna. "Never mind, Dmitri. . . . I beg your pardon," she added with a cordial smile, "what is your paternal name?"

"Nikolaitch."

"Never mind, my dear Dmitri Nikolaitch, he did not deceive any of us. He wants to make a show of not *wishing* to argue any more. He is conscious that he *cannot* argue with you. But you had better sit nearer to us and let us have a little talk."

Rudin moved his chair up.

"How is it we have not met till now?" was Darya Mihaïlovna's question. "That is what surprises me. Have you read this book? *C'est de Tocqueville, vous savez?*"

And Darya Mihaïlovna held out the French pamphlet to Rudin.

Rudin took the thin volume in his hand, turned over a few pages of it, and laying it down on the table replied that he had not read that particular work of M. de Tocqueville, but that he had often reflected on the question treated by him. The conversation became general again. Rudin seemed reticent at first, and not disposed to give his opinions; his words did not come readily, but at last he grew warm and began to speak. In a quarter of an hour his voice was the only sound in the room. All were crowding in a circle round him.

Only Pigasof remained aloof, in a corner by the fireplace. Rudin spoke with intelligence, with fire, and with judgment; he showed much learning, wide reading. No one had expected to find in him a remarkable man. His clothes were so shabby, so little was known of him. Every one felt it strange and incomprehensible that such a clever man should have suddenly made his appearance in the country. He seemed all the more wonderful and, one may even say, fascinating to all of them, beginning with Darya Mihaïlovna. She was pluming herself on having discovered him, and already at this early date was dreaming of how she would introduce Rudin into the world. In her quickness to receive impressions there was much that was almost childish, in spite of her years. Alexandra Pavlovna, to tell the truth, understood little of all that Rudin said, but was full of wonder and delight; her brother too was admiring him. Pandalevsky was watching Darya Mihaïlovna and was filled with envy. Pigasof thought, "If I have to give five hundred roubles I will get a nightingale to sing better than that!" But the most impressed of all the party were Bassistof and Natalya. Scarcely a breath escaped Bassistof; he sat the whole time with open mouth and round eyes and listened — listened as he had never listened to any one in his life — while Natalya's face was suffused by a crimson flush, and her eyes, fastened unwaveringly on Rudin, were both dimmed and shining.

"What splendid eyes he has!" Volintsef whispered to her.

"Yes, they are."

"It's only a pity his hands are so big and red."

Natalya made no reply.

Tea was brought in. The conversation became more general, but still by the sudden unanimity with which every one was silent, directly Rudin opened his mouth, one could judge of the strength of the impression he had produced. Darya Mihaïlovna suddenly felt inclined to tease Pigasof. She went up to him

and said in an undertone, "Why don't you speak instead of doing nothing but smile sarcastically? Make an effort, challenge him again," and without waiting for him to answer, she beckoned to Rudin.

"There's one thing more you don't know about him," she said to him, with a gesture towards Pigasof, — "he is a terrible hater of women, he is always attacking them; pray, show him the true path."

Rudin involuntarily looked down upon Pigasof; he was a head and shoulders taller. Pigasof almost withered up with fury, and his sour face grew pale.

"Darya Mihaïlovna is mistaken," he said in an unsteady voice, "I do not only attack women; I am not a great admirer of the whole human species."

"What can have given you such a poor opinion of them?" inquired Rudin.

Pigasof looked him straight in the face.

"The study of my own heart, no doubt, in which I find every day more and more that is base. I judge of others by myself. Possibly this too is erroneous, and I am far worse than others; but what am I to do? it's a habit!"

"I understand you and sympathize with you," was Rudin's rejoinder. "What generous soul has not experienced a yearning for self-humiliation? But one ought not to remain in that condition from which there is no outlet beyond."

"I am deeply indebted for the certificate of generosity you confer on my soul," retorted Pigasof. "As for my condition, there's not much amiss with it, so that even if there were an outlet from it, it might go to the deuce, I shouldn't look for it!"

"But that means — pardon the expression — to prefer the gratification of your own pride to the desire to be and live in the truth."

"Undoubtedly," cried Pigasof, "pride — that I understand, and you, I expect, understand, and every one understands; but truth, what is truth? Where is it, this truth?"

"You are repeating yourself, let me warn you," remarked Darya Mihaïlovna.

Pigasof shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, where's the harm if I do? I ask: where is truth? Even the philosophers don't know what it is. Kant says it is one thing; but Hegel — no, you're wrong, it's something else."

"And do you know what Hegel says of it?" asked Rudin, without raising his voice.

"I repeat," continued Pigasof, flying into a passion, "that I cannot understand what truth means. According to my idea, it doesn't exist at all in the world, that is to say, the word exists but not the thing itself."

"Fie, fie!" cried Darya Mihaïlovna, "I wonder you're not ashamed to say so, you old sinner! No truth? What is there to live for in the world after that?"

"Well, I go so far as to think, Darya Mihaïlovna," retorted Pigasof, in a tone of annoyance, "that it would be much easier for you, in any case, to live without truth than without your cook, Stepan, who is such a master hand at soups! And what do you want with truth, kindly tell me? you can't trim a bonnet with it!"

"A joke is not an argument," observed Darya Mihaïlovna, "especially when you descend to personal insult."

"I don't know about truth, but I see speaking it does not answer," muttered Pigasof, and he turned angrily away.

And Rudin began to speak of pride, and he spoke well. He showed that man without pride is worthless, that pride is the lever by which the earth can be moved from its foundations, but that at the same time he alone deserves the name of man who knows how to control his pride, as the rider does his horse, who offers up his own personality as a sacrifice to the general good.

"Egoism," so he ended, "is suicide. The egoist withers like a solitary barren tree; but pride, ambition, as the active effort after perfection, is the source of all that is great. . . . Yes! a man must prune away the exuberant egoism of his personality, to give it the right of self-expression."

"Can you lend me a pencil?" Pigasof asked Bassistof.

Bassistof did not at once understand what Pigasof had asked him.

"What do you want a pencil for?" he said at last.

"I want to write down Mr. Rudin's last sentence. If one doesn't write it down, one might forget it, I'm afraid! But you will own, a sentence like that is such a handful of trumps."

"There are things which it is a shame to laugh at and make fun of, African Semenitch!" said Bassistof, warmly, turning away from Pigasof.

Meanwhile Rudin had approached Natalya. She got up;

her face expressed her confusion. Volintsef, who was sitting near her, got up too.

"I see a piano," began Rudin, with the gentle courtesy of a traveling prince; "don't you play on it?"

"Yes, I play," replied Natalya, "but not very well. Here is Konstantin Diomiditch plays much better than I do."

Pandalevsky put himself forward with a simper.

"You don't say that seriously, Natalya Alexyevena; your playing is not at all inferior to mine."

"Do you know Schubert's 'Erlkönig'?" asked Rudin.

"He knows it, he knows it!" interposed Darya Mihaïlovna. "Sit down, Konstantin. You are fond of music, Dmitri Nikolaitch?"

Rudin only made a slight motion of the head and ran his hand through his hair, as if disposing himself to listen. Pandalevsky began to play.

Natalya was standing near the piano, directly facing Rudin. At the first sound his face was transfigured. His dark gray eyes moved slowly about, from time to time resting upon Natalya. Pandalevsky finished playing.

Rudin said nothing and walked up to the open window. A fragrant mist lay like a soft shroud over the garden; a drowsy scent breathed from the trees near. The stars shed a mild radiance. The summer night was soft — and softened all. Rudin gazed into the dark garden, and looked round.

"That music and this night," he began, "reminded me of my student days in Germany; our meetings, our serenades."

"You have been in Germany, then?" said Darya Mihaïlovna.

"I spent a year at Heidelberg, and nearly a year at Berlin."

"And did you dress as a student? They say they wear a special dress there."

"At Heidelberg I wore high boots with spurs, and a hussar's jacket with braid on it, and I let my hair grow to my shoulders. In Berlin the students dress like everybody else."

"Tell us something of your student life," said Alexandra Pavlovna.

Rudin complied. He was not altogether successful in narrative. There was a lack of color in his descriptions. He did not know how to be humorous. However, from relating his own adventures abroad, Rudin soon passed to general themes, the special value of education and science, universities, and

university life generally. He sketched in a large and comprehensive picture in broad and striking lines. All listened to him with profound attention. His eloquence was masterly and attractive, not altogether clear, but even this want of clearness added a special charm to his words.

The exuberance of his thought hindered Rudin from expressing himself definitely and exactly. Images followed upon images; comparisons started up one after another — now startlingly bold, now strikingly true. It was not the complacent effort of the practiced speaker, but the very breath of inspiration that was felt in his impatient improvising. He did not seek out his words; they came obediently and spontaneously to his lips, and each word seemed to flow straight from his soul, and was burning with all the fire of conviction. Rudin was the master of almost the greatest secret — the music of eloquence. He knew how in striking one chord of the heart to set all the others vaguely quivering and resounding. Many of his listeners, perhaps, did not understand very precisely what his eloquence was about; but their bosoms heaved, it seemed as though veils were lifted before their eyes, something radiant, glorious, seemed shimmering in the distance.

All Rudin's thoughts seemed centered on the future; this lent him something of the impetuous dash of youth. . . . Standing at the window, not looking at any one in special, he spoke, and inspired by the general sympathy and attention, the presence of young women, the beauty of the night, carried along by the tide of his own emotions, he rose to the height of eloquence, of poetry. . . . The very sound of his voice, intense and soft, increased the fascination; it seemed as though some higher power were speaking through his lips, startling even to himself. . . . Rudin spoke of what lends eternal significance to the fleeting life of man.

"I remember a Scandinavian legend," thus he concluded, "a king is sitting with his warriors round the fire in a long dark barn. It was night and winter. Suddenly a little bird flew in at the open door and flew out again at the other. The king spoke and said that this bird is like man in the world; it flew in from darkness and out again into darkness, and was not long in the warmth and light. . . . 'King,' replies the oldest of the warriors, 'even in the dark the bird is not lost, but finds her nest.' Even so our life is short and worthless; but all that is great is accomplished through men. The con-

sciousness of being the instrument of these higher powers ought to outweigh all other joys for man; even in death he finds his life, his nest."

Rudin stopped and dropped his eyes with a smile of involuntary embarrassment.

"*Vous êtes un poète*," was Darya Mihaïlovna's comment in an undertone.

And all were inwardly agreeing with her — all except Pigasof. Without waiting for the end of Rudin's long speech, he quietly took his hat and as he went out whispered viciously to Pandalevsky, who was standing near the door: —

"No! Fools are more to my taste."

No one, however, tried to detain him or even noticed his absence.

The servants brought in supper, and half an hour later, all had taken leave and separated. Darya Mihaïlovna begged Rudin to remain the night. Alexandra Pavlovna, as she went home in the carriage with her brother, several times fell to exclaiming and marveling at the extraordinary cleverness of Rudin. Volintsof agreed with her, though he observed that he sometimes expressed himself somewhat obscurely — that is to say, not altogether intelligibly, he added, — wishing, no doubt, to make his own thought clear; but his face was gloomy, and his eyes, fixed on a corner of the carriage, seemed even more melancholy than usual.

Pandalevsky went to bed, and as he took off his daintily embroidered braces, he said aloud, "A very smart fellow!" and suddenly, looking harshly at his page, ordered him out of the room. Basistof did not sleep the whole night and did not undress — he was writing till morning a letter to a comrade of his in Moscow; and Natalya, too, though she undressed and lay down in her bed, had not an instant's sleep and never closed her eyes. With her head propped on her arm, she gazed fixedly into the darkness; her veins were throbbing feverishly and her bosom often heaved with a deep sigh.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT.

By LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

[KLARA MÜLLER (MUNDT), pseudonym "Louise Mühlbach," was born in 1814, daughter of a Neubrandenburg aulic councilor, and married the radical writer Theodor Mundt in 1839. She is remembered for her historical novels, including the one here cited (1853), "Joseph II. and his Court," "Marie Antoinette and her Son," "Queen Hortense," "Goethe and Schiller," and "Napoleon and Blücher." She died in 1873.]

THE MASQUERADE.

THE halls of the palace were radiantly illuminated, and through them moved a procession of fabulous, fantastic figures. Representatives of all nations were there to greet the young hero and king. Greek and Turk and Russian, peasant maidens, Spaniards, odalisques, fairies, witches, monks and nuns, German girls of the mediæval city, knights in silver mail, and gypsies — a many-colored, charming scene.

In the farthest hall there was a group without masks. Both the queens, glittering in gold and jewels, sat there, for Sophia Dorothea needed no longer conceal her diamonds, and Elizabeth Christine, knowing that the king desired the Queen of Prussia to appear in magnificence befitting her dignity, wore her tiara of emeralds and diamonds, which Bielfeld had pronounced a wonder of beauty and richness.

The king and the queen mother were about to keep the promises which they had reciprocally made. Sophia Dorothea was about to permit the presentation of Count Néal, while the king bade the newly married countess Rhedern welcome.

Pöllnitz' loud, ironical voice proclaimed the arrival of Count and Countess Rhedern and of Count Néal, and the personages thus solemnly announced entered the hall, that sanctuary which opens only to the privileged, to those near the royal family by birth, favor, or service.

Leaning upon the arm of her noble spouse, the newly created Countess Rhedern, *née* Orguelin, entered the sacred precinct. Her face was perfectly calm, cold, and grave; an expression of firm determination manifested itself in her features, which no longer possessed the charm of youth or beauty, yet were not wanting in interest. Extreme kindliness seemed to speak from her somewhat large but well-formed mouth. And out of the large dark eyes, which were not modestly cast down, but calmly directed toward the royal family, so much spirit, passion, and

boldness spoke that the beholder saw at once here was no ordinary woman, but a strong, fiery, determined nature, with courage to challenge her destiny, and, if it must be, bend it to her will.

But the proud and imperious Sophia Dorothea was unpleasantly impressed by the countess' serious and direct observation of herself. If the countess had approached her with downcast eyes, trembling, overwhelmed by the unheard-of royal condescension, the queen mother might have been inclined to pardon her the blemish of her nameless origin. But this calm, unembarrassed demeanor enraged her. Moreover, the countess' brilliant and costly costume offended her. The silver-embroidered train, which, fastened with diamond agrafes at the shoulders, fell in rich folds to the floor, was of costlier stuff than the queen's robe. The necklace, bracelets, and diadem bore comparison with the queen's own, and the huge fan, which the countess carried half open, was of real Chinese workmanship, with such incomparable ivory carving and delicately painted decoration that the queen felt a sort of envy at sight of the rare work of art to which she possessed no mate.

She therefore responded with curt nods to the threefold reverential courtesy of the countess, executed according to all the rules of etiquette; while Queen Elizabeth Christine, who sat next to the queen mother, greeted the countess with a gracious smile. The king, observing the cloud upon his mother's brow, and well knowing its source, found keen amusement in the scene. It pleased him to see her, who had so energetically worked for the reception of Countess Rhedern, receiving her so brusquely, and he wished to tease his royal mother a little with her quickly evaporated enthusiasm for the nameless countess who had no other claim upon the privilege of appearing at court than the debts of the count, her husband, and her own millions. He therefore greeted the new countess with gracious and kindly words, and, turning to his mother, said, half inaudibly, "Indeed, your Majesty, you did well to invite Countess Rhedern to our court; she will be a real ornament to it."

"Yes, a real ornament," said Sophia Dorothea, who now regarded the countess' dignified and unembarrassed bearing as impudent and wanting in respect to royalty, and had determined to punish this obtrusive woman. Casting proud and scornful looks upon her, she said: —

"What a strange train you wear, Countess!"

"It is an Indian product," replied the latter, undisturbed. "My father has connections with certain Dutch importing houses, and one of them procured us this rare stuff which has the honor to attract your Majesty's attention."

Sophia Dorothea blushed with shame and rage. This countess, scarcely emerged from the lowly estate of the tradesman, had the audacity not to blush for her past, not to conceal it under an impenetrable veil, but to speak in the presence of two queens of the business connections of her father; while royalty had meant to be so gracious as to bury this blemish in eternal oblivion.

"You are wearing an article in which your father deals. That is, indeed, a very ingenious method of recommending it, and, in future, when we behold the toilet of the Countess Rhedern, the whole court will at once know which is the newest article for sale by Orguelin, the silk factor, the countess' father."

A scarcely suppressed laugh of the cavaliers and ladies who had heard the queen's words rewarded this cruel jest. All eyes were contemptuously directed toward the countess, whose husband, trembling and deathly pale, stood by her side, not having courage to raise his eyes from the floor. The young Countess Rhedern alone remained perfectly quiet and unconstrained.

"Pardon, your Majesty," she said, in a full, clear voice, "if I venture to contradict you. My father's business is too well known for me to assume that any one is ignorant of the kind of goods in which he deals."

"Well," asked the queen, angrily, "in what does he deal, then?"

The countess bowed reverently. "Your Majesty," she said, "my father deals with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty."

The queen's eyes flashed lightning. A tradesman's daughter dared to snub the queen, and to defy her anger. Sophia Dorothea arose in the full majesty of her royal dignity. She was about to crush this arrogant "newborn" countess, and her lips parted for a sarcastic remark, the more annihilating from royal lips because no retort is possible. But the king saw the rising storm and wished to ward it off. His generous nature resented seeing a poor defenseless woman thus tortured, and he was too high-minded and free from prejudice to be

displeased at the calm and dignified bearing of the poor countess. That which had irritated the queen mother had won the king's approval, and he forgave the countess her nameless birth in favor of her spirit and intelligence.

He laid his hand gently upon his mother's shoulder, and said, with a kind smile: "Does not your Majesty think that Countess Rhedern does credit to her birth? Her father's dealings are carried on with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty. The countess seems to me to continue her father's business as an efficient heiress, worthy of all respect. My dear countess, I shall ever be a faithful patron of your house, provided you promise not to forget as Countess Rhedern what you say characterizes your father."

"I promise, your Majesty," said the countess, bowing low, an expression of pure delight illumining her face and making it almost beautiful. "I hope your Majesty may be so gracious," she replied, taking her husband's hand, "as some day to convince yourself that the house of Rhedern & Co. does honor to the king and is able to meet his demands."

The queen mother could hardly suppress a cry of anger and indignation. Countess Rhedern dared to give the king an invitation. This was an offense against the etiquette of the court such as great ignorance or insolence alone could commit, and for which the king would doubtless punish the presumptuous woman with his proudest contempt. But Sophia Dorothea was mistaken. The king bowed, and, with an inimitable expression of kindliness, said, "Madame, I shall come very soon to see whether your establishment does credit to my patronage."

Sophia Dorothea almost fainted; she could endure this scene no longer, and, giving way to her stormy nature, was guilty of the same breach of etiquette which Countess Rhedern had committed in ignorance; she did that which her king or the reigning queen should, according to court etiquette, have done. She broke up the formal presentation. Rising with unwonted celerity from her fauteuil, she said impatiently, "I think it is time to go and look at the dance in the large dancing room. Listen, your Majesty, the music is most enticing. Let us go."

But the king laid his hand upon the queen's arm.

"Madame," he said, "you forget that there is a happy man waiting to be irradiated by the light of your countenance.

You forget that you have consented to Count Néal's presentation."

"This, too," she murmured, sinking back into her fauteuil. She scarcely heard the solemn presentation of Count Néal, responded with a curt, silent nod to the poor count's reverent greeting, not seeing how he beamed with joy at having carried his point and being received by the queen mother.

The king was in the mood for playing peacemaker, and came to the assistance of his mother's angry silence.

"Madame," he said, "Count Néal is a man to be envied. He has seen what we shall probably never see, the sun of India. And in Surinam he was governor for a time."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I was not governor only, I bore the title of viceregent," said the count, with a proud smile.

"Wherein consist the honors of the viceregent?" asked the king, negligently.

"I was esteemed there as your Majesty is here," replied the count.

"Indeed," said the king, with a smile, "you stood upon an equality with the King of Prussia?" and, turning to Pöllnitz, who stood near, he continued: "You have been guilty of a grave breach of etiquette, you have forgotten to place a fauteuil for my half-brother, the viceregent of Surinam. You must make allowance this one day, my dear stepbrother. At the next masquerade we shall not forget that you are viceregent of Surinam, and woe to the baron if he forgets to give you a fauteuil then."

So speaking, he offered his arm to the queen mother, and beckoned to Prince Augustus William to follow with the reigning queen into the dancing room.

"If it is agreeable to you, madame," said the king, releasing his mother's arm, "we will dispense with ceremony for a half-hour and mix at ease with the dancers."

And without awaiting her reply, the king bowed and hastened through the room, accompanied by Pöllnitz, into the adjoining cabinet, where a domino and mask awaited him.

The whole court followed the king's example; the prince and princesses, even the reigning queen, availed themselves of the permission to forget etiquette for a half-hour.

The queen mother suddenly found herself alone in the middle of the great hall, deserted by all her court. Only the marshal, Count Rhedern, his wife, and the train-bearing pages

remained. Sophia Dorothea sighed deeply, felt that she was no longer the queen, but only a poor widow, descended from the throne to the second rank. Luckily Countess Rhedern was there, and upon her the royal anger could be vented.

"Madame," said the queen, "your train is too long. You should have brought some boys from your father's shop to serve as trainbearers. Your father's ware could have been more minutely examined."

The countess bowed. "Your Majesty will kindly pardon me that I cannot obey your behest this time; I have no right to appropriate the boys in my father's store for my personal service. But if your Majesty seriously thinks that I need trainbearers, I would suggest that my father's principal debtors would gladly serve as such if my father would grant them a respite. Your Majesty may rest assured that, should you accept my proposition, I could at once select two of the most distinguished cavaliers of your Majesty's court, and should no longer put your court to shame."

The queen did not reply — she darted a hateful glance at this unconquerable woman standing beside her with undisturbed composure, and then stepped rapidly toward the throne erected for the royal family.

The Fancy Ball.

The king meanwhile had completed his toilet with Pöllnitz' help, and was now such a figure as were wandering by hundreds through the room.

"You do not think I shall be recognized?" asked the king, donning his mask.

"Sire, it is impossible! But you must graciously push the mask a little farther over your eyes, so as to shade them, otherwise your Majesty will surely be known, for no other human eye is like your own."

"I think these eyes will see some things presently that have been seen by few human eyes," said the king, with a smile. "Have you ever seen a battlefield covered with the fleeing enemy, or stood a victor among corpses?"

"Heaven defend me from it, sire! The enemies I have seen have never fled, but always put me to flight; and it is a miracle that I have always succeeded in escaping them!"

"Who are these victorious foes?"

"My creditors, sire; and your Majesty may well believe me when I say that they are for me a more fearful spectacle than a field full of corpses, for they are unfortunately not dead, but alive to torture me."

The king laughed. "Perhaps you may yet succeed in slaying them," he said. "When I have seen my battlefield as I describe it to you, when I return victorious, we must give our attention to slaying your foes as well. Until then, keep up a brave defense! But come, let us go into the dancing hall; I have but one little half-hour left for pleasure!"

The king mingled with merry jests among the dancers, while Pöllnitz stood near the cabinet door watching for some one in the throng. At last a contemptuous smile played over his face, and he murmured softly: "There they are, all three! This nun, in whom no mortal could recognize the Morien. There is the card king, the quinze-vingt Manteuffel, who does not dream that he has already lost the game, playing his trump in vain. And the gypsy there, telling fortunes from the maskers' palms, is the Brandt. How one small piece of paper can unmask three human minds!"

"Now, Baron Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, "will you fulfill your promise?"

"Dearest Madame Morien," replied the baron, with a shrug, "the king has most strictly forbidden me to betray him. His Majesty desires to remain unknown."

"Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, with a trembling voice, "have pity upon me; tell me the king's mask and win my undying gratitude! I know you love diamonds; see the costly brooch that I have brought you in exchange for this far costlier information."

"It is impossible to withstand you," cried the baron, reaching out his hand for the pin. "Listen. The king wears a sky-blue domino embroidered with narrow silver bars. In his hat is a white feather with a ruby pin, and his shoe buckles are diamonds."

"I thank you," whispered the nun, hastily giving him the brooch and vanishing again into the throng.

Pöllnitz was still busily fastening the needle in his lace when the card king laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Now, Baron, you see I keep our rendezvous. Answer the question I asked you yesterday, and I'll give you for it news that assure you a rich and happy future!"

"Accepted, Count. You wished to know from me what route the king proposes to follow and the strength of his troops. Here is a detailed schedule of the troops, and here a map of the route. I have both from an influential friend who is the king's most trusted servant. But I had to pay this friend a thousand crowns for the two papers, as I told you in advance."

"Here is a check for four thousand thalers," said the count, handing him a paper. "You see I have not forgotten the price."

"And the important secret?"

"Listen! In Nuremberg lives a family of friends of mine with an only daughter. The daughter is heiress to a million. The family is of civil rank, but longs to marry the daughter to a Prussian nobleman! I proposed you to them, and you are accepted. You have but to journey thither, give up this letter of introduction, and make your offer. You will be accepted, and at the wedding come into a million!"

"Hum, a million is not so much!" said Pöllnitz, with a shrug. "If I must marry a civilian to get my million, I know a girl that has as much and is in love with me, besides being young and pretty — which may not be the case with the Nuremberger."

"Take my letter, none the less," said the count, laughing, "and consider my proposition. You must at least admit that my secret is worth its price. Au revoir!"

And the count was about to depart when he turned about. "One thing more, my dear Baron! I forgot one little condition which goes with marrying the pretty Nuremberger. The family is strictly Protestant, and demands a Protestant husband for the daughter. If you should wish to marry her, you would therefore have the kindness to get yourself baptized, for, if I am not in error, you are at present of the Catholic faith."

"Yes, for the moment. But that would present no difficulty. I used to be a Protestant, and felt just as well as at present."

The count laughed and slipped away into the throng, while Pöllnitz looked reflectively into the paper which the count had given him.

"I think Anna Pricker must possess at least half a million thalers," he said softly; "and half a million thalers are worth

nearly as much as a million of those light Nuremberg gulden! Old Pricker is fatally ill with grief for the sudden death of his wife. If he dies, Anna will be a rich heiress as well as the Nuremberger. And if our plan succeeds she will really be a great singer, according to Quantz' opinion, so gaining influence over the king and making people forget that she is a tailor's daughter. I think I prefer Anna Pricker to the Nuremberger, whom I should have to take like a cat in a bag. But we will keep her in reserve in case Anna's fortune should be smaller than I think. Then I'll turn Protestant again and marry the Nuremberger."

At this point the gypsy stood before Pöllnitz, eying him with a roguish glance. At once he was the smiling cavalier again, answering the saucy gypsy with pert jests. But Madame Brandt, in the impatience of her feminine curiosity, was soon weary of the tourney of words.

"You promised me news of the letter which I lost at the court banquet," she said.

"Ah! the portentous letter which might well have compromised a gentleman and two ladies beyond measure. The owner must be most desirous of recovering that letter; even at some sacrifice."

"Oh, yes, even at heavy sacrifice," she cried impatiently. "You demanded a hundred louis d'or for the letter; I have brought them. Have you the letter?"

"I have it."

"Then take these rolls of gold pieces quickly and give it to me."

The baron hid the rolls in his bosom.

"Now the letter, give me the letter quickly!" urged Madame Brandt.

Pöllnitz searched his breast pocket. "Heavens!" he said, "that letter seems to have wings and to vanish whenever it is most needed. Perhaps I have lost it in the dancing room just as you did yourself. Let me hasten to seek it."

Pöllnitz wished to retreat at once, but Madame Brandt detained him.

"Be so good as to give me my money until you have found the letter," she said, trembling with rage.

"Your money?" said Pöllnitz, with an appearance of surprise. "Your money? I do not remember your ever giving me money to take care of. Let me hasten to seek the letter."

He tore himself away hastily, while Madame Brandt, speechless with anger, leaned against the wall to keep from falling. But Pöllnitz grinned as he counted his gains. "This evening has brought me a thousand crowns, two hundred louis d'or, the prospect of a rich bride, and possession of a diamond brooch. I think I may be content, and can live for a few months longer. Moreover, I stand well with the king despite all these intrigues, and who knows whether he may not give me a house after all, though Eckert's is unfortunately no longer vacant? Ah! there he is among the maskers."

Suddenly Pöllnitz heard his name whispered, and, turning, met a lady in a black domino, her capuchin drawn low over her brow, her face concealed by an impenetrable mask of lace.

"Herr von Pöllnitz, one word, if I may ask it," said the lady, beckoning with her hand and passing through the crowd in advance of him. Pöllnitz followed her, studying her costume to find some mark by which to recognize the wearer. But in vain. They reached a vacant window niche, and the lady entered it, beckoning Pöllnitz to follow.

"Baron von Pöllnitz," she said, in a low, timid voice, "they call you the noblest and most skillful of all the cavaliers. You will not refuse a favor to a lady?"

"Command me," said Pöllnitz, with his unfailing smile. "What lies in my power I will do."

"You know the king's disguise, doubtless. Tell me which it is."

Pöllnitz started backward, indignant. "That you call a favor, my beautiful domino? I am to betray the king's disguise to you? His Majesty has most strenuously forbidden me to betray his disguise to any one, and if I should describe it to you that would be, not, as you call it, a favor, but an offense against his Majesty. You will not require such a crime of me?"

"Yet I beseech you, grant my request," she cried. "Believe me, it is no mere curiosity, it is the ardent and justifiable wish to speak a word with the king before his departure for the war, from which he may never return."

The lady, carried away by her eager desire, had spoken in her own voice, which seemed to Pöllnitz familiar. A vague suspicion awoke in his mind. But before speaking, he must be certain. He approached the lady more closely, and, watching her narrowly, said:—

"Who vouches for it that you are not some Austrian enemy trying to tempt the king into God knows what dangers?"

"The word of a woman who has never uttered a falsehood," cried the lady. "Nay, Baron von Pöllnitz; God, who hears us and protects the dear life of our king, knows that in my heart there dwells no thought of wishing the king harm."

"Will you swear to this?"

"I swear it as truly as there is a God in heaven!" cried the lady, raising her arm to heaven. Pöllnitz followed the movement with eager eyes. He saw, as the long, broad sleeve of the domino glided back to the elbow, the wondrous bracelet of diamonds and emeralds clasped about the lady's arm. There was but one such bracelet at the court, and it belonged to Queen Elizabeth Christine. Pöllnitz, however, was too crafty a courtier to betray his surprise. He bowed calmly before the lady, who, terrified at her own thoughtlessness, had dropped the sleeve hastily over the traitorous ornament.

"Madame," he said, "you have taken a solemn vow which fully satisfies me. I am ready to accede to your wish. Meanwhile I must keep my word, not *telling* any one the king's disguise. I must content myself with showing you the king. Be so good as to follow me. I am about to look for the king and shall speak with no one save himself. The domino whom I shall first address and before whom I shall bow is the king."

"I thank you," whispered the lady, wrapping herself more closely in her domino. "I shall remember this hour, and if it is ever in my power to render you a service, I shall do so. You may rely upon me!"

"A fortunate evening, indeed," thought Pöllnitz, "for now I have won the favor of the queen, who has hitherto been disinclined toward me!"

He approached Frederick, who, recognizing him, greeted him instantly. Pöllnitz bowed, the lady stood behind him.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said the king, in a low tone.

"I had to wait for our three masqueraders."

"Did all three come?"

"All three, your Majesty! Morien, Manteuffel, and Madame Brandt. Count Manteuffel is true to his rôle; he is

always the harmless quinze-vingt, whom no one need fear, and to signify that, he appears to-day in the costume of a card king!"

"And Madame von Morien?"

"Here as a nun, consumed with longing to speak with your Majesty. She begged so long to know your costume that I betrayed it to her, and if you care to go into the dark room which the gardener has transformed into a grotto, the repentant nun will doubtless willingly follow you thither, sire!"

"It is well. What costume is Madame Brandt wearing?"

"She is a gypsy, sire! A yellow skirt with hieroglyphics, a red, gold-embroidered waist, a tiny cap studded with diamonds upon her curls, and a huge mouche upon the left temple near the mask. She wanted the famous letter, and I sold it to her for a hundred louis d'or."

"Which you could not earn, because you had not the letter."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I deserved them, for I got them first and then declared I had lost the letter."

The king laughed.

"Pöllnitz, Pöllnitz," he said, "it is truly good luck that you are not married. Your sons would all be good for the gallows! Did you give Manteuffel the plan and schedule of troops?"

"I did so, sire! and the worthy count was so rejoiced thereat that he made me a present of four thousand thalers. I took the sum, and your Majesty will prescribe what I shall do therewith."

"Keep your booty. You've talent as a highway robber, and I prefer your exercising it upon the Austrians. There is no harm in the noble count giving four thousand thalers for his false news. For false plans it is enough. For true ones it were a ridiculous trifle! Go now, my Baron, but take care that I find my uniform in the cabinet yonder!"

THE OLD SCOTTISH DOMESTIC SERVANT.

By DEAN RAMSAY.

[Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay: The son of Alexander Burnett, an Edinburgh advocate; born at Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1793; died in 1872. He was educated in Yorkshire by his uncle, Sir Alexander Ramsay, whose name he subsequently adopted; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and after occupying several subordinate posts in the Scottish Episcopal Church, became dean of the diocese of Edinburgh (1840). His most popular work was "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (1857; 22d ed. 1874).]

In many Scottish houses a great familiarity prevailed between members of the family and the domestics. For this many reasons might have been assigned. Indeed, when we consider the simple modes of life which discarded the ideas of ceremony or etiquette; the retired and uniform style of living which afforded few opportunities for any change in the domestic arrangements; and when we add to these a free, unrestrained, unformal and natural style of intercommunion, which seems rather a national characteristic, we need not be surprised to find in quiet Scottish families a sort of intercourse with old domestics which can hardly be looked for at a time when habits are so changed, and where much of the quiet eccentricity belonging to us as a national characteristic is almost necessarily softened down or driven out. Many circumstances conspired to promote familiarity with old domestics which are now entirely changed. We take the case of a domestic coming early into service and passing year after year in the same family. The servant grows up into old age and confirmed habits, when the laird is becoming a man, a husband, father of a family. The domestic cannot forget the days when his master was a child, riding on his back, applying to him for help in difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, his pony, his going to school. All the family know how attached he is; nobody likes to speak harshly to him. He is a privileged man. The faithful old servant of thirty, forty, or fifty years, if with a tendency to be jealous, cross, and interfering, becomes a great trouble. Still the relative position was the result of good feelings. If the familiarity sometimes became a nuisance, it was a wholesome nuisance, and relic of a simpler time gone by. But the case of the old servant, whether agreeable or troublesome, was often so fixed and established in the households of past days that there was scarce a possibility of getting away from it. . . . An old Mr. Erskine of Dun had one of these old retain-

ers, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and coolly replied, "What a big lee, it's a cauf." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the old domestic that they *must* part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of *his* dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir; whare ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame;" supposing that, if there were to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place. An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Indeed, we have heard of a still stronger assertion of his official position by one who met an order to quit his master's service by the cool reply, "Na, na; I'm no gangin'. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a gude servant, I ken whan I've a gude place."

It is but fair, however, to give an anecdote in which the master and the servant's position was *reversed*, in regard to a wish for change: An old servant of a relation of my own with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other, very shrewdly, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again." I remember well an old servant of the old school, who had been fifty years domesticated in a family. Indeed, I well remember the celebration of the half-century service completed. There were rich scenes with Sandy and his mistress. Let me recall you both to memory. Let me think of you, the kind, generous, warm-hearted mistress; a gentlewoman by descent and by feeling; a true friend, a sincere Christian. And let me think, too, of you, Sandy, an honest, faithful, and attached member of the family. For you were in that house rather as an humble friend

than a servant. But out of this fifty years of attached service there sprang a sort of domestic relation and freedom of intercourse which would surprise people in these days. And yet Sandy knew his place. Like Corporal Trim, who, although so familiar and admitted to so much familiarity with my Uncle Toby, never failed in the respectful address — never forgot to say "your honor." At a dinner party Sandy was very active about changing his mistress' plate, and whipped it off when he saw that she had got a piece of rich patty upon it. His mistress — not liking such rapid movements, and at the same time knowing that remonstrance was in vain — exclaimed, "Hout, Sandy, I'm no dune," and dabbed her fork into the patty as it disappeared, to rescue a morsel. I remember her praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy. One day she was telling me of a triumph Sandy had upon that subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, and added, "That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got." To Sandy's delight, this was a leg of *English* mutton his mistress had expressly chosen, and, as she significantly told me, "Sandy never let that down upon me."

On Deeside there existed, in my recollection, besides the Saunders Paul I have alluded to, a number of extraordinary acute and humorous Scottish characters amongst the lower classes. The native gentry enjoyed their humor, and hence arose a familiarity of intercourse which called forth many amusing scenes and quaint rejoinders. A celebrated character of this description bore the sobriquet of "Boaty." He had acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, and passed the boat over the river before there was a bridge. Boaty had many curious sayings recorded of him. When speaking of the gentry around, he characterized them according to their occupations and activity of habits — thus: "As to Mr. Russell of Blackha', he just works himsell like a paid laborer; Mr. Duncan's a' the day fish, fish; but Sir Robert's a perfect gentleman — he does naething, naething." Boaty was a first-rate salmon fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Banchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft — as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman

who was both skillful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish catched he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na; them 'at drink by themsells may just fish by themsells."

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous, exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference, which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought that he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

In my own family I know a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment; but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My granduncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the

retired life my granduncle had been leading, Jamie Layal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my granduncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Layal, and from respect to his late master's memory, and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty, and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys which were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed such a waste of food that the ground was actually covered with grain which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they sall get *nane ava!*" On another occasion a family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlor to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No; no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No; no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner party: the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper; at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither — that's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present

excellent and highly gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Ou, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, juist Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's juist twa o' them."

These dry answers of Newbattle servants remind us of a similar state of communication in a Yester domestic. Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving Yester for London he instructed his head keeper, a quaint body, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favorite dogs. Among the latter was an *especial* one, of the true Skye breed, called "Pickle," from which sobriquet we may form a tolerable estimate of his qualities.

It happened one day, in or about the year 1827, that poor Pickle during the absence of his master was taken unwell; and the watchful guardian immediately warned the marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days—for which he sent the three following laconic dispatches:—

Yester, May 1st, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle's no weel.
Your Lordship's humble servant, etc.

Yester, 2nd May, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle will no do!
I am, your Lordship's, etc.

Yester, 3rd May, 18—.

My Lord,
Pickle's dead!
I am, your Lordship's, etc.

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note

to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle rinnin' here and rinnin' there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an earwitness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old farm servant, "I wonder ye're aye single yet!" "Me marry," said she, indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "Na, na, I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time — as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualing."

A country habit of making the gathering of the congregation in the churchyard previous to and after divine service an occasion for gossip and business, which I remember well, is thoroughly described in the following: A lady, on hiring

a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending the church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of the service. The lady, however, rather unexpectedly found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Then I canna engadge wi' ye, mem; for, 'deed I wadna gie the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon."

There is another story which shows that a greater importance might be attached to the crack i' the kirkyard than was done even by the servant lass mentioned above. A rather rough subject, residing in Galloway, used to attend church regularly, as it appeared, for the *sake* of the crack; for on being taken to task for absenting himself, he remarked, "There's nae need to gang to the kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper."

It has been suggested by my esteemed friend, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, that Scottish anecdotes deal too exclusively with the shrewd, quaint, and pawky *humor* of our countrymen, and have not sufficiently illustrated the deep pathos and strong loving-kindness of the "kindly Scot" — qualities which, however little appreciated across the Border, abound in Scottish poetry and Scottish life. For example, to take the case before us of these old retainers, although snappy and disagreeable to the last degree in their replies, and often most provoking in their ways, they were yet deeply and sincerely attached to the family where they had so long been domesticated; and the servant who would reply to her mistress' order to mend the fire by the short answer, "The fire's weel eneuch," would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist her in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy; as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner, "Press the jellies; they winna keep;" and had the hour of real trial and of difficulty come to the family, would have gone to the death for them, and shared their greatest privations. Dr. Alexander gives a very interesting example of kindness and affectionate attachment in an old Scottish domestic of his own family, whose quaint and odd familiarity was charming. I give it in his own words: "When I was a child, there was an old servant at Pinkieburn, where my early days were spent, who had been all her life, I may say, in the house — for she came to it a child, and lived,

without ever leaving it, till she died in it, seventy-five years of age. Her feeling to her old master, who was just two years younger than herself, was a curious compound of the deference of a servant and the familiarity and affection of a sister. She had known him as a boy, lad, man, and old man, and she seemed to have a sort of notion that without her he must be a very helpless being indeed. 'I aye keepit the house for him, whether he was hame or awa,' was a frequent utterance of hers; and she never seemed to think the intrusion even of his own nieces, who latterly lived with him, at all legitimate. When on her deathbed, he hobbled to her room with difficulty, having just got over a severe attack of gout, to bid her farewell. I chanced to be present, but was too young to remember what passed, except one thing, which probably was rather recalled to me afterwards than properly recollected by me. It was her last request. 'Laird,' said she (for so she always called him, though his lairdship was of the smallest), 'will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet.' I have always thought this characteristic of the old Scotch servant, and as such I send it to you."

And here I would introduce another story which struck me very forcibly as illustrating the union of the qualities referred to by Dr. Alexander. In the following narrative, how deep and tender a feeling is expressed in a brief dry sentence! I give Mr. Scott's language: "My brother and I were, during our High School vacation, some forty years ago, very much indebted to the kindness of a clever young carpenter employed in the machinery workshop of New Lanark Mills, near to which we were residing during our six weeks' holidays. It was he — Samuel Shaw, our dear companion — who first taught us to saw, and to plane, and to turn too; and who made us the bows and arrows in which we so much delighted. The vacation over, and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw forever, our mother sought to place some pecuniary recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he had shown her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed in a tone which had sorrow in it, 'Noo, Mrs. Scott, *ye hae spoilt a'*.' After such an appeal, it may be supposed no recompense, in silver or in gold, remained with Samuel Shaw."

On the subject of the old Scottish domestic, I have to ac-

knowledge a kind communication from Lord Kinloch, which I give in his lordship's words: "My father had been in the countinghouse of the well-known David Dale, the founder of the Lanark Mills, and eminent for his benevolence. Mr. Dale, who it would appear was a short stout man, had a person in his employment named Matthew, who was permitted that familiarity with his master which was so characteristic of the former generation. One winter day Mr. Dale came into the countinghouse, and complained that he had fallen on the ice. Matthew, who saw that his master was not much hurt, grinned a sarcastic smile. 'I fell all my length,' said Mr. Dale. 'Nae great length, sir,' said Matthew. 'Indeed, Matthew, ye need not laugh,' said Mr. Dale; 'I have hurt the sma' of my back.' 'I wunner whaur *that* is,' said Matthew." Indeed, specimens like Matthew of serving men of the former time have latterly been fast going out, but I remember one or two specimens. A lady of my acquaintance had one named John in her house at Portobello. I remember how my modern ideas were offended by John's familiarity when waiting at table. "Some more wine, John," said his mistress. "There's some i' the bottle, mem," said John. A little after, "Mend the fire, John." "The fire's weel eneuch, mem," replied the impracticable John. Another "John" of my acquaintance was in the family of Mrs. Campbell of Ardnave, mother of the Princess Polignac and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Macdonald. A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said very audibly, "There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun be keepit for the strangers."

The following was sent me by a kind correspondent — a learned Professor in India — as a sample of *squabbling* between Scottish servants. A mistress observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock." "Well, what has Jock been doing?" "Ou (with an indescribable but easily imaginable toss of the head), he was angry at me, an' misca'd me, an' I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, an'——" "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord can hae had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie being the work of an idle moment was one the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

The following characteristic anecdote of a Highland servant I have received from the same correspondent. An English gentleman, traveling in the Highlands, was rather late of coming down to dinner. Donald was sent upstairs to intimate that all was ready. He speedily returned, nodding significantly, as much as to say that it was all right. "But, Donald," said the master, after some further trial of a hungry man's patience, "are ye sure you made the gentleman understand?" "*Understand?*" retorted Donald (who had peeped into the room and found the guest engaged at his toilet), "I'se warrant ye he understands; he's *sharping* his teeth" — not supposing the toothbrush could be for any other use.

There have been some very amusing instances given of the matter-of-fact obedience paid to orders by Highland retainers when made to perform the ordinary duties of domestic servants; as when Mr. Campbell, a Highland gentleman, visiting in a country house, and telling Donald to bring everything out of the bedroom, found all its movable articles — fender, fire irons, etc.— piled up in the lobby; so literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders! And of this he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh, by a very ludicrous exploit. When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "*Carry* any ladies that call upstairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress' orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and, in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

Another case of *literal* obedience to orders produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions *always* to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

I recollect, in Montrose (that fruitful field for old Scottish

stories!) a most naive reply from an honest lass, servant to old Mrs. *Captain* Fullerton. A party of gentlemen had dined with Mrs. Fullerton, and they had a turkey for dinner. Mrs. F. proposed that one of the legs should be *deviled*, and the gentlemen have it served up as a relish for their wine. Accordingly one of the company skilled in the mystery prepared it with pepper, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, etc. He gave it to Lizzy, and told her to take it down to the kitchen, supposing, as a matter of course, she would know that it was to be broiled, and brought back in due time. But in a little while, when it was rung for, Lizzy very innocently replied that she had ate it up. As it was sent back to the kitchen, her only idea was that it must be for herself. But on surprise being expressed that she had eaten what was so highly peppered and seasoned, she very quaintly answered, "Ou, I liket it a' the better."

A well-known servant of the old school was John, the servant of Pitfour, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., himself a most eccentric character, long father of the House of Commons, and a great friend of Pitt. John used to entertain the tenants on Pitfour's brief visits to his estate with numerous anecdotes of his master and Mr. Pitt; but he always prefaced them with something in the style of Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et rex meus*, with "Me, and Pitt, and Pitfour," went somewhere, and performed some exploit. The famous Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to John (the name of this eccentric valet), and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he showed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said dryly, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."

THE DESPOTISM OF CUSTOM.

By JOHN STUART MILL.

(From "On Liberty.")

[JOHN STUART MILL: Political economist and philosopher; born at London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, May 8, 1873. His education was conducted by his father, James Mill, the philosopher, and he is said to have begun to learn Greek at the age of three. When fifteen years old he assisted his father in preparing a work on political economy. In 1823 he entered the India House as

junior clerk, rising to the position of chief examiner, and in 1865 he became a member of Parliament. Among his more important works are: "Logic" (1843), "Political Economy" (1848), "Essays on Liberty" (1859), "Utilitarianism" (1862), "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (1865), "Auguste Comte, and Positivism" (1865), and "On the Subjection of Women" (1869). His "Autobiography" was published in 1873.]

HUMAN nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own; but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise, or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints; and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced, — when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to coexist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests:

not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own — are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture — is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own has no character, no more than a steam engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself must maintain that society has no need of strong natures — is not the better for containing many persons who have much character — and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character — which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed, since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves — what do I prefer? or what would suit my character and disposition? or what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station

and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes; until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offense of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: "Whatever is not a duty is a sin." Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God; and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form, by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists: the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God, asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority, and, therefore, by the necessary condition of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form, there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hidebound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing

when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. "Pagan self-assertion" is one of the elements of human worth, as well as "Christian self-denial." There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others, cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better de-

velopment of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that Individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show that these developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped — to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few

persons in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist: it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people — less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of molds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these molds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely, both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in

thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them is that of opening their eyes; which, being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the Middle Ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself; and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not

hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government.

No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of "hero worship" which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time.

I have said that it is important to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time

appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs. But independence of action and disregard of custom are not solely deserving of encouragement for the chance they afford that better modes of action, and customs more worthy of general adoption, may be struck out; nor is it only persons of decided mental superiority who have a just claim to carry on their lives in their own way. There is no reason that all human existence should be constructed on some one or some small number of patterns. If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own mode. Human beings are not like sheep; and even sheep are not undistinguishably alike. A man cannot get a coat or a pair of boots to fit him, unless they are either made to his measure, or he has a whole warehouseful to choose from; and is it easier to fit him with a life than with a coat, or are human beings more like one another in their whole physical and spiritual conformation than in the shape of their feet? If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development, and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the variety of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate. The same things which are helps to one person towards the cultivation of his higher nature are hindrances to another. The same mode of life is a healthy excitement to one, keeping all his faculties of action and enjoyment in their best order, while to another it is a distracting burden, which suspends or crushes all internal life. Such are the differences among human beings in their sources of pleasure, their susceptibilities of pain, and the operation on them of different physical and moral agencies, that unless there is a corresponding diversity in their modes of life, they neither obtain their fair share of happiness, nor grow up to the mental, moral, and æsthetic stature of which their nature is capable. Why then should tolerance, as far as the public sentiment is concerned, extend only to tastes and modes of life which extort acquiescence by the multitude of their adherents? Nowhere (except in some monastic institutions) is diversity of taste entirely unrecognized; a person may, without blame, either like or dislike rowing, or smoking, or music, or athletic exercises, or chess, or

cards, or study, because both those who like each of these things, and those who dislike them, are too numerous to be put down. But the man, and still more the woman, who can be accused either of doing "what nobody does," or of not doing "what everybody does," is the subject of as much depreciatory remark as if he or she had committed some grave moral delinquency. Persons require to possess a title, or some other badge of rank, or of the consideration of people of rank, to be able to indulge somewhat in the luxury of doing as they like without detriment to their estimation. To indulge somewhat, I repeat: for whoever allow themselves much of that indulgence, incur the risk of something worse than disparaging speeches — they are in peril of a commission *de lunatico*, and of having their property taken from them and given to their relations.

There is one characteristic of the present direction of public opinion peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact, which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set in towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures. These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavor to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character: to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces

only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided by vigorous reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule without any strength either of will or of reason. Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in this may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment is expended on some hobby, which may be a useful, even a philanthropic, hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective: individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement. The spirit of improvement is not always a spirit of liberty, for it may aim at forcing improvements on an unwilling people; and the spirit of liberty, in so far as it resists such attempts, may ally itself locally and temporarily with the opponents of improvement; but the only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible independent centers of improvement as there are individuals. The progressive principle, however, in either shape, whether as the love of liberty or of improvement, is antagonistic to the sway of Custom, involving at least emancipation from that yoke; and the contest between the two constitutes the chief interest of the history of mankind. The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. Custom is there, in all things, the final appeal; justice and right mean conformity to custom; the argument of custom no one, unless some tyrant intoxicated with power, thinks of resisting. And we see the result. Those nations must once have had originality; they

did not start out of the ground populous, lettered, and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations of the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop: when does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. If a similar change should befall the nations of Europe, it will not be in exactly the same shape: the despotism of custom with which these nations are threatened is not precisely stationariness. It proscribes singularity, but it does not preclude change, provided all change together. We have discarded the fixed costumes of our forefathers; every one must still dress like other people, but the fashion may change once or twice a year. We thus take care that when there is a change it shall be for change's sake, and not from any idea of beauty or convenience; for the same idea of beauty or convenience would not strike all the world at the same moment, and be simultaneously thrown aside by all at another moment. But we are progressive as well as changeable: we continually make new inventions in mechanical things, and keep them until they are again superseded by better; we are eager for improvement in politics, in education, even in morals, though in this last our idea of improvement chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves. It is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China — a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers.

They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at — in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules: and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary, portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who traveled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many-sided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike. M. de Tocqueville, in his last important work, remarks how much more the Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another, than did those even of the last generation. The same remark might be made of Englishmen in a far greater degree. In a

passage already quoted from Wilhelm von Humboldt, he points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom and variety of situations. The second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated. Formerly, different ranks, different neighborhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvement in the means of communication promotes it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendency of public opinion in the State. As the various social eminences which enabled persons intrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude gradually become leveled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of practical politicians, there ceases to be any social support for nonconformity — any substantive power in society which, itself opposed to the ascendency of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to Individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value — to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims of Individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.

THE UNIFORMITY OF SOCIAL LAWS.

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

(From the "History of Civilization in England.")

[Henry Thomas Buckle, philosophical historian, was born at Lee, Kent, November 24, 1821, and on account of his delicate health was educated at home, chiefly by his mother. In 1840, on the death of his father, a wealthy London shipowner, he inherited an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge his fondness for books and to give himself up to literary pursuits. In 1857 he published the first volume of his famous "History of Civilization in England," which produced a sensation in Europe and America. The special doctrine that it sought to uphold was that climate, soil, food, and the aspects of nature are the determining factors in intellectual progress. After the publication of the second volume (1861), Buckle set out on an Eastern tour, and died of typhoid fever at Damascus, Syria, May 29, 1862. For twenty years he was reckoned one of the finest chess players in the world.]

Those readers who are acquainted with the manner in which in the physical world the operations of the laws of nature are constantly disturbed, will expect to find in the

moral world disturbances equally active. Such aberrations proceed, in both instances, from minor laws, which at particular points meet the larger laws, and thus alter their normal action. Of this, the science of mechanics affords a good example in the instance of that beautiful theory called the parallelogram of forces — according to which the forces are to each other in the same proportion as is the diagonal of their respective parallelograms. This is a law pregnant with great results; it is connected with those important mechanical resources, the composition and resolution of forces; and no one acquainted with the evidence on which it stands ever thought of questioning its truth. But the moment we avail ourselves of it for practical purposes, we find that in its action it is warped by other laws, such as those concerning the friction of air, and the different density of the bodies on which we operate, arising from the chemical composition, or, as some suppose, from their atomic arrangement. Perturbations being thus let in, the pure and simple action of the mechanical law disappears. Still, and although the results of the law are incessantly disturbed, the law itself remains intact. Just in the same way, the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country. Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is that these variations should not be greater; and from the circumstances that the discrepancies are so trifling, we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation.

Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that,

instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people: so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages. In other cases, uniformity has been detected, though the causes of the uniformity are still unknown. Thus, to give a curious instance, we are now able to prove that the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. The post offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter writers forget this simple act; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.

To those who have steady conception of the regularity of events, and have firmly seized the great truth that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline,—to those who understand this, which is at once the key and the basis of history, the facts just adduced, so far from being strange, will be precisely what would have been expected, and ought long since to have been known. Indeed, the progress of inquiry is becoming so rapid and so earnest, that I entertain little doubt that before another century has elapsed, the chain of evidence will be complete, and it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world.

It will be observed that the preceding proofs of our actions, being regulated by law, have been derived from statistics—a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. But although the statisticians have been the first to investigate this great subject by treating it according to those methods of reasoning which in other fields have been found successful; and although they have, by the

application of numbers, brought to bear upon it a very powerful engine for eliciting truth, — we must not, on that account, suppose that there are no other resources remaining by which it may likewise be cultivated ; nor should we infer that because the physical sciences have not yet been applied to history, they are therefore inapplicable to it. Indeed, when we consider the incessant contact between man and the external world, it is certain that there must be an intimate connection between human actions and physical laws ; so that if physical science has not hitherto been brought to bear upon history, the reason is, either that historians have not perceived the connection, or else that, having perceived it, they have been destitute of the knowledge by which its workings can be traced. Hence there has arisen an unnatural separation of the two great departments of inquiry, the study of the internal, and that of the external: and although, in the present state of European literature, there are some unmistakable symptoms of a desire to break down this artificial barrier, still it must be admitted that as yet nothing has been actually accomplished towards effecting so great an end. The moralists, the theologians, and the metaphysicians continue to prosecute their studies without much respect for what they deem the inferior labors of scientific men ; whose inquiries, indeed, they frequently attack, as dangerous to the interests of religion, and as inspiring us with an undue confidence in the resources of the human understanding. On the other hand, the cultivators of physical science, conscious that they are an advancing body, are naturally proud of their own success ; and, contrasting their discoveries with the more stationary position of their opponents, are led to despise pursuits the barrenness of which has now become notorious.

It is the business of the historian to mediate between these two parties, and reconcile their hostile pretensions by showing the point at which their respective studies ought to coalesce. To settle the terms of this coalition will be to fix the basis of all history. For since history deals with the actions of men, and since their actions are merely the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena, it becomes necessary to examine the relative importance of those phenomena ; to inquire into the extent to which their laws are known ; and to ascertain the resources for future discovery possessed by these two great classes, the students of the mind and the students of nature.

A BULWARK OF SOUND RELIGION.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

(From "Janet's Repentance.")

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

"No!" SAID Lawyer Dempster, in a loud, rasping, oratorical tone, struggling against chronic huskiness, "as long as my Maker grants me power of voice and power of intellect, I will take every legal means to resist the introduction of demoralizing, methodistical doctrine into this parish; I will not supinely suffer an insult to be inflicted on our venerable pastor, who has given us sound instruction for half a century."

It was very warm everywhere that evening, but especially in the bar of the Red Lion at Milby, where Mr. Dempster was seated mixing his third glass of brandy-and-water. He was a tall and rather massive man, and the front half of his large surface was so well dredged with snuff, that the cat, having inadvertently come near him, had been seized with a severe fit of sneezing—an accident which, being cruelly misunderstood, had caused her to be driven contumeliously from the bar. Mr. Dempster habitually held his chin tucked in, and his head hanging forward, weighed down, perhaps, by a preponderant occiput and a bulging forehead, between which his closely clipped coronal surface lay like a flat and new-mown tableland. The only other observable features were puffy cheeks and a protruding yet lipless mouth. Of his nose I can only say that it was snuffy; and as Mr. Dempster was never caught in the act of looking at anything in particular, it would have been difficult to swear to the color of his eyes.

"Well! I'll not stick at giving *my*self trouble to put down such hypocritical cant," said Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller. "I know well enough what your Sunday evening lectures are good for—for wenches to meet their sweethearts, and brew

mischief. There's work enough with the servant-maids as it is — such as I never heard the like of in my mother's time, and it's all along o' your schooling and new-fangled plans. Give me a servant as can naythe read nor write, I say, and doesn't know the year o' the Lord as she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday schools have done, now. Why, the boys used to go a bird's-nesting of a Sunday morning; and a capital thing too — ask any farmer; and very pretty it was to see the strings o' heggs hanging up in poor people's houses. You'll not see 'em nowhere now."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Luke Byles, who piqued himself on his reading, and was in the habit of asking casual acquaintances if they knew anything of Hobbes; "it is right enough that the lower orders should be instructed. But this sectarianism within the Church ought to be put down. In point of fact, these Evangelicals are not Churchmen at all; they're no better than Presbyterians."

"Presbyterians? what are they?" inquired Mr. Tomlinson, who often said his father had given him "no eddication, and he didn't care who knowed it; he could buy up most o' th' eddicated men he'd ever come across."

"The Presbyterians," said Mr. Dempster, in rather a louder tone than before, holding that every appeal for information must naturally be addressed to him, "are a sect founded in the reign of Charles I. by a man named John Presbyter, who hatched all the brood of Dissenting vermin that crawl about in dirty alleys, and circumvent the lord of the manor in order to get a few yards of ground for their pigeon-house conventicles."

"No, no, Dempster," said Mr. Luke Byles, "you're out there. Presbyterianism is derived from the word presbyter, meaning an elder."

"Don't contradict *me*, sir!" stormed Dempster. "I say the word presbyterian is derived from John Presbyter, a miserable fanatic who wore a suit of leather, and went about from town to village, and from village to hamlet, inoculating the vulgar with the asinine virus of Dissent."

"Come, Byles, that seems a deal more likely," said Mr. Tomlinson, in a conciliatory tone, apparently of opinion that history was a process of ingenious guessing.

"It's not a question of likelihood; it's a known fact. I could fetch you my Encyclopædia, and show it you this moment."

"I don't care a straw, sir, either for you or your Encyclopædia," said Mr. Dempster: "a farrago of false information of which you picked up an imperfect copy in a cargo of waste paper. Will you tell *me*, sir, that I don't know the origin of Presbyterianism? I, sir, a man known through the county, intrusted with the affairs of half a score parishes; while you, sir, are ignored by the very fleas that infest the miserable alley in which you were bred."

A loud and general laugh, with "You'd better let him alone, Byles;" "You'll not get the better of Dempster in a hurry," drowned the retort of the too well informed Mr. Byles, who, white with rage, rose and walked out of the bar.

"A meddlesome, upstart, Jacobinical fellow, gentlemen," continued Mr. Dempster. "I was determined to be rid of him. What does he mean by thrusting himself into our company? A man with about as much principle as he has property, which, to my knowledge, is considerably less than none. An insolvent atheist, gentlemen. A deistical prater, fit to sit in the chimney-corner of a pot-house, and make blasphemous comments on the one greasy newspaper fingered by beer-swilling tinkers. I will not suffer in my company a man who speaks lightly of religion. The signature of a fellow like Byles would be a blot on our protest."

"And how do you get on with your signatures?" said Mr. Pilgrim, the doctor, who had presented his large top-booted person within the bar while Mr. Dempster was speaking. Mr. Pilgrim had just returned from one of his long day's rounds among the farmhouses, in the course of which he had sat down to two hearty meals that might have been mistaken for dinners if he had not declared them to be "snaps"; and as each snap had been followed by a few glasses of "mixture," containing a less liberal proportion of water than the articles he himself labeled with that broadly generic name, he was in that condition which his groom indicated with poetic ambiguity by saying that "master had been in the sunshine." Under these circumstances, after a hard day, in which he had really had no regular meal, it seemed a natural relaxation to step into the bar of the Red Lion, where, as it was Saturday evening, he should be sure to find Dempster, and hear the latest news about the protest against the evening lecture.

"Have you hooked Ben Landor yet?" he continued, as he took two chairs, one for his body and the other for his right leg.

mischief. There's work enough with the servant-maids as it is — such as I never heard the like of in my mother's time, and it's all along o' your schooling and new-fangled plans. Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write, I say, and doesn't know the year o' the Lord as she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday schools have done, now. Why, the boys used to go a bird's-nesting of a Sunday morning; and a capital thing too — ask any farmer; and very pretty it was to see the strings o' heggs hanging up in poor people's houses. You'll not see 'em nowhere now."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Luke Byles, who piqued himself on his reading, and was in the habit of asking casual acquaintances if they knew anything of Hobbes; "it is right enough that the lower orders should be instructed. But this sectarianism within the Church ought to be put down. In point of fact, these Evangelicals are not Churchmen at all; they're no better than Presbyterians."

"Presbyterians? what are they?" inquired Mr. Tomlinson, who often said his father had given him "no eddication, and he didn't care who knowed it; he could buy up most o' th' eddicated men he'd ever come across."

"The Presbyterians," said Mr. Dempster, in rather a louder tone than before, holding that every appeal for information must naturally be addressed to him, "are a sect founded in the reign of Charles I. by a man named John Presbyter, who hatched all the brood of Dissenting vermin that crawl about in dirty alleys, and circumvent the lord of the manor in order to get a few yards of ground for their pigeon-house conventicles."

"No, no, Dempster," said Mr. Luke Byles, "you're out there. Presbyterianism is derived from the word presbyter, meaning an elder."

"Don't contradict *me*, sir!" stormed Dempster. "I say the word presbyterian is derived from John Presbyter, a miserable fanatic who wore a suit of leather, and went about from town to village, and from village to hamlet, inoculating the vulgar with the asinine virus of Dissent."

"Come, Byles, that seems a deal more likely," said Mr. Tomlinson, in a conciliatory tone, apparently of opinion that history was a process of ingenious guessing.

"It's not a question of likelihood; it's a known fact. I could fetch you my Encyclopædia, and show it you this moment."

"I don't care a straw, sir, either for you or your Encyclopædia," said Mr. Dempster: "a farrago of false information of which you picked up an imperfect copy in a cargo of waste paper. Will you tell *me*, sir, that I don't know the origin of Presbyterianism? I, sir, a man known through the county, intrusted with the affairs of half a score parishes; while you, sir, are ignored by the very fleas that infest the miserable alley in which you were bred."

A loud and general laugh, with "You'd better let him alone, Byles;" "You'll not get the better of Dempster in a hurry," drowned the retort of the too well informed Mr. Byles, who, white with rage, rose and walked out of the bar.

"A meddlesome, upstart, Jacobinical fellow, gentlemen," continued Mr. Dempster. "I was determined to be rid of him. What does he mean by thrusting himself into our company? A man with about as much principle as he has property, which, to my knowledge, is considerably less than none. An insolvent atheist, gentlemen. A deistical prater, fit to sit in the chimney-corner of a pot-house, and make blasphemous comments on the one greasy newspaper fingered by beer-swilling tinkers. I will not suffer in my company a man who speaks lightly of religion. The signature of a fellow like Byles would be a blot on our protest."

"And how do you get on with your signatures?" said Mr. Pilgrim, the doctor, who had presented his large top-booted person within the bar while Mr. Dempster was speaking. Mr. Pilgrim had just returned from one of his long day's rounds among the farmhouses, in the course of which he had sat down to two hearty meals that might have been mistaken for dinners if he had not declared them to be "snaps"; and as each snap had been followed by a few glasses of "mixture," containing a less liberal proportion of water than the articles he himself labeled with that broadly generic name, he was in that condition which his groom indicated with poetic ambiguity by saying that "master had been in the sunshine." Under these circumstances, after a hard day, in which he had really had no regular meal, it seemed a natural relaxation to step into the bar of the Red Lion, where, as it was Saturday evening, he should be sure to find Dempster, and hear the latest news about the protest against the evening lecture.

"Have you hooked Ben Landor yet?" he continued, as he took two chairs, one for his body and the other for his right leg.

"No," said Mr. Budd, the churchwarden, shaking his head; "Ben Landor has a way of keeping himself neutral in everything, and he doesn't like to oppose his father. Old Landor is a regular Tryanite. But we haven't got your name yet, Pilgrim."

"Tut, tut, Budd," said Mr. Dempster, sarcastically, "you don't expect Pilgrim to sign? He's got a dozen Tryanite livers under his treatment. Nothing like cant and methodism for producing a superfluity of bile."

"Oh, I thought, as Pratt had declared himself a Tryanite, we should be sure to get Pilgrim on our side."

Mr. Pilgrim was not a man to sit quiet under a sarcasm, nature having endowed him with a considerable share of self-defensive wit. In his most sober moments he had an impediment in his speech, and as copious gin-and-water stimulated not the speech but the impediment, he had time to make his retort sufficiently bitter.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Budd," he spluttered, "there's a report all over the town that Deb Traunter swears you shall take her with you as one of the delegates, and they say there's to be a fine crowd at your door the morning you start, to see the row. Knowing your tenderness for that member of the fair sex, I thought you might find it impossible to deny her. I hang back a little from signing on that account, as Prendergast might not take the protest well if Deb Traunter went with you."

Mr. Budd was a small, sleek-headed bachelor of five and forty, whose scandalous life had long furnished his more moral neighbors with an after-dinner joke. He had no other striking characteristic, except that he was a currier of choleric temperament, so that you might wonder why he had been chosen as clergyman's churchwarden, if I did not tell you that he had recently been elected through Mr. Dempster's exertions, in order that his zeal against the threatened evening lecture might be backed by the dignity of office.

"Come, come, Pilgrim," said Mr. Tomlinson, covering Mr. Budd's retreat, "you know you like to wear the crier's coat, green o' one side and red o' the other. You've been to hear Tryan preach at Paddiford Common — you know you have."

"To be sure I have; and a capital sermon too. It's a pity you were not there. It was addressed to those 'void of understanding.'"

"No, no, you'll never catch me there," returned Mr. Tomlinson, not in the least stung; "he preaches without book, they say, just like a Dissenter. It must be a ramling sort of a concern."

"That's not the worst," said Mr. Dempster; "he preaches against good works; says good works are not necessary to salvation — a sectarian, antinomian, anabaptist doctrine. Tell a man he is not to be saved by his works, and you open the flood-gates of all immorality. You see it in all these canting innovators; they're all bad ones by the sly; smooth-faced, drawling, hypocritical fellows, who pretend ginger isn't hot in their mouths, and cry down all innocent pleasures; their hearts are all the blacker for their sanctimonious outsides. Haven't we been warned against those who make clean the outside of the cup and the platter? There's this Tryan, now, he goes about praying with old women, and singing with charity-children; but what has he really got his eye on all the while? A domineering ambitious Jesuit, gentlemen; all he wants is to get his foot far enough into the parish to step into Crewe's shoes when the old gentleman dies. Depend upon it, whenever you see a man pretending to be better than his neighbors, that man has either some cunning end to serve, or his heart is rotten with spiritual pride."

As if to guarantee himself against this awful sin, Mr. Dempster seized his glass of brandy-and-water, and tossed off the contents with even greater rapidity than usual.

"Have you fixed on your third delegate yet?" said Mr. Pilgrim, whose taste was for detail rather than for dissertation.

"That's the man," answered Dempster, pointing to Mr. Tomlinson. "We start for Elmstoke Rectory on Tuesday morning; so, if you mean to give us your signature, you must make up your mind pretty quickly, Pilgrim."

Mr. Pilgrim did not in the least mean it, so he only said, "I shouldn't wonder if Tryan turns out too many for you, after all. He's got a well-oiled tongue of his own, and has perhaps talked over Prendergast into a determination to stand by him."

"Ve-ry little fear of that," said Dempster, in a confident tone. "I'll soon bring him round. Tryan has got his match. I've plenty of rods in pickle for Tryan."

At this moment Boots entered the bar, and put a letter into the lawyer's hands, saying, "There's Trower's man just

come into the yard wi' a gig, sir, an' he's brought this here letter."

Mr. Dempster read the letter and said, "Tell him to turn the gig — I'll be with him in a minute. Here, run to Gruby's and get this snuff-box filled — quick!"

"Trower's worse, I suppose; eh, Dempster? Wants you to alter his will, eh?" said Mr. Pilgrim.

"Business — business — business — I don't know exactly what," answered the cautious Dempster, rising deliberately from his chair, thrusting on his low-crowned hat, and walking with a slow but not unsteady step out of the bar.

"I never see Dempster's equal; if I did I'll be shot," said Mr. Tomlinson, looking after the lawyer admiringly. "Why, he's drunk the best part of a bottle o' brandy since here we've been sitting, and I'll bet a guinea, when he's got to Trower's his head'll be as clear as mine. He knows more about law when he's drunk than all the rest on 'em when they're sober."

"Ay, and other things too, besides law," said Mr. Budd. "Did you notice how he took up Byles about the Presbyterians? Bless your heart, he know everything, Dempster does. He studied very hard when he was a young man."

FORBEARANCE.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[1803–1882.]

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE RUOSE THAT DECKED HER BREAST.

By WILLIAM BARNES.

(*Dorsetshire Dialect.*)

[William Barnes, poet, philologist, antiquarian enthusiast, and "character," was born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1800; was a grammar-school master, curate, finally rector; and died in 1886. He wrote serious studies on philology, grammar, early English history, perspective, etc., and various text-books; but his best work was on the line of his hobbies. These were the dialect of his native district, in which he wrote three volumes of poems (1844, 1859, — "Hwomely Rhymes,"—and 1862), besides one in common English (1868); its old customs, in zeal for which he dressed with old-fashioned quaintness; and a propaganda of disusing all but the Teutonic elements of the English language.]

Poor Jenny wer her Roberd's bride
Two happy years, an' then 'e died;
An' zoo the wold voke made her come,
Varsiaken, to her mâiden huome,
But Jenny's merry tongue wer dum;
  An' roun' her comely neck she wore
  A moorneen kerchief, wher avore
    The ruose did deck her breast.

She wạ'ked aluone wi' eyeballs wet,
To zee the flow'rs that she'd a-zet;
The lilies, white 's her mâiden frocks,
The spik, to put 'ithin her box,
Wi' columbines an' hollyhocks;
  The jilliflower an' noddin' pink,
  An' ruose that touched her soul to think
    O' thik that decked her breast.

Var at her weddin' jist avore
Her mâiden han' had yeet a-wore
A wife's goold ring, wi' hangin' head
She wạked along thik flower bed,
Wher bloodywâ'iors, stained wi' red,
  And miarygoolds did skirt the wạ'k,
  And gathered vrom the ruose's stạ'k
    A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud;
But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
'Tis piale 's the milk-white jessamine.
But Roberd 'ave a-left behine
  A little biaby wi' his fiace,
  To smile an' nessle in the pliace
    Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

COSMOS:

A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.

By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

[Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, one of the most versatile and massive leaders of modern science, was born at Berlin in 1769, son of the royal chamberlain; studied at the universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Göttingen, and — after some travel and a scientific exploration of the Hartz Mountains and Rhine — at Freiburg Mining Academy under the famous geologist Werner. For some years in the state mining department, he resigned in 1799 to devote himself to pure science; studied anatomy at Jena, associating closely with Goethe and Schiller; going to Paris, began a long and adventurous intimacy with Aimé Bonpland the botanist, and with him undertook a vast five-years' scientific exploration of Spanish America. He remade South American geography and maps, determined over 700 positions, and made great numbers of barometrical, meteorological, and magnetic observations. The results were published 1807–1827 (29 vols.) in Paris, where he lived while Germany was too disturbed for his work; in 1827 he returned to Berlin. He made researches also in chemistry. In 1829 he headed Czar Nicholas' expedition to Central Asia, with similar and other contributions to science; it was detailed in 3 vols., 1843. On his advice magnetic and meteorological stations were established from St. Petersburg to Pekin, and in the Southern Hemisphere. From 1830 till death he lived in Berlin, in high place at court, and much employed by the King of Prussia on diplomatic business, from his powerful friendships and great repute. His last great work, "Cosmos" (4 vols., 1845–1858), is one of the monuments of science. He died in 1859.]

It is almost with reluctance that I am about to speak of a sentiment, which appears to arise from narrow-minded views, or from a certain weak and morbid sentimentality, — I allude to the fear entertained by some persons, that nature may by degrees lose a portion of the charm and magic of her power, as we learn more and more how to unveil her secrets, comprehend the mechanism of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and estimate numerically the intensity of natural forces. It is true that, properly speaking, the forces of nature can only exercise a magical power over us as long as their action is shrouded in mystery and darkness, and does not admit of being classed among the conditions with which experience has made us acquainted. The effect of such a power is therefore to excite the imagination; but that, assuredly, is not the faculty of the mind we would evoke to preside over the laborious and elaborate observations by which we strive to attain to a knowledge of the greatness and excellence of the laws of the universe.

The astronomer who, by the aid of the heliometer or a double-refracting prism, determines the diameter of planetary

bodies, who measures patiently, year after year, the meridian altitude and the relative distances of stars, or who seeks a telescopic comet in a group of nebulæ, does not feel his imagination more excited — and this is the very guarantee of the precision of his labors — than the botanist who counts the divisions of the calyx, or the number of stamens in a flower, or examines the connected or the separate teeth of the peristoma surrounding the capsule of a moss. Yet the multiplied angular measurements on the one hand, and the detail of organic relations on the other, alike aid in preparing the way for the attainment of higher views of the laws of the universe.

We must not confound the disposition of mind in the observer at the time he is pursuing his labors, with the ulterior greatness of the views resulting from investigation and the exercise of thought. The physical philosopher measures with admirable sagacity the waves of light of unequal length which by interference mutually strengthen or destroy each other, even with respect to their chemical actions; the astronomer, armed with powerful telescopes, penetrates the regions of space, contemplates, on the extremest confines of our solar system, the satellites of Uranus, or decomposes faintly sparkling points into double stars differing in color. The botanist discovers the constancy of the gyratory motion of the chara in the greater number of vegetable cells, and recognizes in the genera and natural families of plants the intimate relations of organic forms. The vault of heaven, studded with nebulæ and stars, and the rich vegetable mantle that covers the soil in the climate of palms, cannot surely fail to produce on the minds of these laborious observers of nature, an impression more imposing and more worthy of the majesty of creation, than on those who are unaccustomed to investigate the great mutual relations of phenomena. I cannot, therefore, agree with Burke when he says, "It is our ignorance of natural things that causes all our admiration, and chiefly excites our passions."

Whilst the illusion of the senses would make the stars stationary in the vault of heaven, astronomy by her aspiring labors has assigned indefinite bounds to space; and if she have set limits to the great nebula to which our solar system belongs, it has only been to show us in those remote regions of space, which appear to expand in proportion to the increase of our optic powers, islet on islet of scattered nebulæ. The

feeling of the sublime, so far as it arises from a contemplation of the distance of the stars, of their greatness and physical extent, reflects itself in the feeling of the infinite, which belongs to another sphere of ideas included in the domain of mind. The solemn and imposing impressions excited by this sentiment, are owing to the combination of which we have spoken, and to the analogous character of the enjoyment and emotions awakened in us, whether we float on the surface of the great deep, stand on some lonely mountain summit enveloped in the half-transparent vapory veil of the atmosphere, or by the aid of powerful optical instruments scan the regions of space, and see the remote nebulous mass resolve itself into worlds of stars.

The mere accumulation of unconnected observations of details, devoid of generalization of ideas, may doubtless have tended to create and foster the deeply-rooted prejudice, that the study of the exact sciences must necessarily chill the feelings, and diminish the nobler enjoyments, attendant upon a contemplation of nature. Those who still cherish such erroneous views in the present age, and amid the progress of public opinion, and the advancement of all branches of knowledge, fail in duly appreciating the value of every enlargement of the sphere of intellect, and the importance of the detail of isolated facts in leading us on to general results. The fear of sacrificing the free enjoyment of nature, under the influence of scientific reasoning, is often associated with an apprehension that every mind may not be capable of grasping the truths of the philosophy of nature. It is certainly true that in the midst of the universal fluctuation of phenomena and vital forces — in that inextricable network of organisms by turns developed and destroyed — each step that we make in the more intimate knowledge of nature leads us to the entrance of new labyrinths; but the excitement produced by a presentiment of discovery, the vague intuition of the mysteries to be unfolded, and the multiplicity of the paths before us, all tend to stimulate the exercise of thought in every stage of knowledge. The discovery of each separate law of nature leads to the establishment of some other more general law, or at least indicates to the intelligent observer its existence. Nature, as a celebrated physiologist has defined it, and as the word was interpreted by the Greeks and Romans, is "that which is ever growing and ever unfolding itself in new forms." . . .

It remains to be considered whether, by the operation of thought, we may hope to reduce the immense diversity of phenomena comprised by the Cosmos to the unity of a principle, and the evidence afforded by rational truths. In the present state of empirical knowledge, we can scarcely flatter ourselves with such a hope. Experimental sciences, based on the observation of the external world, cannot aspire to completeness; the nature of things, and the imperfection of our organs, are alike opposed to it. We shall never succeed in exhausting the immeasurable riches of nature; and no generation of men will ever have cause to boast of having comprehended the total aggregation of phenomena. It is only by distributing them into groups, that we have been able, in the case of a few, to discover the empire of certain natural laws, grand and simple as nature itself. The extent of this empire will no doubt increase in proportion as physical sciences are more perfectly developed. Striking proofs of this advancement have been made manifest in our own day, in the phenomena of electro-magnetism, the propagation of luminous waves and radiating heat. In the same manner the fruitful doctrine of evolution shows us how, in organic development, all that is formed is sketched out beforehand, and how the tissues of vegetable and animal matter uniformly arise from the multiplication and transformation of cells.

The generalization of laws, which, being at first bounded by narrow limits, had been applied solely to isolated groups of phenomena, acquires in time more marked gradations, and gains in extent and certainty, as long as the process of reasoning is applied strictly to analogous phenomena; but as soon as dynamical views prove insufficient where the specific properties and heterogeneous nature of matter come into play, it is to be feared that by persisting in the pursuit of laws we may find our course suddenly arrested by an impassable chasm. The principle of unity is lost sight of, and the guiding clew is rent asunder whenever any specific and peculiar kind of action manifests itself amid the active forces of nature. The law of equivalents and the numerical proportions of composition, so happily recognized by modern chemists, and proclaimed under the ancient form of atomic symbols, still remains isolated and independent of mathematical laws of motion and gravitation.

Those productions of nature which are objects of direct observation may be logically distributed in classes, orders, and

families. This form of distribution undoubtedly sheds some light on descriptive natural history; but the study of organized bodies, considered in their linear connection, although it may impart a greater degree of unity and simplicity to the distribution of groups, cannot rise to the height of a classification based on one sole principle of composition and internal organization. As different gradations are presented by the laws of nature according to the extent of the horizon, or the limits of the phenomena to be considered, so there are likewise differently graduated phases in the investigation of the external world. Empiricism originates in isolated views, which are subsequently grouped according to their analogy or dissimilarity. To direct observation succeeds, although long afterwards, the wish to prosecute experiments, — that is to say, to evoke phenomena under different determined conditions. The rational experimentalist does not proceed at hazard, but acts under the guidance of hypotheses, founded on a half indistinct and more or less just intuition of the connection existing among natural objects or forces. That which has been conquered by observation or by means of experiments leads, by analysis and induction, to the discovery of empirical laws. These are the phases in human intellect that have marked the different epochs in the life of nations; and by means of which that great mass of facts has been accumulated which constitutes at the present day the solid basis of the natural sciences. . . .

We are still very far from the time when it will be possible for us to reduce, by the operation of thought, all that we perceive by the senses, to the unity of a rational principle. It may even be doubted if such a victory could ever be achieved in the field of natural philosophy. The complication of phenomena, and the vast extent of the Cosmos, would seem to oppose such a result; but even a partial solution of the problem — the tendency towards a comprehension of the phenomena of the universe — will not the less remain the eternal and sublime aim of every investigation of nature.

In conformity with the character of my former writings, as well as with the labors in which I have been engaged during my scientific career, in measurements, experiments, and the investigation of facts, I limit myself to the domain of empirical ideas.

The exposition of mutually connected facts does not exclude the classification of phenomena according to their rational connection, the generalization of many specialities in the great mass

of observations, or the attempt to discover laws. Conceptions of the universe solely based upon reason and the principles of speculative philosophy, would no doubt assign a still more exalted aim to the science of the Cosmos. I am far from blaming the efforts of others solely because their success has hitherto remained very doubtful. Contrary to the wishes and counsels of those profound and powerful thinkers who have given new life to speculations which were already familiar to the ancients, systems of natural philosophy have in our own country for some time past turned aside the minds of men from the graver study of mathematical and physical sciences. The abuse of better powers which has led many of our noble but ill-judging youth into the saturnalia of a purely ideal science of nature has been signalized by the intoxication of pretended conquests, by a novel and fantastically symbolical phraseology, and by a predilection for the formulæ of a scholastic rationalism, more contracted in its views than any known to the middle ages. I use the expression "abuse of better powers," because superior intellects devoted to philosophical pursuits and experimental sciences have remained strangers to these saturnalia. The results yielded by an earnest investigation in the path of experiment, cannot be at variance with a true philosophy of nature. If there be any contradiction, the fault must lie either in the unsoundness of speculation, or in the exaggerated pretensions of empiricism, which thinks that more is proved by experiment than is actually derivable from it.

External nature may be opposed to the intellectual world, as if the latter were not comprised within the limits of the former; or nature may be opposed to art when the latter is defined as a manifestation of the intellectual power of man: but these contrasts, which we find reflected in the most cultivated languages, must not lead us to separate the sphere of nature from that of the mind, since such a separation would reduce the physical science of the world to a mere aggregation of empirical specialities. Science does not present itself to man until mind conquers matter, in striving to subject the result of experimental investigation to rational combinations. Science is the labor of mind applied to nature, but the external world has no real existence for us beyond the image reflected within ourselves through the medium of the senses. As intelligence and forms of speech, thought and its verbal symbols, are united by secret and indissoluble links, so does the external world

blend almost unconsciously to ourselves with our ideas and feelings. "External phenomena," says Hegel in his *Philosophy of History*, "are in some degree translated in our inner representations." The objective world, conceived and reflected within us by thought, is subjected to the eternal and necessary conditions of our intellectual being. The activity of the mind exercises itself on the elements furnished to it by the perceptions of the senses. Thus in the early ages of mankind there manifests itself in the simple intuition of natural facts, and in the efforts made to comprehend them, the germ of the philosophy of nature. These ideal tendencies vary, and are more or less powerful according to the individual characteristics and moral dispositions of nations, and to the degrees of their mental culture, whether attained amid scenes of nature that excite or chill the imagination.

History has preserved the record of the numerous attempts that have been made to form a rational conception of the whole world of phenomena, and to recognize in the universe the action of one sole active force by which matter is penetrated, transformed, and animated. These attempts are traced in classical antiquity in those treatises on the principles of things which emanated from the Ionian school, and in which all the phenomena of nature were subjected to hazardous speculations, based upon a small number of observations. By degrees, as the influence of great historical events has favored the development of every branch of science supported by observation, that ardor has cooled, which formerly led men to seek the essential nature and connection of things by ideal construction and in purely rational principles. In recent times, the mathematical portion of natural philosophy has been most remarkable and admirably enlarged. The method and the instrument (analysis) have been simultaneously perfected. That which has been acquired by means so different — by the ingenious application of atomic suppositions, by the more general and intimate study of phenomena, and by the improved construction of new apparatus — is the common property of mankind, and should not in our opinion now, more than in ancient times, be withdrawn from the free exercise of speculative thought.

It cannot be denied, that in this process of thought the results of experience have had to contend with many disadvantages; we must not therefore be surprised if in the perpetual vicissitude of theoretical views, as is ingeniously expressed

by the author of *Giordano Bruno*, "most men see nothing in philosophy but a succession of passing meteors, whilst even the grander forms in which she has revealed herself share the fate of comets, bodies that do not rank in popular opinion amongst the eternal and permanent works of nature, but are regarded as mere fugitive apparitions of igneous vapor." We would here remark that the abuse of thought and the false track it too often pursues ought not to sanction an opinion derogatory to intellect, which would imply that the domain of mind is essentially a world of vague fantastic illusions, and that the treasures accumulated by laborious observations in philosophy are powers hostile to its own empire. It does not become the spirit which characterizes the present age, distrustfully to reject every generalization of views, and every attempt to examine into the nature of things by the process of reason and induction. It would be a denial of the dignity of human nature and the relative importance of the faculties with which we are endowed, were we to condemn at one time austere reason engaged in investigating causes and their mutual connections, and at another that exercise of the imagination which prompts and excites discoveries by its creative powers.

THE STORY OF SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA.

By EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER.

(From "Max Havelaar": translated by Baron Nahuys.)

[Eduard Douwes Dekker: A Dutch novelist; born in Amsterdam in 1820; died at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine, February 19, 1887. He held a responsible government position in a province of Java, which he resigned because of his disapproval of the Dutch administration in that country. In 1860 he published his experiences among the coffee traders of the far East. The book, entitled "Max Havelaar," written under the pen name Multatuli, created a profound sensation, from its exposition of the shocking wrongs committed by the European trader. His style is careful, his thought original, and his language rich in Eastern imagery. Among his other books are: "Parables"; "The Holy Virgin," a novel; "School for Princes," a drama; and "The Story of Wontertje Pieterse," published by his widow in 1888.]

SAÏDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang, he was very dejected, and did

not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the *sawah* [rice field] was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the *lombong* [storeroom] of the house. I have here to tell readers who know Java, but not Bantam, that in that Residency there is personal landed property, which is not the case elsewhere. Saïdjah's father, then, was very uneasy. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behindhand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a *kris* [poniard] which was *poosaka* [inheritance] from his father. The *kris* was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this *kris* to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It was not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the *karbo* [buffalo] is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. Of this attachment I shall very soon give an example. The large, strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downwards, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the newcomer, and it seemed as if the encouraging voice of the child gave still more strength to the heavy shoulders of the strong animal, when it tore open the stiff clay and traced its way in deep, sharp furrows.

The buffalo turned willingly, on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow, which was ever near the old, as if the *sawah* was a garden ground raked by a giant. Quite near were the *sawahs* of the father of Adinda (the father of the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. But I believe that the buffalo of Saïdjah was the best of all; perhaps because its

master knew better than any one else how to speak to the animal, and buffaloes are very sensible to kind words. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken from the father of Saïdjah by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver *klamboo* [curtain] hooks — *poosaka* from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and for that money bought a new buffalo. But Saïdjah was very dejected. For he knew from Adinda's little brothers that the other buffalo had been driven to the capital, and he had asked his father if he had not seen the animal when he was there to sell the hooks of the *klamboo*. To this question Saïdjah's father refused to give an answer. Therefore he feared that his buffalo had been slaughtered, as the other buffaloes which the district chief had taken from the people. And Saïdjah wept much when he thought of this poor buffalo, which he had known for such a long time, and he could not eat for many days, for his throat was too narrow when he swallowed. It must be taken into consideration that Saïdjah was a child.

The new buffalo soon got acquainted with Saïdjah, and very soon obtained in the heart of Saïdjah the same place as his predecessor, — alas! too soon; for the wax impressions of the heart are very soon smoothed to make room for other writing. However this may be, the new buffalo was not so strong as the former: true, the old yoke was too large for his neck, but the poor animal was willing, like his predecessor, which had been slaughtered; but though Saïdjah could boast no more of the strength of his buffalo when he met Adinda's brothers at the boundaries, yet he maintained that no other surpassed his in willingness; and if the furrow was not so straight as before, or if lumps of earth had been turned, but not cut, he willingly made this right as much as he could with his *patjol* [spade]. Moreover, no buffalo had an *oeser-oeseran* [peculiar whirl in the hair] like his. The *penghooloo* [village priest] himself had said that there was *ontong* [good luck] in the course of the hair whirls on its shoulders. Once when they were in the field, Saïdjah called in vain to his buffalo to make haste. The animal did not move. Saïdjah grew angry at this unusual refractoriness, and could not refrain from scolding. He said "a——s——." Every one who has been in India will understand me, and he who does not understand me gains by it if I spare him the explanation of a coarse expression.

Yet Saïdjah did not mean anything bad. He only said it because he had often heard it said by others when they were dissatisfied with their buffaloes. But it was useless; his buffalo did not move an inch. He shook his head, as if to throw off the yoke; the breath appeared out of his nostrils, he blew, trembled; there was anguish in his blue eye, and the upper lip was curled upwards, so that the gums were bare.

"Fly! Fly!" Adinda's brothers cried. "Fly, Saïdjah! there is a tiger!"

And they all unyoked the buffaloes, and throwing themselves on their broad backs, galloped away through *sawahs*, *galangans* [trenches], mud, brushwood, forest, and *allang-allang* [jungle], along fields and roads, and when they tore panting and dripping with perspiration into the village of Badoer, Saïdjah was not with them.

For when he had freed his buffalo from the yoke, and had mounted him as the others had done to fly, an unexpected jump made him lose his seat and fall to the earth. The tiger was very near — Saïdjah's buffalo, driven on by his own speed, jumped a few paces past the spot where his little master awaited death. But through his speed alone, and not of his own will, the animal had gone further than Saïdjah, for scarcely had it conquered the momentum which rules all matter even after the cause had ceased, when it returned, and placing its big body, supported by its big feet, like a roof over the child, turned its horned head towards the tiger, which bounded forward — but for the last time. The buffalo caught him on his horns, and only lost some flesh, which the tiger took out of his neck. The tiger lay there with his belly torn open, and Saïdjah was saved. Certainly there had been *ontong* in the *oeser-oeseran* of the buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away from Saïdjah's father and slaughtered —

I tell you, reader, that my story is monotonous.

When this buffalo was slaughtered, Saïdjah was just twelve, and Adinda was wearing *sarongs* and making figures on them. She had already learned to express thoughts in melancholy drawings on her tissue, for she had seen Saïdjah very sad. And Saïdjah's father was also sad, but his mother still more so; for she had cured the wound in the neck of the faithful animal which had brought her child home unhurt, after having thought, by the news of Adinda's brothers, that it had been taken away by the tiger. As soon as she saw this wound, she

thought how far the claws of the tiger, which had entered so deeply into the coarse flesh of the buffalo, would have penetrated into the tender body of her child; and every time she put fresh dressings on the wound she caressed the buffalo, and spoke kindly to him, that the good faithful animal might know how grateful a mother is.

Afterwards she hoped that the buffalo understood her, for then he must have understood why she wept when he was taken away to be slaughtered, and he would have known that it was not the mother of Saïdjah who caused him to be slaughtered. Some days afterwards Saïdjah's father fled out of the country; for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo, because his parents had always lived in Parang-Koodjang, and had therefore left him but few things. The parents of his wife, too, lived in the same district. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and, moreover, sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief, and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam, in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes, because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police of Badoer. There he was put in prison, because he was supposed to be mad, which I can readily believe, and because it was feared that he would run *amuck* [killing everybody he meets] in a moment of *mata-glap* [frenzy]. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. What became of the brothers and sisters of Saïdjah I do not know. The house in which they lived at Badoer was empty for some time, and soon fell down; for it was only built of bamboo, and covered with *atap* [cane]. A little dust and dirt covered the place where there had been much suffering. There are many such places in Lebak. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him thither, because he had *other* plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlemen who drove in *bendies* [sort of carriages], and that it would be easy for him to get a post as *bendy* boy, for which generally a young person is chosen, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the two-

wheeled carriage by too much weight behind. He would, they told him, gain much in that way if he behaved well, — perhaps he would be able to spare in three years money enough to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. With the proud step of one who has conceived a grand idea, he, after his father's flight, entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plan.

"Think of it," said he, "when I come back we shall be old enough to marry, and shall possess two buffaloes!"

"Very well, Saïdjah, I will gladly marry you when you return. I will spin and weave *sarongs* and *slendangs* [petticoats and linens], and be very diligent all the time."

"Oh, I believe you, Adinda, but — if I find you married?"

"Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father."

"And you yourself?"

"I shall marry you, you may be sure of that."

"When I come back, I will call from afar off."

"Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?"

"That is true; but, Adinda — oh, yes, this is better, wait for me under the *djati* [Indian oak] wood, under the *ketapan* [Indian tree] where you gave me the *melatti* [flower]."

"But, Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the *ketapan?*"

Saïdjah considered and said: —

"Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons, . . . this moon not included. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the *ketapan* the next day; do you promise to be there?"

"Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the *ketapan*, near the *djati* wood, when you come back."

Hereupon Saïdjah tore a piece off his blue turban, which was very much worn, and gave the piece of linen to Adinda to keep it as a pledge; and then he left her and Badoer. He walked many days. He passed Rankas-Betong, which was not then the capital of Lebak, and Warong-Goonoong, where was the house of the Assistant Resident, and the following day saw Pamarangang, which lies as in a garden. The next day he arrived at Serang, and was astonished at the magnificence and size of the place, and the number of stone houses covered with red tiles. Saïdjah had never before seen such a thing.

He remained there a day, because he was tired; but, during the night, in the coolness, he went further, and the following day, before the shadow had descended to his lips, though he wore the long *toodoong* [broad-brimmed straw hat] which his father had left him, he arrived at Tangetang.

The first day, and the second day likewise, he had not felt so much how lonely he was, because his soul was quite captivated by the grand idea of gaining money enough to buy two buffaloes, and his father had never possessed more than one; and his thoughts were too much concentrated in the hope of seeing Adinda again, to make room for much grief at his leave-taking. . . .

Saïdjah arrived at Batavia. He begged a gentleman to take him into his service, which this gentleman did, because he did not understand Saïdjah's language [Sundanese]; for they like to have servants at Batavia who do not speak Malay, and are, therefore, not so corrupted as others, who have been longer in connection with Europeans. Saïdjah soon learned Malay, but behaved well; for he always thought of the two buffaloes which he should buy, and of Adinda. He became tall and strong, because he ate every day, — which could not always be done at Badoer. He was liked in the stable, and would certainly not have been rejected if he had asked the hand of the coachman's daughter. His master even liked Saïdjah so much that he soon promoted him to be an indoor servant, increased his wages, and continually made him presents, to show that he was well pleased with his services. Saïdjah's mistress had read Sue's novel, "The Wandering Jew," which for a short time was so popular; she always thought of Prince Djalma when she saw Saïdjah, and the young girls, too, understood better than before how the Javanese painter, Radeen Saleh, had met with such great success at Paris.

But they thought Saïdjah ungrateful, when he, after almost three years of service, asked for his dismissal, and a certificate that he had always behaved well. This could not be refused, and Saïdjah went on his journey with a joyful heart.

He passed Pisang, where Havelaar once lived many years ago. But Saïdjah did not know this; and even if he had known it, he had something else in his soul which occupied him. He counted the treasures which he was carrying home. In a roll of bamboo he had his passport and a certificate of good conduct. In a case, which was fastened to a leathern

girdle, something heavy seemed to sling continually against his shoulder, but he liked to feel that. And no wonder! this contained thirty piasters, enough to buy three buffaloes! What would Adinda say? And this was not all. On his back could be seen the silver-covered sheath of the *kris* [poniard], which he wore in the girdle. The hilt was certainly very fine, for he had wound it round with a silk wrapper. And he had still more treasures! In the folds of the *kahin* [linen] round his loins, he kept a belt of silver links, with gold *ikat-pendieng* [clasp]. It is true that the belt was short, but she was so slender — Adinda!

And suspended by a cord round his neck, under his *baadjoe* [clothes], he wore a small silk bag, in which were some withered leaves of the *melatti*.

Was it a wonder that he stopped no longer at Sangerang than was necessary to visit the acquaintances of his father who made such fine straw hats? Was it a wonder that he said little to the girls on his road, who asked him where he came from, and *where* he was going — the common salutation in those regions? . . .

No; he heard little of what was told him. He heard quite different tones; he heard how Adinda would say "Welcome, Saïdjah! I have thought of you in spinning and weaving, and stamping the rice on the floor, which bears three times twelve lines made by my hand. Here I am under the *ketapan* the first day of the new moon. Welcome, Saïdjah, I will be your wife."

That was the music which resounded in his ears, and prevented him from listening to all the news that was told him on the road.

At last he saw the *ketapan*, or rather he saw a large dark spot which many stars covered, before his eye. That must be the wood of *djati*, near the tree where he should see again Adinda, next morning after sunrise. He sought in the dark, and felt many trunks — soon found the well-known roughness on the south side of a tree, and thrust his finger into a hole which Si-Panteh had cut with the *parang* [grass cutter] to exorcise the *pontianak* [Evil Spirit] who was the cause of his mother's toothache, a short time before the birth of Panteh's little brother. This was the *ketapan* he looked for.

Yes, this was indeed the spot where he had looked upon Adinda for the first time with quite a different eye from his other companions in play, because she had for the first time re-

fused to take part in a game which she had played with other children — boys and girls — only a short time before. There she had given him the *melatti*. He sat down at the foot of the tree, and looked at the stars; and when he saw a shooting star he accepted it as a welcome of his return to Badoer, and he thought whether Adinda would now be asleep, and whether she had rightly cut the moons on her rice floor. It would be such a grief to him if she had omitted a moon, as if thirty-six were not enough! And he wondered whether she had made nice *sarongs* and *slendangs*. And he asked himself, too, who would now be dwelling in her father's house? And he thought of his youth, and of his mother; and how that buffalo had saved him from the tiger, and he thought of what would have become of Adinda if that buffalo had been less faithful! He paid much attention to the sinking of the stars in the west, and as each star disappeared in the horizon, he calculated how much nearer the sun was to his rising in the east, and how much nearer he himself was to seeing Adinda. For she would certainly come at the first beam — yes, at daybreak she would be there. Ah! Why had she not already come the day before?

It pained him that she had not anticipated the supreme moment which had lighted up his soul for three years with inexpressible brightness; and, unjust as he was in the selfishness of his love, it appeared to him that Adinda ought to have been there waiting for him, who complained before the time appointed, that he had to wait for *her*. . . .

Saïdjah had not learnt to pray, and it would have been a pity to teach him; for a more holy prayer, more fervent thanksgiving, than was in the mute rapture of his soul, could not be conceived in human language. He would not go to Badoer — to see Adinda in reality seeming to him less pleasurable than the expectation of seeing her again. He sat down at the foot of the *ketapan* and his eyes wandered over the scenery. Nature smiled at him, and seemed to welcome him as a mother welcoming the return of her child, and as she pictures her joy by voluntary remembrance of past grief, when showing what she has preserved as a keepsake during his absence. So Saïdjah was delighted to see again so many spots that were witnesses of his short life. But his eyes or his thoughts might wander as they pleased, yet his looks and longings always reverted to the path which leads from Badoer to the *ketapan* tree. All that his senses could observe was called Adinda. He saw the

abyss to the left, where the earth is so yellow, where once a young buffalo sank down into the depth, — they had descended with strong rattan cords, and Adinda's father had been the bravest. Oh, how she clapped her hands, Adinda! And there, further on, on the other side, where the wood of cocoa trees waved over the cottages of the village, there somewhere, Si-Oenah had fallen out of a tree and died. How his mother cried, "because Si-Oenah was still such a little one," she lamented, — as if she would have been less grieved if Si-Oenah had been taller. But he was small, that is true, for he was smaller and more fragile than Adinda. Nobody walked upon the little road which leads from Badoer to the tree. By and by she would come: it was yet very early.

And still there was nobody on the path leading from Badoer to the *ketapan*.

Oh! she must have fallen asleep towards morning, tired of watching during the night, of watching for many nights: — she had not slept for weeks: so it was!

Should he rise and go to Badoer! — No, that would be doubting her arrival. Should he call that man who was driving his buffalo to the field? That man was too far off, and, moreover, Saïdjah would speak to no one about Adinda, would ask no one after Adinda. He would see her again, he would see her alone, he would see her first. Oh, surely, surely she would soon come!

He would wait, wait —

But if she were ill, or — dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the *ketapan* to the village where Adinda lived. He saw nothing and heard nothing; and yet he *could* have heard something, for there were men standing in the road at the entrance of the village, who cried, "Saïdjah, Saïdjah!"

But — was it his hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head, because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance of the village, and — O God, was it a dream?

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still, seized his head with both his hands to press away the madness that overcame him, and cried aloud: —

"Drunk, drunk; I am drunk!"

And the women of Badoer came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him, and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For, when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes —

I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.

— Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her. And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes —

I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.

— had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brothers with him. But he had heard how the father of Saïdjah had been punished at Buitenzorg with stripes for leaving Badoer without a passport. And therefore Adinda's father had not gone to Buitenzorg nor to the Preangan, nor to Bantam. He had gone to Tjilangkahan, the quarter of Lebak bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods, and waited for the arrival of Pa Ento, Pa Lontah, Si-Oenah, Pa Ansive, Abdoel Isma, and some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes.

There they had at night taken possession of a fishing boat, and had gone to sea. They had steered towards the west, and kept the country to the right of them as far as Java Head: then they had steered northwards till they came in sight of Prince's Island, and sailed round the east coast of that island, and from there to the Lampoons.

Such at least was the way that people told each other in whispers in Lebak, when there was a question of buffalo robbery and unpaid land taxes.

But Saïdjah did not well understand what they said to him; he did not even quite understand the news of his father's death. There was a buzzing in his ears, as if a gong had been sounded in his head: he felt the blood throbbing convulsively through the veins of his temples, that threatened to yield under the pressure of such severe distention. He spoke not, and looked

about as one stupefied, without seeing what was around and about him; and at last he began to laugh horribly.

An old woman led him to her cottage, and took care of the poor fool.

Soon he laughed less horribly, but still did not speak. But during the night the inhabitants of the hut were frightened at his voice, when he sang monotonously: "I do not know where I shall die," and some inhabitants of Badoer put money together to bring a sacrifice to the *bojajas* [crocodiles] of the Tji-Udjung for the cure of Saïdjah, whom they thought insane. But he was not insane.

For upon a certain night when the moon was very clear, he rose from the *baleh-baleh* [couch], softly left the house, and sought the place where Adinda had lived. This was not easy, because so many houses had fallen down; but he seemed to recognize the place by the width of the angle which some rays of light formed through the trees, at their meeting in his eye, as the sailor measures by lighthouses and the tops of mountains.

Yes, there it ought to be: there Adinda had lived!

Stumbling over half-rotten bamboo and pieces of the fallen roof, he made his way to the sanctuary which he sought. And, indeed, he found something of the still standing *pagger* [inclosure], near to which the *baleh-baleh* of Adinda had stood, and even the pin of bamboo was still with its point in that *pagger*, the pin on which she hung her dress when she went to bed.

But the *baleh-baleh* had fallen down like the house, and was almost turned to dust. He took a handful of it, and pressed it to his opened lips, and breathed very hard.

The following day he asked the old woman who had taken care of him where the rice floor was which stood in the grounds of Adinda's house. The woman rejoiced to hear him speak, and ran through the village to seek the floor. When she could point out the new proprietor to Saïdjah, he followed her silently, and being brought to the rice floor, he counted thereupon thirty-two lines.

Then he gave the woman as many piasters as were required to buy a buffalo, and left Badoer. At Tjilangkahan, he bought a fishing boat, and, after having sailed two days, arrived in the Lampoons, where the insurgents were in insurrection against the Dutch rule. He joined a troop of Badoer men, not so

much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch army, and was *therefore* in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses, which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still boys — children — and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked, and horribly mutilated.

A small piece of blue linen had penetrated into the gaping wound in the breast, which seemed to have made an end to a long struggle.

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers, with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

A little time afterwards there was much rejoicing at Batavia for the new victory, which so added to the laurels of the Dutch-Indian army. And the Governor wrote that tranquillity had been restored in the Lampoons; the king of Holland, enlightened by his statesmen, again rewarded so much heroism with many orders of knighthood.

And probably thanksgivings mounted to heaven from the hearts of the saints in churches and tabernacles, at the news that "the Lord of hosts" had again fought under the banner of Holland.

LIBERTY.

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

[1805–1879.]

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;

But scorns the immortal mind such base control;
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose.
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fireside tale
And in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

IRISH HISTORY AND IRISH CHARACTER.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

[GOLDWIN SMITH, English historical scholar and political critic, was born at Reading in 1823; educated at Eton; graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, with brilliant honors; was tutor at University College, and called to the bar; was secretary to the two commissions on Oxford Reform, and was on the Popular Education Commission of 1858. In that year he was made regius professor of modern history at Oxford; held the place till 1866, when he resigned; in 1868 accepted the chair of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University; in 1871 removed to Toronto, Canada, and has since resided there. He was placed on the Senate of Toronto University; edited the *Canadian Monthly*, 1872–1874; established *The Week* in 1884. He has been always an advanced liberal and reformer, and was one of the few conspicuous Englishmen who favored the North in the Civil War; but broke with his party on Home Rule. Among his many works are "Lectures on Modern History" (1861), "Irish History and Irish Character" (1861), "Rational Religion" (1861), "Church Endowments" (1862), "The Empire" (1863), "The Civil War in America" (1866), "Three English Statesmen" (1867), "Relations between America and England" (1869), "Conduct of England to Ireland" (1882), "History of the United States" (1893).]

THE history of Ireland from the Conquest to the Union is the miserable history of a half-subdued dependency. Its annals are the weary annals of an aggression on the one side and of rebellion on the other; of aggression sometimes more, sometimes less cruel and systematic, of rebellion sometimes more, sometimes less violent and extensive, but of aggression and rebellion without end. Few are the points, few are the characters of moral interest in such a story. It is a long agony, of which the only interest lies in the prospect of its long-deferred close. Yet a knowledge of these events must be of the highest practical importance to those who may be called upon to deal as rulers or landlords with the Irish people.

The destiny of the country has, to some extent, been written

on its face by nature. It is a large island, close to a much larger island, which lies between it and the mainland. The course of its history could not fail to be greatly influenced by the history of its more powerful neighbor. It was almost certain, in the primitive age of conquest, to be subdued. Yet, from its magnitude, it was almost certain not to be subdued without a long and painful struggle. Had it been a third part of the size, its independence would have expired without a pang. Moreover, the channel between the two islands, though steam has now bridged it over, was broad enough to form, in the infancy of navigation, a considerable impediment to the arms of an English conqueror; more especially as the nearest point of contact with England was Wales, a mountainous district, remote from the early seats of English wealth and power, and one which itself long remained unsubdued.

Britain itself is cut in two by the Cheviots and the wilds of the Border; whence its inhabitants were naturally divided into two nations with separate histories. Ireland is in closer contact with the northern division; and in the earliest times it exerted great influence on Scotland, if it was not, as seems most probable, the mother country of the Gael. In later times Scotland has exerted great influence on Ireland. Ulster has, in fact, become a part not so much of Keltic and Catholic Ireland as of Saxon and Presbyterian Scotland.

England being interposed between Ireland and France, the continental country to which Ireland lies most open is Spain. By Spain, in the sixteenth century, the most determined efforts were made to detach Ireland from England. The architecture of the old houses in the town of Galway and the gay and graceful dresses of the neighboring peasantry are by some supposed to recall the time when that town was the port of a Spanish trade; a trade which was so prized as a source of wealth that, for an act of piracy committed on a Spanish vessel, a mayor of Galway, with Roman spirit, hanged his own son over his own gate. The mansions of little merchant princes, which once emulated the luxury and jealousy of Seville, have sunk into Irish squalor and decay; but from the coast of Galway the fisherman still sees a visionary shore rise out of the Atlantic; a dreamy recollection, perhaps, of Spain, realized again in the New World.

The siren pamphleteers of France may sing as they will of the fitness of Ireland for all kinds of agricultural produce; of

her self-sufficiency, variety of wealth, and of the immense population which she might maintain if she would only listen to disinterested advice, and facilitate the influx of the requisite capital by rebellion and civil war. According to all trustworthy economists, those of France included, Ireland is a grazing country. "The whole island," says M. de Lavergne, speaking of Ireland in former times, "then formed but one immense pasture, which is evidently its natural destination, and the best mode of turning it to account." The same writer remarks that the herbaceous vegetation of Ireland is admirable, and that it is not without reason that the trefoil has become the heraldic emblem of the *green isle*. The vast Atlantic clouds, which soften the hues and outlines of the scenery, drop fertility on the grazing lands and clothe the mountains high up with the brightest verdure. On the other hand, it is difficult, over a great part of the island, to get in a wheat harvest. The true agricultural wealth of the country is displayed in the great cattle-fair of Balinasloe. Its natural way to commercial prosperity seems to be to supply with the produce of its grazing and dairy farms the population of England; a population which is sure, from the quantity of coals and minerals beneath the surface of the country, to be very large in proportion to the agricultural area. The notion that a country can supply all its own wants, like the Stoic notion that each man can be complete in himself and self-sufficing, is a mischievous dream. For the purposes of the great human community, nations and men alike have been so made as to be dependent on each other.

The growth of flax and the linen manufacture form a variety in the occupations of the people, and, as a natural consequence, modify their intellectual character; and when the influx of capital shall enable the Irish thoroughly to work the various coal fields, another new social element of an important kind may perhaps be introduced. The mining element generally appears destined to remain of subordinate importance.

As a commercial country Ireland is furnished with excellent harbors, and with a superabundance of internal water communication. But she pays a heavy price for her lakes and rivers in having nearly a seventh of her area covered with bog. The broad and brimming Shannon, half lake, half river, is fed by the vast and wasteful bog of Allen.

The dampness of the climate, while it is the source of vegetable beauty, could not fail to relax the energies of the people,

and to throw them back in the race of nations of preëminence in things requiring physical exertion. We see this when we compare the early history of the Irish with that of the Scandinavians, braced to daring and enterprise by the climate of the north. These influences weigh heavily on man in the infancy of civilization: in its more advanced stages they are in a great degree subdued and neutralized by the sovereign power of mind.

Of the physical influences which affect the character and destiny of nations, the most important seems to be that of race. We need not here inquire whether peculiarities of race spring from an actual diversity of origin, or whether they were superinduced upon the common type of humanity by the different circumstances under which different primeval families or tribes were placed. That which it is important always to remark in touching on this subject is, that peculiarities of race, however strong, are not indelible. There is a considerable difference, as we shall have occasion to notice, between the character of the mass of Irishmen and that of the mass of Englishmen; but between individual Irishmen and Englishmen who have received the same education and lived in the same society, the difference is not perceptible; and the same influences which produce a complete assimilation in certain cases may, if extended to the whole of both races, produce it in all.

The sure test of language proves that the native Irish were a portion of the great Keltic race which once covered all Britain as well as all Gaul, and probably Spain. This race, swept from the plains of England and the Lowlands of Scotland by the conquering Teuton, found a refuge in the Welsh mountains, in the hill country of Devonshire and Cornwall, and in the Highlands of Scotland; but its great asylum was Ireland. In Ireland we probably see its peculiarities in their most native and genuine form. In France, where it has reached its highest pitch of greatness and most fully developed its tendencies and capacities, its natural character has been greatly modified by external influences, especially by the influence of Rome, both as an empire and as an imperial church.

In the primeval struggle of races for the leadership of humanity, the Keltic race for the most part ultimately succumbed; but it was a mighty race, and at one moment its sword, cast into the scale of fate, nearly outweighed the destiny of Rome. The genius of Cæsar at last decided in favor of his countrymen a contest which they had waged at intervals

during four centuries, not merely for empire, but for existence. Not only did the Kelts vanquish in the battlefields of Italy, at Allia, at Thrasymene and at Cannæ, and bring Rome to the extremity from which she was saved by Marius; they carried their terrible arms into Greece, sacked Delphi, and founded as conquerors their principalities in Asia Minor. They met the summons of Alexander with gasconading defiance; they overthrew the phalanx in the plains of Macedon. The most brilliant and reckless of mercenaries, they filled the armies of the ancient powers, and Carthage and her Keltic soldiery are as modern France and her Irish brigade.

M. Martin, the French historian of France, says, speaking of the Kelts of that country, "From the beginning of historic time, the soil of France appears peopled by a race lively, witty, imaginative, eloquent, prone at once to faith and to skepticism, to the highest aspirations of the soul and to the attractions of sense; enthusiastic and yet satirical, unreflecting and yet logical, full of sympathy yet restive under discipline, endowed with practical good sense yet inclined to illusions; more disposed to striking acts of self-devotion than to patient and sustained effort; fickle as regards particular things and persons, persevering as regards tendencies and the essential rules of life; equally adapted for action and for the acquisition of knowledge; loving action and knowledge each for its own sake; loving, above all, war, less for the sake of conquest than for that of glory and adventure, for the attraction of danger and the unknown; uniting, finally, to an extreme sociability and indomitable personality, a spirit of independence which absolutely repels the yoke of the external world and the face of destiny." A critic might say that in this portrait of the Kelts by a Kelt is unconsciously depicted a point of character which is not named. Vanity is a quality which the French hardly disclaim, and which indeed, by partly creating the superiority which it implies, has helped to enable them to do great things. It might also be asked, whether by "practical good sense" is meant only a certain clearness of view, dexterity, and tact, or the highest practical wisdom; for of the highest practical wisdom the political history of France can scarcely be called an example. Those violent oscillations, again, between unreasoning faith and a skepticism almost as unreasoning, and between extremes of all kinds, to which M. Martin points, may lend an exciting interest to French

history, and amuse while they trouble the world; but the race which is conscious of such tendencies will do well, if it aspires to real greatness, not to boast of them, but to correct them.

Different fortunes and different institutions have, however, as was before said, produced a great difference of character between the French and the Irish Kelt. The French Kelt is all lightness and gayety of heart; but in the Irish Kelt there is, besides the hilarity, the conviviality, the love of fun, a strain of melancholy, which belongs to the same lively and emotional temperament, and which finds a charming expression in the "Irish Melodies" of Moore. The effect of despotism, whether political or ecclesiastical, is, by interdicting to the people grave subjects of thought, to produce a childlike carelessness of disposition, which shows itself in the perpetual pursuit of gayety and pleasure. In the case of the French Kelt, both political and ecclesiastical despotism have been at work, and they have produced their natural effect. In the case of the Irish Kelt, the circumstances of his country and his church have conspired to preserve the sadder part of the character only too well; and in him, close beside the source of laughter, still flows the fountain of tears.

From the loss of the melancholy and pensive element of the common nature, the poetry of the French is, in the main, a mere poetry of art. France has had masterpieces of taste and correctness in her Corneilles and Racines, but she has scarcely produced a poet so touching as Moore.

The Keltic race readily took to the rhetorical part of Roman education; and rhetoric is a peculiar gift both of the French and Irish mind, nor is it wanting to the descendants of the Welsh Cymry or the Scotch Gael. It is unhappily a bane as well as a gift; and much that is called eloquence in Ireland, perhaps not a little that is called eloquence in all countries, is mere extravagance and violence of language, the mark, not of genius, but of want of sense and self-control. The excesses of French rhetoric do not in substance fall short of the excesses in Irish rhetoric; but from assiduous literary culture they have assumed a polished and classical form, and the French rhetorician avoids those strained metaphors and violations of metaphor by which the best efforts of Irish orators have been disfigured. No speaker trained in the school of French taste would commit such offense against the rules of taste as were committed by Curran, by Grattan, and even by Burke. Those who blame

Burke's party for not putting him in a high place of responsibility should consider the extravagant violence and absurdity of some of his rhetorical sallies. Nor, again, would any French speaker but a Jacobin indulge in the rabid invectives which disgraced the debates of the Irish Parliament and formed a main part of the oratory of O'Connell.

The source of Irish *bulls* is a national quickness of wit which, when uncontrolled by judgment and education, tumbles, in its haste, into laughable blunders. Such a bull as, "The minister had a majority in everything but numbers," is merely a lively idea expressed without reflection.

Cruelty and recklessness of human life seem the qualities of a fiend. But it will be found that, like indulgence in violent invective and other uncontrolled exhibitions of passion, they are often connected less with deep depravity than with a most wretched kind of weakness. They may often be classed among those infirmities to which the Latin language gave the expressive name of *impotentia*. The civil wars, the religious persecutions, the revolutions of French history are marked by these qualities in their worst form, and the same may be said of the civil wars, rebellions, and agrarian insurrections of Ireland. The delirium of bloodthirstiness extended to the Irish women in O'Neils' massacre and in the Wexford massacres of 1798. In the same manner French ladies are recorded to have looked on with horrible pleasure at executions in the civil war of the Burgundian and Armagnacs, and in that of the League; and women were among the most constant and exulting spectators of the guillotine. The allusion in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." to the Welsh women who frantically mutilated the bodies of the slain after the defeat of Mortimer's army, is historical; and this atrocity may be classed among the instances of a sort of demoniac possession to which weak natures are exposed.

M. Martin, in the passage above quoted, admits that the French Kelts are more distinguished by a power of making extraordinary efforts than by perseverance, the palm of which he tacitly surrenders to their Teutonic rivals. There seems no good reason for believing that the Irish Kelts are averse from labor, provided they be placed, as people of all races require to be placed for at least two or three generations, in circumstances favorable to industry. They are capable of great endurance and of great abstinence. It is true that when they seek enjoyment it is rather in the shape of excitement than of comfort.

What an Englishman wants to make him happy, it has been said, is a full belly and a warm back; what an Irishman wants to make him happy is a glass of whisky and a stick. But it is difficult to distinguish the faults of the Irish from their misfortunes. It has been well said of their past industrial character and history: "We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for we had nothing to do; we were reckless, for we had no hope; we were ignorant, for learning was denied us; we were improvident, for we had no future; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery. That time has passed away forever." No part of this defense, probably, is more true than that which connects the drunkenness of the Irish peasantry with their misery. Drunkenness is, generally speaking, the vice of despair; and it springs from the despair of the English peasant as rankly as from that of his Irish fellow. The sums of money which have been lately transmitted by Irish emigrants to their friends in Ireland seem a conclusive answer to much loose denunciation of the national character, both in a moral and in an industrial point of view.

As Ireland is, in its agricultural produce, the supplement of England, so are the endowments of the Kelt the supplement to those of the Saxon. What the Saxon wants in liveliness, grace, and warmth, the Kelt can supply; what the Kelt lacks in firmness, judgment, perseverance, and the more solid elements of character, the Saxon can afford. The two races blended together may well be expected to produce a great and gifted nation; and it would probably detract from our greatness and from the richness of our national gifts if the Keltic element of the united people should be too much drained away by unlimited emigration. It was not without a providential object that the earth was so laid out with island, mountain, and morass as to give refuge to remnants of the weaker races in the primeval era of wandering and conflict, when the open country was swept by the conquering inroads of the strong. The warm friendships so often formed between characters the most diverse prove that in diversity of character there is a fundamental sympathy beneath a superficial antipathy. Between the Kelt and the Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Saxon, the diversity of character was great. The antipathy, therefore, was strong, and long and cruel has been the process by which it has been in part worked off. But we shall come to the source of sympathy at last.

The primitive form of Irish society was the sept or clan, the next grade in the ascending scale of political progress to the patriarchal state, the lineaments of which it to a great extent preserves; the chief being, in fact, the father of the clan, whose members all, like members of a family, bear the same name. This form of society seems to have been common to the whole Keltic race. It subsisted nearly down to our own time among the Keltic Gael of the Scotch Highlands, and determined, by its peculiar nature, the action of the Highland population in our last great civil contests. It prevailed in Wales previous to the final subjugation of that country and the complete introduction of Anglo-Norman laws and institutions. The population of ancient Gaul and Britain was, in like manner, divided into a number of clans or septs, varying in numbers and power, with which the Romans contended, and from which, acting singly or in loose and fickle coalitions, they encountered the same fitful and unsteady, yet protracted, resistance which Scottish kings encountered from the Gael, the Plantagenets from the Cymry, and the Anglo-Norman colonists of Ireland from the chiefs of the native septs.

The clan, however, seems to have varied considerably in the distinctness of its form under different local circumstances and at different periods of its existence. In the glens of Scotland, fenced in by mountains, each clan would naturally be kept separate, compact, and independent. The same would be the case among the hills of Wales. But in a plain country intermixture and fusion would occur; the original tie of blood would give place to one merely of name; and the sentiment of the clansman would consequently grow weaker. At the same time, the chiefs of the more powerful clans would obtain a permanent ascendency, and the transition from a cluster of independent clans to a monarchy would begin. Such seems to have been the course which matters were taking in Gaul when it was invaded by the Romans, and in Ireland when it was invaded by the Danes and Normans. The possession of horses, and the consequent rise of a sort of military aristocracy of horsemen or charioteers, must also have tended to break up in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland the equality of the clansmen and the brotherhood of the clan. In the Highlands the chief clansmen necessarily continued to fight on foot by the side of the humblest members of their clan.

The process of fusion and consolidation had advanced so far

in Ireland that the country was divided into five principalities; while above these principalities a supreme monarchy had begun to struggle into existence, though it had not yet finally settled in any one house. The great bogs or forests in the center of the island must have presented a serious obstacle to complete union. On the other hand, union was promoted, for a time at least, by the incursions of the Danes, which made the natives feel the necessity of having a single commander. The greatest of the kings of all Ireland was styled Brian of the Tribute; and tribute, rather than regular jurisdiction, seems to have been the prerogative of the kings. In like manner, the chiefs of the more powerful clans in the Highlands exacted tribute from the less powerful without bringing them regularly under their jurisdiction. The memory of the united monarchy and of the assemblies of its chiefs, priests, lawgivers, and bards lingers round the great mound of Tara, where a fond imagination has placed the princely halls of ancient Irish state, where the national cause of Ireland has more than once rallied, and where O'Connell put on his mock crown. The memory of the principalities dwells in that most striking monument of antiquity, the rock crowned with its cathedral, its palace, and its round towers, which rises from the plain of Cashel.

In the septs we probably see the origin of the ridiculous factions among the Irish peasantry, the Caravats and Shanavests, the Two-Year-Olds, and the Three-Year-Olds, which have scarcely yet ceased to "trail their coats" to each other. It is not long since the police were called upon to stop a fight between the Two-Year-Olds and the Three-Year-Olds. The original source of the feud between those factions is supposed to have been a dispute about the age of a young bull; but the spirit of division and combat dates from the primitive institutions of the race. The divisions of counties seem to have partly succeeded as ties of factions to the divisions of septs.

The abode which Greek fancy feigned for the gods, and the life of enjoyment which it assigned to them, were but the counterpart of the abode and the life of a Grecian prince. The fairy-land of the Irish has its factions and its faction fights. There are the Donegal fairies, the Kerry fairies, the Limerick fairies, the Tipperary fairies; and an Irishman once helped the Kerry fairies to gain a great victory over the Limerick fairies, and was rewarded for his assistance by a fairy-cap.

There appears to be in the Keltic race a strong tendency to what is called Imperialism, as opposed to the Constitutionalism to which the Teutonic races tend. The Teuton loves laws and parliaments, the Kelt loves a king. Even the highly civilized Kelt of France, familiar as he is with the theories of political liberty, seems almost incapable of sustaining free institutions. After a moment of constitutional government he reverts, with a bias which the fatalist might call irresistible, to despotism in some form, whether it be that of a Bonaparte or that of a Robespierre. The Irish have hitherto shown a similar attachment to the rule of persons rather than to that of institutions. So far as willingness to submit to governors is concerned, they are only too easily governed. Loyalty is the great virtue of their political character. Its great defect is want of independence and of that strong sense of right by which law and personal liberty are upheld. These are the characteristic qualities of clansmen, to whom, in their half-patriarchal state, the will and the protecting power of the chief are more than any law. But whether it was the clan that engendered the political tendency of the Keltic race, or an innate tendency of the race that produced the clan, or at least preserved that form of society when it had been discarded by other races, is a question which cannot here be considered. It opens a wider and more interesting question, of a general kind, as to the historical relation between the characters of different races and their different primitive institutions.

The direct and manifest influence of the clan feeling, and of the feeling towards the chief of the clan, reaches far down into Irish history; and it is probable that its indirect and secret influence is not yet extinct.

We see the different political tendencies of the Irish and English races combined, yet distinguishable from each other, in the political character of Burke, to whose writing we owe, more than we are aware, the almost religious reverence with which we regard the Constitution. Trained among English statesmen, Burke had learnt to love English institutions, but he loved them not as an Englishman, from a practical sense of their usefulness, but like an Irishman, with the passionate fervor of personal attachment, and rendered to their imagined founders, collectively, the homage of the heart which devoted loyalty pays to a king. His feelings, diffused by his eloquence, have become those of our whole nation.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the distinguished American poet, was born of Quaker parentage at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm in his boyhood, and earned enough by shoemaking to warrant his entering a local academy. At twenty-two he began his journalistic career as editor of the *American Manufacturer;* and was later connected with the *New England Weekly Review* and *Haverhill Gazette.* Becoming noted for his opposition to slavery, he was appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and for a year in Philadelphia edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which was suppressed by a mob that sacked and burned the printing office. In 1840 he settled in Amesbury, and continued to reside there until his death in 1892. Among his numerous publications were: "Legends of New England," "Moll Pitcher," "Mogg Megone," "The Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "In War Time," "National Lyrics," "Snow-Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Bay of Seven Islands."]

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road;
A ragged beggar, sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its Western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of One who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing;
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing: —

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because" (the brown eyes lower fell),
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing:
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[BAYARD TAYLOR, traveler, novelist, poet, and critic, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825; died as U.S. minister to Germany in 1878; was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, 1862–1863. His first book, "Views Afoot" (1846), was the result of an adventurous journey to Europe almost without money at nineteen, on the chance (successful) of writing letters to the home newspapers. He traveled thereafter almost all over the world, and his descriptive books were very popular. His novels, "Hannah Thurston" (1863) and "The Story of Kennett" (1866), had some success. But his permanent repute rests on his poetry, including besides many excellent lyrics the narratives "Lars" (1873) and "Prince Deukalion" (1878), and, perhaps his masterpiece, the translation of Goethe's "Faust."]

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;

And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

[Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, first Earl of Lytton, better known to literature as "Owen Meredith," was the only son of the famous novelist, and was born in London, November 8, 1831. He began his diplomatic career as private secretary to his uncle, Sir H. L. Bulwer, at Washington, D.C., and afterwards held various important posts in Europe. He was viceroy of India (1876–1880), and ambassador at Paris from 1887 until his death, November 24, 1891. The chief events of his viceroyalty were the Afghan War and the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. Under the pen name of "Owen Meredith" he published "Clytemnestra," "The Earl's Return," etc., (1855); "The Wanderer" (1859); "Lucile," a novel in verse, his best known production (1860); "The Ring of Amasis," a prose romance (1863); "Orval" (1869), "Julian Fane" (1871), "Glenaveril" (1885), "After Paradise" (1887); and other works.]

I.

Man is born on a battle-field. Round him, to rend
Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces attend,
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
That have shattered creation, and shapen it, rocks.
He leaps with a wail into being; and lo!
His own mother, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head:
'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes: her solitudes spread
To daunt him: her forces dispute his command:
Her snows fall to freeze him: her suns burn to brand:
Her seas yawn to engulf him: her rocks rise to crush:
And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
On their startled invader.
In lone Malabar,
Where the infinite forest spreads breathless and far,
'Mid the cruel of eye and the stealthy of claw
(Striped and spotted destroyers!) he sees, pale with awe,
On the menacing edge of a fiery sky
Grim Doorga, blue-limbed and red-handed, go by,
And the first thing he worships is Terror.
Anon,
Still impelled by necessity hungrily on,
He conquers the realms of his own self-reliance,
And the last cry of fear wakes the first of defiance.
From the serpent he crushes its poisonous soul:
Smitten down in his path see the dead lion roll!

On toward Heaven the son of Alcmena strides high on
The heads of the Hydra, the spoils of the lion:
And man, conquering Terror, is worshiped by man.

A camp has this world been since first it began!
From his tents sweeps the roving Arabian; at peace,
A mere wandering shepherd that follows the fleece;
But, warring his way through a world's destinies,
Lo from Delhi, from Bagdad, from Cordova, rise
Domes of empiry, dowered with science and art,
Schools, libraries, forums, the palace, the mart!

New realms to man's soul have been conquered. But those,
Forthwith they are peopled for man by new foes!
The stars keep their secrets, the earth hides her own,
And bold must the man be that braves the Unknown!
Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven;
And many have striven, and many have failed,
And many died, slain by the truth they assailed.

But when Man hath tamed Nature, asserted his place
And dominion, behold! he is brought face to face
With a new foe — himself!
Nor may man on his shield
Ever rest, for his foe is forever afield,
Danger ever at hand, till the armèd Archangel
Sound o'er him the trump of earth's final evangel.

II.

Silence straightway, stern Muse, the soft cymbals of pleasure.
Be all bronzen these numbers, and martial the measure!
Breathe, sonorously breathe, o'er the spirit in me
One strain, sad and stern, of that deep Epopee
Which thou, from the fashionless cloud of far time,
Chantest lonely, when Victory, pale, and sublime
In the light of the aureole over her head,
Hears, and heeds not the wound in her heart fresh and red
Blown wide by the blare of the clarion, unfold
The shrill clanging curtains of war!
And behold
A vision!
The antique Heraclean seats;
And the long Black Sea billow that once bore those fleets

Which said to the winds, "Be ye, too, Genoese!"
And the red angry sands of the chafed Chersonese;
And the two foes of man, War and Winter, allied
Round the Armies of England and France, side by side
Enduring and dying (Gaul and Briton abreast!)
Where the towers of the North fret the skies of the East.

DINNERS.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

O HOUR of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners!
The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrowed, the money he spent;—
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

EACH AND ALL.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Ralph Waldo Emerson, the eminent American poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a long line of ministers; and after graduating from Harvard, taught for a few years, and in 1829 was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. This office, however, he resigned in 1832, on account of the gradually increasing differences between his own modes of thought and those of his hearers. He then made a brief trip to Europe, during which he became acquainted with Carlyle, and on his return commenced his career as lecturer, meeting with continued success in the United States and England. In 1840, on the establishment of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, he became a contributor, and from 1842 to 1844 its editor. He died at his home in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His collected works include: "Nature," "Essays" (two series), "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Poems."]

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee, from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep around yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one —
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam —
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;

Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone —
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said: "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole —
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE RHODODENDRON:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN MAY, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

[Richard Grant White, Shakespearean scholar, critic of music and language, and acute general *littérateur*, was born at New York in 1821. Of ultra High Church and Tory ancestry, and intended for the church, he studied medicine and then law instead, after graduation from the University of New York, and was called to the bar; but turned to literature, was musical, art, and dramatic critic of the New York *Courier and Enquirer* 1845–1854, and its editor 1854–1859; helped found and wrote for *Yankee Doodle* 1846–1847, and the *World* 1860–1861. He was on the commission to select a national hymn in 1861, and wrote a booklet on its disappointing results; during the war greatly served the national interests abroad by letters to the London *Spectator* signed "A Yankee"; and continued his political writing by "The New Gospel of Peace according to St. Benjamin" (anonymous, 1863) and "The Chronicles of Gotham" (on the Tweed Ring, anonymous, 1871). From about 1860 to 1878 he was chief of the U.S. Revenue Marine Bureau of New York. His voluminous Shakespeare work began in 1852 with a crushing review in *Putnam's Magazine* of Collier's emendations; he edited two editions of Shakespeare (1857–1865 and 1883), wrote "Shakespeare's Scholar" (1854), an essay on the authorship of Henry VI. (1859), "Memoirs of William Shakespeare" (1865), and many magazine articles. "Words and their Uses" (1870), "Every-Day English" (1881), and magazine work, represent his contributions to this department. "England Without and Within" (travel sketches, 1881), and a novel, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" (1884), were the fruit of a stay in England. He wrote also "The American View of the Copyright Question" (1880), an article on "The Failure of the Public School System in the United States" (1880), and many other things. He died in 1885.]

We have no national music, as we have no national literature. But to a national hymn, a national music is not essential; for the British (it never was the English) national hymn is the finest in existence, and that was produced in England, which is as barren of melody as America. The germ of the air is not of English growth; but the thing as a whole is of English fabrication. The music, in the present form of its melody and harmony, is in certain points superior even to Haydn's noble air, written for the Austrian national hymn, which a true-born Briton, comparing the two, has naively said, "Wants the manly, majestic, full-hearted boldness of the strains in which we are accustomed to express, not more our respect for our monarch than our own national pride." The words, indeed, are poor enough. Lyrically, they are naught: but they express in strong, blunt language the British national feeling; they denounce the king's enemies roundly, and rate them in good set terms; and they do this in the form of prayer to God. They have thus become, by mingled fitness and association, the

most absolute expression of John Bull-ism, and so are sung with equal gusto by your true Briton before a big battle and after a big dinner.

But this fine national air, and its well-suited words, were they written for a coronation, or a victory, or in a general way to express "not more our respect for our monarch than our own national pride"? By whom were they written, and when, and on what inspiration? These points were long mooted, but they have been pretty nearly settled; and before we are done with the subject, we trust that there will be no doubt left upon the question; for the history of this hymn is so curious and instructive that it is worth our attention.

"God save the King," then, which has become the recognized British national hymn, the concentrated expression of loyalty to King, Lords, and Commons, is, words and music, a rebel composition, written in honor of a pretender to the British throne; and the "enemies" that it so denounces are the reigning House of Hanover and its supporters. It has been attributed to Dr. John Bull, a musician who lived in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; but this could have been done only by persons entirely unacquainted with Bull's compositions, which are formal, dry, and dreary to the last degree, besides being "impossible" enough to please Dr. Johnson. It was even said, upon the authority of a Dr. Cook, who had inspected the archives of the Academy of Ancient Music upon this subject, to have been "written by a Dr. Rogers, in the time of Henry VIII., prior to the Reformation." But the truth is, that it has not yet been known a hundred and twenty-five years, or recognized as a British national hymn for seventy-five years. As late as 1796, a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* expresses a "wish" that "the song of God save the king, may long cheer the heart of many a loyal subject." The air is originally French, and is still sung by the vine-dressers in the south of France. This air Henry Carey, a musician who lived in the reign of William and Mary, Anne, and the first Georges, adopted and rewrote, writing also, and perhaps partly adopting, the verses which are now sung to it, with the exception of two very important words.

"God save the King" was first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1745, where it appears, with the music, among the miscellaneous collection of rhyming odds and ends, at the end of the number, merely as, "*A Song, for two*

voices. As sung at both Playhouses." The melody of the first strain and the last bar is different from, and much inferior to, the present reading. (The change is said to have been made by Dr. Pepusch.) The harmony is Dr. Arne's, he having arranged the song and brought it into public notice at one of the theaters; and hence its publication by Cave in his magazine. Testimony has been produced to show that Henry Carey avowed the authorship of the song once in private. His son, George Savile Carey, set up the same claim for his father, and actually applied to George III. for a pecuniary "gratification" on that account. John Christopher Smith, Handel's well-known amanuensis, also asserted that Carey was the composer. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795, p. 907, a correspondent complains of the "extreme pains lately taken to degrade the excellent old melody, 'God save Great George our king,' by attributing it to Henry Carey; a very pleasant well-humored fellow, and a good composer, but too much of a buffoon to be the parent of an offspring of such awful deportment." Carey's claim to the authorship of this famous song has been recently scouted in England by distinguished musical writers. But there are circumstances and strong internal evidence which sustain the testimony in favor of Carey; and in a way which accounts for his never having owned the song publicly himself.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first line of the song, which is called "a new song" in the Index, is, of course, —

"God save great George, our king."

But as the song grew in favor, it began to be said by some people that, when *they* first heard it, it began —

"God save great *James*, our king."

And indubitable evidence was produced that such was its first form. But there had not been any King James in England since one dark night in 1688! So what did all this mean? The only "person of the name of James," whom any one in England could have asked to have kept particularly safe as king, between 1688 and 1745, was either the dethroned James II., who died in 1701, or his son James, the first Pretender. The song, then, is a Jacobite song; and the enemies against whose politics and knavish tricks it is so devoutly damnatory are, as before said, the grandfathers, in various degrees of greatness, of her present Most Gracious Majesty. This has been before hesitatingly asserted, and stoutly denied in England: but, it would

seem, after a very partial examination of the subject; for at this very day the song, strangely enough, still retains evidence in support of its Jacobite origin, and also of the period at which it was produced. This evidence appears in the first and second stanzas, the former of which was thus sung during the reign of the Georges: —

"God save great George our king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king!"

The advent of William and of Victoria to the throne, whose names would not fit the verse, made a change in the first line necessary, which is now sung, —

"God save *our gracious Queen!*"

And this form will probably be preserved hereafter, adapted to the sex of the monarch, omitting the proper name. But while they were making alterations, it is strange indeed that one word was passed over. The neglect must have happened either from sheer oversight or from the unwillingness to change, even from worse to better, which has become such a distinctive trait of Brother Bull's character. The word in question is in the fourth line of the stanza: "*Send* her (or him) victorious, . . . long to reign over us." Send her whence and whither? Why, Victoria, William, George is there: in England: on the throne. It is as plain as the nose on a Bourbon's face that the king for whom that prayer was first sent up was not within the narrow seas. He was over the water. This is made the surer by the form in which the stanza in question was first written, according to the testimony of those who had heard it sung before 1745, which is supported by interesting collateral evidence.

"*Send* him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Soon to reign over us,
God save the King!"

This king, very clearly, had not arrived, but was expected; and his faithful subjects were impatient. But rather equivocal —

and yet rather unequivocal — words these, to be singing in the year of grace 1740, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our gracious lord and sovereign King George II., son and rightful heir of his Most Gracious Majesty George I., of happy memory. The incongruity is said to have been seen by the composer himself, who sang the song in 1740, at a dinner given at a tavern in Cornhill, in honor of Admiral Vernon's capture of Porto Bello. He then changed "soon" to "long," and owned the song as his composition. But neither Carey nor, strange to say, those who have since manipulated the song seem to have seen the full significance of the stanza; for while "soon" was stricken out, "send," the twin telltale, and the first-born and louder-voiced of the two, was left, and has been prating, open-mouthed, of his bastardy for a hundred and twenty years. And even now, if the inappropriateness of the neglected word should be noticed in the proper official quarter, so much does John Bull prefer his *mumpsimus* that he is used to, to a *sumpsimus* that common-sense shows to be right; so reluctant is he to change for the better, that it is more than probable that the obvious correction to be made — "*Grant* her victorious" — will not be made, and that we shall hear him praying, "with heart and voice," for the very monarch to be *sent* to him under whose glorious reign he is so happy as to be living.

But the second stanza gives evidence even more strongly than the first, though not quite so palpably, to the Jacobite origin of this song: —

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!"

Merely observing the pitiful tameness of "And make them fall," and the ludicrous bluntness of the two following lines, remark particularly that this stanza concerns itself about a king who is in personal peril, from enemies open and secret, and who, with his faithful subjects, is awaiting deliverance. God is called upon not to "scatter his enemies" generally, but to arise, then and there, and do it quickly. The singers do not fix their trust upon the king, but their "hopes"; and

deliverance is expected, longed for, and not only for him: — "God save us *all!*" See too, in this light, the fitness and the significance of those two queer lines —

> "Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks."

Sung under the scepter of Victoria, or her uncle, or her grandfather, they are relatively as absurd as they are intrinsically ridiculous. But think of them sung at night, in a retired room, over a jorum of punch or a magnum of claret, by a knot of Jacobite fellows, expecting the Pretender, and having in mind the politics of Lord Townshend and the knavish tricks of Walpole; and although the poetry is made no better, the incongruity disappears.

It is not certain, however, that Carey originated the motive of this song; and it is not improbable that he derived the form of it, and some of the words, from an old Jacobite song now lost. For the following curious inscription has been discovered upon the drinking glasses, among the relics preserved in Scotland, of an ancient Jacobite family: —

> "God save the King, I pray!
> God save the King!
> Send him victorious,
> Soon to reign over us!
> God bless the Prince of Wales,
> The true-born Prince of Wales,
> Sent us by Thee!
> Grant us one favor more,
> The King for to restore,
> As thou hast done before,
> The Familie!"

Is this the original of Carey's song or a reminiscence of it? The absence of the name of the king introduced by Carey in the first lines, and the allusion in the latter to the birth of the son of James II., which was regarded by the Jacobites as a special interposition of Providence, and by the Whigs as too nearly miraculous to be believed in, seem to point it out as of the very earliest Jacobite origin, and written probably in the first years of the reign of William and Mary, as the king mentioned is plainly James himself, who lost the battle of the Boyne in 1690 and died in 1701. As Carey died by his own hand three years

before the Jacobite insurrection of 1745, he probably composed what Mr. George Hogarth calls "this noble strain of patriotic loyalty" in 1714 or 1715, when the landing of the Pretender was anxiously expected by all parties, and the writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended.

Many additional stanzas have been written to "God save the King," but none of them have established themselves as a part of the hymn. One of them is sufficiently comical to be worth noticing. It was written during the second British civil war of the last century, and after the first victories of the young Pretender, against whom was sent, among other commanders, General Wade, an officer from whom much was expected. So the lieges added a stanza to their loyal song, and sang it at both the playhouses, beginning: —

"Lord grant that Marshal Wade
May, by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring."

A petition that brings to the mind some of those put up now-a-days in New England, in which the petitioners, not content to ask for daily bread or other benefits in general terms, send up with their prayers special intimations of the mode in which they might most conveniently, or at least agreeably, be granted. For manifestly Wade is the individual mainly looked to; and the mighty aid plainly has its chief value in rhyming with the marshal's name, and in furnishing also a parenthetical conscience-saver, or assurance of distinguished consideration in the other quarter. . . .

But to return to the new song which some Englishmen were singing at both the playhouses about the time of these battles, for the success of King George, while some others — these, too, the "real original Jacob-ites" — were singing it at their own houses for the success of King James.

The majestic beauty of the music of "God save the King" has won it a singular distinction which is quite inconsistent with one of the functions of a national air. It has been adopted for the national hymns of Prussia, Hanover, Weimar, Brunswick, and Saxony; so that its distinctive nationality is no longer in its music, but only in its poor, perverted, rebel-born words.

The history of the other great national hymn of the world, "The Marseillaise," — for these two separate themselves by emi-

nence from all the others, — is noticeably and significantly unlike that which has just been examined. Every reader of this little book may not know all the brief history of that marvelous song, which is almost travestied in Lamartine's sentimental melodramatic account of it in the "Girondins." It received its name from the men who first made it known in Paris, the ruffian Marseillais — a horde, some five hundred strong, of the vilest and most brutal of the floating population of a Mediterranean seaport town, who were summoned to Paris by Barbaroux for the purpose of exciting and assisting at the atrocities of 1792.[1] Headed by the wretch Santerre, they marched into Paris, and through its principal streets, on the 30th of July in that year, a band of swarthy, fierce, travel-soiled desperadoes, wearing red Phrygian caps wreathed with green leaves, dragging cannon, and singing as they marched, a song beginning —

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez vous dans ces campaignes
Mugir ces féroces soldats!
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Égorger vos fils et vos compagnes! —
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

These inflaming accents were just suited to the intense craving of the morbid appetite created by the revolution; they at once stimulated and gratified, though they could not slake it; and on that day Paris drank in with greedy ears an intoxication from which, in spite of certain seeming intervals of imposed restraint, she has been reeling ever since.

But who had done this? Not a Marseillais, not a *sans-culotte*, not even a revolutionist. Rouget de Lisle was none of these, but an accomplished officer: an enthusiast for liberty, it is true, but no less a champion of justice and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasbourg early in 1792. One day Dietrich, the mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers who would soon set out to join the army

[1] This is now utterly disproved. Their enrollment lists show them to have been nearly all respectable country householders, tradesmen, etc.; and there is no proof that they were summoned to commit massacres, or did so. — Ed.

of the Rhine. De Lisle consented, wrote the song that night, — the words sometimes coming to him before the music, sometimes the music before the words, — and gave it to Dietrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and as he handed the manuscript to the mayor, he said, "Here is what you asked for; but I fear it is not very good." But Dietrich looked, and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with madame and sang it; they gathered the band of the theater together and rehearsed it; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm that, instead of six hundred volunteers, nine hundred left Strasbourg for the army. This song its author called merely "The War-Song of the Army of the Rhine" (*Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin*). But in the course of a few months it worked its way southwards, and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris, where the people, knowing nothing of its name, its author, or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as "the Song of the Marseillais"; and as "The Marseillaise" it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny.

How widely do the histories of these two hymns differ, and how characteristic is their difference of the two people who have adopted them! The British hymn, like the British constitution, the product of no man and of no time; the origin of its several parts various and uncertain, or seen darkly through the obscurity of the past; its elements the product of different peoples; broached at first in secret, and when brought to light, frowned down as treasonable, heretical, damnable: but at length openly avowed, and gradually growing into favor; modified, curtailed, added to in important points by various hands, yet remaining vitally untouched; at last accepted because it is no longer prudent to refuse to yield it place; and finally insisted upon as the time-honored palladium of British liberty. The Marseillaise, written to order, and in one night, to meet a sudden, imperative demand: struck out at the white heat of unconscious inspiration, perfect in all its parts, *totus, teres, atque rotundus;* and in six months adopted by the people, the army, and the legislature of the whole nation. The air of the one, simple, solid, vigorous, dignified, grand, the music of common-sense and fixed determination; the words, though poor enough, mingling trust, and prayer, and self-confidence, and

respect for whoever is above us, and a readiness to fight stoutly when God and the law are on our side: the other a war cry, a summons to instant battle, warning, appealing, denouncing, fiercely threatening the vengeance of the Furies; having no inspiration but glory, and invoking no god but liberty; beginning in deliberate enthusiasm, and ending in conscious frenzy.

How different the service, too, to which the two songs have been put! The one used always to sustain, to build up, to perpetuate, to express loyalty and faithful endurance; a song of peace and plethoric festivity. The other the signal of destruction, the warning note of revolution; the song that rises from the field where the red plowshare turns up petrified abuses to the light of heaven and vengeance stalks between the stilts; the howl of famished men, and the shriek of nursing mothers whose breasts are dry. The one at best a tonic, but mostly sedative in its operation, and harmless at any time; the other from the beginning a stimulant, and to be used on great occasions only, and for great objects. The Girondists sang the first four lines of it, as — except one who fell before his judges, struck through the heart with his own dagger — they turned away from the bloody tribunal which had condemned them to death in the name of the liberty they had done so much to gain. At the battle of Jemappes, at the most perilous hour of that long doubtful day, Dumouriez, finding his right wing almost without officers, and giving way before the fire of the Austrian infantry and a threatened charge of the Hussars, put himself at the head of his battalions and began to sing the Marseillaise hymn, then not many months old; the soldiers joined in the song, their courage rallied, they charged and carried all before them. And in August of the next year, at the fête of the inauguration of the constitution (always a fête and an inauguration!), when the convention and the delegates from the primary assemblies, including eighty-six *doyens* — which seems to be French for the oldest inhabitant — to represent the eighty-six departments, assembled with a throng of "citizens generally" in the *Place de la Bastille* at four o'clock in the morning around a great fountain, called the Fountain of Regeneration, as soon as the first beams of the sun appeared, they saluted him by singing stanzas to the air of the Marseillaise; and then the President took a cup, poured out before the sun the waters of regeneration, and drank thereof himself, and passed the cup to the oldest inhabitants, and they also drank

thereof, in their parochial capacity. These ways are not the ways of our race. Indeed, even if Sir John Cope had begun to sing "God save the King" at Preston-pans, or General Hawley had in like manner lifted up his voice at Falkirk, or General McDowell had favored the army with the "Star-Spangled Banner" at Manassas (always supposing it to be within the compass of his voice), I doubt much whether they would have produced any change in the fortunes of those battles; nay, I fear they would have been greeted only with unseemly merriment. Sir John Cope's regulars would still have "fled in the utmost confusion at the first onset"; General Hawley's veterans would have been "broke by the first volley" and "turned their backs and fled in the utmost consternation"; and General McDowell's raw volunteers, after fighting three hours and a half against an intrenched enemy in superior force, and driving him two miles before them, would still have been seized with a sudden panic and retreated in disgraceful disorder to Washington, leaving their enemy so crippled that he could not, even if he dared, pursue them.

But differing thus entirely in spirit and origin, these celebrated songs have one historical point in common, which is interesting in itself, and full of significance to such folk as say, Go to, let us make a national hymn: — they have both been perverted from their original purpose. The British hymn, made up, as we have seen, of an air from France, and words from Jacobite Scotland, into a song praying for the scattering, the confounding, the frustrating, and the general damnation of the reigning family, with its words altered by this man and the other, and its melody doctored by this musician and its harmony by the other, has come to be the recognized formal expression of loyalty to the very house for whose overthrow it first petitioned. And as to the Marseillaise, the purpose of its author is sadly told in his sad fate. Soon proscribed as a royalist, he fled from France, and took refuge in the Alps. But the echoes of the chord that he so unwittingly had struck pursued him even to the mountain tops of Switzerland. "What," said he to a peasant guide in the upper fastnesses of the border range, "is this song I hear — *Allons, enfans de la patrie?*" "That? That is the Marseillaise." And thus, suffering from the excesses that he had innocently stimulated, he first learned the name which his countrymen had given to the song that he had written.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

[1780–1843.]

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
  Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
  As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
  Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
  Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
  Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

By Dr. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

[1808–1896.]

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

By ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

[1760–1836.]

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise —
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA (1809).

By M. DE LABORDE.

[1773–1842.]

[The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire.]

To Syria young Dunois will go,
That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
Her blessing on the fight.
"O Thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
He prayed, "Grant this to me:
The fairest maiden let me love,
The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
His vow writes on the stone,
And following the count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
And sang aloud with glee,
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
And honor mine shall be."

Then said the count, "To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess;
Glory on me thou didst bestow,—
I give thee happiness:

My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I gladly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above,
Should valor's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,—
The maid and gallant knight,—
And there with happy hearts their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move;
And all cried joyously,
"Give honor to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

By HENRY CAREY.

[1696–1743.]

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

[December 30, 1865–.]

[In the London *Times*, at the end of the Queen's Jubilee, 1897.]

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law, —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard, —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard, —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
  Amen.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

By MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

[1819–1849.]

A voice resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus.

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE.

By CAMPOAMOR.

(Translated by Ellen Watson.)

[Ramon de Campoamor, Spanish poet, playwright, and general author, was born at Navia in 1817. His works are very numerous, including "Moral and Political Fables," stories in verse, dramas, many short poems, and writings on social and political subjects.]

"And will you write a letter for me, padre?" —
"Yes, child — no need to tell me the address!"
"Do you know whom it's for because on that dark evening
You saw us walking?" — "Yes."

"Pardon! forgive!" — "Oh no, I don't reproach you!
The night, the chance — they tempted you, I know.
Pass me the pen and paper — I will begin, then —
'*My own Antonio!*'" —

"'My own'?" — "Why, yes, I have it written;
But if you like, I'll —" — "Oh no, no, go on!" —
"'*How sad I am*' — is that it?" — "Yes, of course, sir!" —
"'*How sad I am alone!*

"'*Now that I'm writing you, I feel so troubled!*'" —
"How do you know so well?" —
"The secrets of a young girl's heart, my daughter,
The old can always tell."

"'*What is the world alone? a vale of tears, love!*
With you — a happy land!'" —
"Be sure you write it *plainly*, won't you, padre?
So that he'll understand." —

"'*The kiss I gave you on the eve of marching —*'"
"Why, how did you find out?" —
"Oh, when young people come and go together,
Always — nay, do not pout!"

"'*And if your love can't bring you back here quickly,*
'Twill make me suffer — I —'"
"Suffer! and nothing more? No, no, dear padre,
Tell him 'twill make me die!"

"Die! child, do you know that offends our Father?" —
"But still, padre, write '*die.*'" —
"I will not write 'die.'" — "What a man of iron!
If I could only try!

"Oh no, it is no use, you dear good padre:
'Twill never perfect be
If in these signs you cannot lay before him
The very heart of me.

"Write him, I pray you, that my soul without him
Would gladly mourn and die,
But that this lonely heart-ache does not kill me
Because I've learned to cry.

"And that my lips, the roses of my love's breath,
Will never ope again;
That they forget the very art of smiling,
By dint of so much pain.

"And that my eyes he always thought so lovely,—
No longer clear and bright,
Since there is no dear face to mirror in them,
Forever shun the light.

"And that of all the torments ever suffered,
Parting's most hard to bear;
That like a dream the echo of his voice is ringing
Forever in my ear.

"But since it is for his dear sake I suffer,
My heavy heart grows light;
Goodness! how many things I'd like to tell him
If I could only write!

"But, padre—"—"Bravo, Amor! I'll copy and conclude there.
Our learning should be meek:
'Tis clear that one needs for this style of writing
Small Latin and less Greek."

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY.

[1820–1871.]

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Her Letter

Woods and cornfields a little brown, —
The picture must not be overbright, —
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels, — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around, —
Ah! good painter, you can't paint sound!

These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding, the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh! if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother: you will agree,
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins, at her knee,
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:

At ten years old he went to sea, —
God knoweth if he be living now!
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore";
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night,
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low, little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we, with our staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew, —
Dead at the top — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray, have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter — paint it so:
The eyes of our mother, take good heed,
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And, oh! with such injured reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,
The mother — her lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh! that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture and leave that out!

THE FAIRIES.

(Song for Children.)

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[Irish songwright; born Ballyshannon, County Donegal, in 1828; son of a local banker, clerk in the bank some years, then in the customs; assistant editor *Fraser's Magazine*, 1870–1874, then chief editor succeeding Froude; died 1889. He published "Poems" (1850); "Day and Night Songs" (1854); "Lawrence Bloomfield; or, Richard Poor in Ireland" (1864); two anthologies (1862 and 1865); "The Rambles of Patricius Walker" (1872), in *Fraser's Magazine*; "Ashby Manor," a play (1882); etc.]

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
  Some have made their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow-tide foam.
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hill-top
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Sliveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
  On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves
  Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,
He shall feel their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather.

THE CONVICT IN THE MARSHES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Great Expectations.")

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist" (1839), "Nicholas Nickleby" (1839), "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge") (1840–1841), "American Notes" (1842), "A Christmas Carol" (1843: many other Christmas stories followed later), "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844), "Pictures from Italy" (1846), "Dombey and Son" (1848), "David Copperfield" (1850), "Bleak House" (1853), "Hard Times" (1854), "Little Dorrit" (1857), "A Tale of Two Cities" (1859), "Great Expectations" (1861), "Our Mutual Friend" (1865), and the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870). Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

[This piece is inserted in the sure and happy belief that any one who reads it will be unable to resist reading the novel of which it is the introductory chapter. — ANDREW LANG.]

MY FATHER'S family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother,

and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat inshore among the alder trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself — for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet — when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it; partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with — supposing you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir — Mrs. Joe Gargery — wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms: —

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that

young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say, Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold, wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms — clasping himself, as if to hold himself together — and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright: one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered, — like an unhooped cask upon a pole, — an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook

himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

COPPERFIELD AT SCHOOL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[Probably a not incorrect picture of life at a private school about 1825.]

My "First Half" at Salem House.

School began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the schoolroom suddenly becoming hushed as death when Mr. Creakle entered after breakfast, and stood in the doorway looking round upon us like a giant in a story book surveying his captives.

Tungay stood at Mr. Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out "Silence!" so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless.

Mr. Creakle was seen to speak, and Tungay was heard to this effect.

"Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!"

When this dreadful exordium was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of *that* for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and was very soon in tears also.

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr. Creakle made the round of the schoolroom. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate.

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be the Lord High Admiral, or Commander in Chief — in either of which capacities, it is probable, that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

Miserable little propitiators of a remorseless Idol, how abject we were to him! What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to be so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions!

Here I sit at the desk again, watching his eye — humbly watching his eye, as he rules a ciphering book for another victim whose hands have just been flattened by that identical ruler, and who is trying to wipe the sting out with a pocket handkerchief. I have plenty to do. I don't watch his eye in idleness, but because I am morbidly attracted to it, in a dread desire to know what he will do next, and whether it will be my turn to suffer, or somebody else's. A lane of small boys beyond me, with the same interest in his eye, watch it too. I think he knows it, though he pretends he don't. He makes dreadful mouths as he rules the ciphering book; and now he throws his eye sideways down our lane, and we all droop over our books and tremble. A moment afterwards we are again eying him. An unhappy culprit, found guilty of imperfect

exercise, approaches at his command. The culprit falters excuses, and professes a determination to do better to-morrow. Mr. Creakle cuts a joke before he beats him, and we laugh at it — miserable little dogs, we laugh, with our visages as white as ashes, and our hearts sinking into our boots.

Here I sit at the desk again, on a drowsy summer afternoon. A buzz and hum go up around me, as if the boys were so many blue bottles. A cloggy sensation of the lukewarm fat of meat is upon me (we dined an hour or two ago), and my head is as heavy as so much lead. I would give the world to go to sleep. I sit with my eye on Mr. Creakle, blinking at him like a young owl; when sleep overpowers me for a minute, he still looms through my slumber, ruling those ciphering books, until he slowly comes behind me and wakes me to plainer perception of him, with a red ridge across my back.

Here I am in the playground, with my eye still fascinated by him, though I can't see him. The window at a little distance from which I know he is having his dinner stands for him, and I eye that instead. If he shows his face near it, mine assumes an imploring and submissive expression. If he looks out through the glass, the boldest boy (Steerforth excepted) stops in the middle of a shout or yell, and becomes contemplative. One day, Traddles (the most unfortunate boy in the world) breaks that window accidentally with a ball. I shudder at this moment with the tremendous sensation of seeing it done, and feeling that the ball had bounded on to Mr. Creakle's sacred head.

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned — I think he was caned every day that half year, except one holiday Monday when he was only rulered on both hands — and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons, and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last forever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a

solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the Beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part, I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

To see Steerforth walk to church before us, arm in arm with Miss Creakle, was one of the great sights of my life. I didn't think Miss Creakle equal to little Em'ly in point of beauty, and I didn't love her (I didn't dare); but I thought her a young lady of extraordinary attractions, and in point of gentility not to be surpassed. When Steerforth, in white trousers, carried her parasol for her, I felt proud to know him; and believed that she could not choose but adore him with all her heart. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mell were both noted personages in my eyes; but Steerforth was to them what the sun was to two stars.

Steerforth continued his protection of me, and proved a very useful friend, since nobody dared to annoy one whom he honored with his countenance. He couldn't — or at all events he didn't — defend me from Mr. Creakle, who was very severe with me; but whenever I had been treated worse than usual, he always told me that I wanted a little of his pluck, and that he wouldn't have stood it himself; which I felt he intended for encouragement, and considered to be very kind of him. There was one advantage, and only one that I know of, in Mr. Creakle's severity. He found my placard in his way when he came up or down behind the form on which I sat, and wanted to make a cut at me in passing; for this reason it was soon taken off, and I saw it no more.

An accidental circumstance cemented the intimacy between Steerforth and me in a manner that inspired me with great pride and satisfaction, though it sometimes led to inconvenience. It happened on one occasion, when he was doing me the honor of talking to me in the playground, that I hazarded the obser-

vation that something or somebody — I forget what now — was like something or somebody in "Peregrine Pickle." He said nothing at the time, but when I was going to bed at night, asked me if I had got that book?

I told him no, and explained how it was that I had read it, and all those other books of which I had made mention.

"And do you recollect them?" Steerforth said.

Oh, yes, I replied; I had a good memory, and I believed I recollected them very well.

"Then I tell you what, young Copperfield," said Steerforth, "you shall tell 'em to me. I can't get to sleep very early at night, and I generally wake rather early in the morning. We'll go over 'em one after another. We'll make some regular Arabian Nights of it."

I felt extremely flattered by this arrangement, and we commenced carrying it into execution that very evening. What ravages I committed on my favorite authors in the course of my interpretation of them I am not in a condition to say, and should be very unwilling to know; but I had a profound faith in them, and I had, to the best of my belief, a simple earnest manner of narrating what I did narrate; and these qualities went a long way.

The drawback was that I was often sleepy at night, or out of spirits and indisposed to resume the story, and then it was rather hard work, and it must be done; for to disappoint or to displease Steerforth was of course out of the question. In the morning, too, when I felt weary, and should have enjoyed another hour's repose very much, it was a tiresome thing to be roused, like Sultana Scheherazade, and forced into a long story before the getting-up bell rang; but Steerforth was resolute; and as he explained to me, in return, my sums and exercises, and anything in my tasks that was too hard for me, I was no loser by the transaction. Let me do myself justice, however. I was moved by no interested or selfish motive, nor was I moved by fear of him. I admired and loved him, and his approval was return enough. It was so precious to me that I look back on these trifles, now, with an aching heart.

Steerforth was considerate, too, and showed his consideration, in one particular instance, in an unflinching manner that was a little tantalizing, I suspect, to poor Traddles and the rest. Peggotty's promised letter — what a comfortable letter it was! — arrived before "the half" was many weeks old, and

with it a cake, in a perfect nest of oranges, and two bottles of cowslip wine. This treasure, as in duty bound, I laid at the feet of Steerforth, and begged him to dispense.

"Now, I'll tell you what, young Copperfield," said he; "the wine shall be kept to wet your whistle when you are story-telling."

I blushed at the idea, and begged him, in my modesty, not to think of it. But he said he had observed I was sometimes hoarse — a little roopy was his exact expression — and it should be, every drop, devoted to the purpose he had mentioned. Accordingly, it was locked up in his box, and drawn off by himself in a phial, and administered to me through a piece of quill in the cork, when I was supposed to be in want of a restorative. Sometimes, to make it a more sovereign specific, he was so kind as to squeeze orange juice into it, or to stir it up with ginger, or dissolve a peppermint drop in it; and although I cannot assert that the flavor was improved by these experiments, or that it was exactly the compound one would have chosen for a stomachic, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, I drank it gratefully, and was very sensible of his attention.

We seem, to me, to have been months over "Peregrine," and months more over the other stories. The institution never flagged for want of a story, I am certain, and the wine lasted out almost as well as the matter. Poor Traddles — I never think of that boy but with a strange disposition to laugh, and with tears in my eyes — was a sort of chorus in general, and affected to be convulsed with mirth at the comic parts, and to be overcome with fear when there was any passage of an alarming character in the narrative. This rather put me out, very often. It was a great jest of his, I recollect, to pretend that he couldn't keep his teeth from chattering, whenever mention was made of an Alguazil in connection with the adventures of Gil Blas; and I remember that when Gil Blas met the captain of the robbers in Madrid, this unlucky joker counterfeited such an ague of terror that he was overheard by Mr. Creakle, who was prowling about the passage, and handsomely flogged for disorderly conduct in the bedroom.

Whatever I had within me that was romantic and dreamy, was encouraged by so much story-telling in the dark; and in that respect the pursuit may not have been very profitable to me. But the being cherished as a kind of plaything in my

room, and the consciousness that this accomplishment of mine was bruited about among the boys, and attracted a good deal of notice to me though I was the youngest there, stimulated me to exertion. In a school carried on by sheer cruelty, whether it is presided over by a dunce or not, there is not likely to be much learnt. I believe our boys were, generally, as ignorant a set as any schoolboys in existence; they were too much troubled and knocked about to learn; they could no more do that to advantage than any one can do anything to advantage in a life of constant misfortune, torment, and worry.

THE DEATH OF DORA.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Another Retrospect.

[Dora is Copperfield's first love and "child wife." Agnes is the guardian angel who is in love with him, though he does not know it. The piece is an example of Dickens' pathos, not in its most exuberant manifestation.]

They have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed — she sitting at the bedside — and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes, the little birdlike ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be — and in all life, within doors and without — when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child

wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh, what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," said Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes, we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say unreasonable after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go downstairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think — you know I always was a silly little thing! — that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know, now, that my child wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly

settle in my mind is that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest — it was all the merit I had, except being pretty — or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make

me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go downstairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come — not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is downstairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily — heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry is dead.

"Oh, Agnes! Look, look, here!"

— That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven!

"Agnes!"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

By JEAN INGELOW.

[JEAN INGELOW, a popular English poet and novelist, was born in 1830 at Boston, Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker. Her first book, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings" (1850), was published anonymously, and her second, "Poems" (1863), which included "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," attained instant success. Later works are: "A Story of Doom," collected poems; "Poems of the Old Days and the New"; and the novels "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Don John," and "Sarah de Berenger." Miss Ingelow died at Kensington, July 19, 1897.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if you never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sate and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes —
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne.
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin ran again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall [he cried] is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left. "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
  The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
  From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O, come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare.
The waters laid thee at his doore,
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF GOD.[1]

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

(From "Ten Great Religions.")

[JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, an American Unitarian clergyman, theologian, and miscellaneous author, was born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810, and died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. Having graduated at Harvard, he prepared for the ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School; preached at Louisville, Ky., 1833–1840, and in 1841 founded, in Boston, the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for forty-five years. He became noted as a preacher and

[1] Copyright, 1883, by James Freeman Clarke. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

author, and took a prominent part in all educational and reform movements in Boston. His principal publications are: "Ten Great Religions" (1871–1883), "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," "Thomas Didymus," "Common Sense in Religion," "Events and Epochs in Religious History," and "Self-Culture."]

THE mixture of a hidden and private Monotheism with a public Polytheism was the religion of the civilized world, with the exception of Judea, when Christ came. Now, probably, one half of the human race have a Monotheistic religion. These Monotheistic religions are the work of two prophets, Moses and Jesus, from whose teachings Mohammed drew his own inspiration. The semi-Monotheism of China and Eastern Asia is also the result of the teaching of two great souls, Buddha and Confucius. The nature of their inspiration we shall consider in another chapter. Christianity teaches the highest form of Monotheism. Jesus gives no personal name to the Deity, as the religions before him had done. He does not call God by the sacred Jewish name of Yahveh, but by a word designating his character of parental care and love, "Father." The peculiarity of Christian Monotheism is that it combines with the conception of one Supreme, All-perfect Being, Maker and Ruler of all things, which is the philosophic Monotheism, and with that of holy Lawgiver and Judge, and Beneficent Providence, the faith in an infinite tenderness of love. God in Christ comes near to each soul, as an ever-present friend and helper; as one who forgives and saves; a perpetual inspiration and guide; a friend nearer than any other to every child high or low. Farther than this Monotheism can hardly go, for this combines the two extremes of religious thought in a harmonious whole, that of the Being who is infinitely removed from us by his greatness, and the Being who comes nearest to us by his love. This is the fullness of him who fills all in all.

Of all the beliefs of man in regard to the supernatural world, the belief in a human soul as a substantial essence, capable of existing independently of the body, has prevailed most widely. It is found in all parts of the world, in all times, among all classes, however widely separated from each other by physical and moral barriers. The lowest tribes of savages unite with the most sublime philosophers in this conviction. On this point the Hottentot and the Fiji islander agree with Plato and Aristotle.

The evidence of this belief among the lower races, who have no metaphysical theories or language, is to be found in their

universal conviction that all men continue to exist after the death of the body, as disembodied spirits, or, as we say, ghosts.

Our word "ghost," it must be remembered, the same as the German "geist," simply means a spirit. Now the belief of the existence of disembodied spirits is well-nigh universal among the primitive races. All believe in apparitions, in unsubstantial appearances of departed friends. The Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle of North America; the natives of Siberia in the same latitudes in Asia; the Australians and Patagonians at the other extreme of the world; the great religions of antiquity — those of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Peru, the Tartar tribes of Central Asia, the Negroes of Central and Western Africa; the inhabitants of the innumerable islands of the Pacific — have all believed in such a continued spiritual existence of the dead. This belief could only have come from one of two sources — from outward experience or inward consciousness. Either they have all actually seen ghosts, and believe in them for that reason, or else they have not seen them. If they have not seen them, if ghosts have never appeared, this universal belief has prevailed with no facts of outward experience to support it. It must then be based on some profound and universal fact of inward experience. Is there any such fact? There is. We are conscious of a thinking, feeling, and acting self, which has no bodily qualities. This self acts and feels in every part of the body, and yet is not located in any part, for if a part of the body is lost, the thinking and feeling and acting energy remains unimpaired. It seems to go out of the body in dreams, in memory, in imagination, and in thought which makes the past present, the distant near. The soul seems to leave the body in dreams, for then it enters into another world, seemingly as real as this one. It has a marvelous unity, correlating and combining in a central self or ego, imagination, memory, hope and fear, love and hatred, thought and sensation, action, choice, and passive receptivity. It is the one simple ego which has all this experience. Our consciousness does not allow us to suppose that one part of the soul is devoted to thought, another part to feeling, and the like. We say, "I think, I feel, I remember, I am in pain, I like the taste of this fruit, I smell the perfume of that rose, I foresee that some evil may occur, I intend to build a house next year." It is one and the same undivided, indivisible self which does all this. The consciousness of this indivisible unity, a unity of which the

body is incapable, is the same in the savage and the philosopher. It is a primitive, universal, and necessary conviction. The body dissolves at death, but the self within the body is indissoluble. It continues one and the same through all the changes of life, and therefore will continue, men believe, after the physical body dies. Primitive man does not argue in this way, and convince himself thus of his immortality; but the belief is the natural outgrowth of his self-consciousness.

Some eminent thinkers, however, take a different view. They tell us that the man who sleeps and dreams thinks he has two individualities, one of which leaves the other in his sleep, and comes back to it again when he wakes.

Schoolcraft reports that "the North American Indians believe in duplicate souls, one of which remains with the body, while the other departs during sleep." But this is surely a misinterpretation of their idea. There is evidence enough that many primitive races believe that the conscious thinking soul leaves the body during sleep. But there is not a second conscious thinking soul left behind. There is no evidence that any human being, on awakening from a dream, ever remembered that he existed simultaneously in two distinct series of conscious thoughts and actions. His thinking self was only one. It seemed to leave his body and go elsewhere. He saw that the body had a principle of life left with it, but not a second principle of thought. This theory, then, of a double soul is a mere misuse of words, and rests on no scientific basis of observation or experience.

There have been instances of persons who, by some strange cerebral conditions, have passed from one state of consciousness into another, and in the second state have forgotten all they knew in the previous condition. They have then passed back, during an interval of sleep, into their original state, instantly remembering all they learned before while in that condition, but forgetting all they knew in the second. But even this extremely rare phenomenon does not justify the assumption of a double soul. The patient in this case had no double consciousness, but simply forgot in one condition what was remembered in another. This was not having two souls, but it was one soul passing into two different states of thought and life.

It is often asserted that the primitive races regard their shadows as their soul, and hence it is argued that the very notion of the soul may have been derived from the sight of the

shadow. This is reversing the order of thought. The idea of the soul must have existed before it could have been compared to a shadow. When the Romans called a disembodied spirit an "umbra," or shadow, and the Greeks used the same word, they simply meant that it was unsubstantial, like a shadow.

As a shadow is visible, but not tangible, as it retains the outline of the form, so the ghost was believed to be visible but not tangible, and to have a vague outline of the human form. But how could any human being believe that the shadow which always accompanies the body, and is never seen without it, can be the spirit which has no body, and which leaves the body in dreams? The most striking case on record of such an imagination is in the story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow. We ourselves often use the word "shadow" to express something unsubstantial, as when we say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" No one would infer from this that we considered our souls to be the shadows. We can usually best get at the conceptions of the undeveloped races by recalling our own notions when we were children. We shall remember, I think, that our shadow had a mysterious quality to our infantile mind. It aroused our fancy; we may have tried to run away from it; we may have stamped upon it; it was an attendant from which we could not get away. But it never occurred to us for a moment that it was our soul, or self. Similar childish fancies take possession of the childlike races. The natives of Benin call a man's shadow his guide, and believe it will witness if he has done well or ill. The Basutos are careful not to let their shadow fall on the river, lest a crocodile should seize it, and draw them in.

One remarkable and unaccountable exception, if it is an exception, to the universal belief of mankind in the soul as a simple substantial principle of feeling, thought, and will, known by consciousness, is the great religion of Buddha. We are positively assured by the best-informed writers on this religion, that it persistently denies and rejects the notion of a soul in man. This is stated in the most decided form by Rhys Davids, one of the most recent and learned writers. Buddhism, he says, teaches that man is a flux of emotions, thought, acts, with no abiding principle behind them. He quotes a passage from the "Sutta Pitaka," to the effect that the unlearned and sensual man regards the soul as residing in sensation and matter, and so gets the idea "I am." But the wise man who has

escaped both from ignorance and from acquired knowledge does not have this idea, "I am."

Here, however, comes in the necessity of understanding the meaning of words, of entering into the state of mind of the Buddhist thinker. It is of small consequence to have any statement, unless we comprehend the intention of the man who makes it.

Now the whole purpose of original Buddhism was to teach men how to escape the miseries of life by the destruction of desire. Among these desires is the wish for continued existence. This also must be destroyed. Therefore the Pitakas, or oldest religious books, perpetually repeat such statements as this: —

> I see in the world this trembling race given to desire for existences; they lament in the mouth of death, not being free from the desire for reiterated existences. Look on those men trembling with selfishness; let them be unselfish, not having any attachment to existences.

The object being to produce perfect peace by the destruction of all desire — even the desire for continued existence — the remedy must be found in knowledge, which is the Buddhist way of salvation. Brahmanism in the time of Buddha sought the same end. The Laws of Manu say of the sage: "Let him not seek for death, let him not seek for life." But their method of extinguishing all desire was by ascetic mortifications. Buddha had tried these, and found them insufficient. His great discovery was that salvation came through knowledge, knowledge of the laws of being. He reached that state, not by reasoning or philosophy, which he declares can never produce knowledge, but only fluctuating opinion. To him knowledge came by an interior insight of spiritual, moral, and physical law. To destroy all desire, the desire for future existence must be destroyed. This is destroyed by seeing that there is no soul, or personal identity, or ego to continue. Thus Buddhism seems to deny the existence of the soul.

On the other hand it teaches transmigration. This is a fundamental doctrine with Buddhism. But how can there be a migration of souls from one body to another, unless there are souls to migrate? The answer is an ingenious one. Here comes in the great law called Karma, which is the law of cause

and effect made universal. Every moral or immoral action which a man performs produces its result. If he does right he goes up, if wrong he goes down. When a man dies the whole results of his life are summed up in a new being, who takes his place by the law of Karma. He does not pass into another body, but another being appears as the consequence of his conduct. So the Buddhist metaphysicians say that what we call transmigration is really metamorphosis.

But this fine-spun doctrine belongs to the metaphysics, not to the religion of Buddhism. Even Hardy himself tells us that "it is almost universally repudiated." In historical composition, in narrative, and in conversation, the common idea of transmigration is always presented. We meet with innumerable passages like the following: "These four, by the help of Buddha, went after death to the celestial world. 'I myself was the wise merchant of this transaction.'"

This Buddhist doctrine of no soul is, therefore, no exception to the general law. The Buddhists, like the rest of mankind, believe in the personal ego, and its continued existence hereafter. Whatever their metaphysics may demand, their faith is in the continued existence of the individual through many births and deaths till he reach Nirvána. One of the most learned writers on Buddhism, Samuel Beal, takes this view in his introduction to "The Romantic History of Buddha."

We have seen how belief in a personal self arises through consciousness. Observation of organized life leads to a like conclusion. We observe in all animals and plants an organization in which matter is governed, molded, renewed, correlated, and brought into unity by some power not perceptible to the senses. There is a cause which operates steadily and constantly on every part of the organization, bringing all under the use of the unit,—a law of growth in the plant, of sensation in the animal, of thought in the man. While the vital vortex is going on, all the physical laws to which the molecules of the body are otherwise subject are neutralized and overcome. The law of gravity is neutralized and overcome in the plant which grows upward. The law of inertia is overcome in animals, who can originate motion. The chemical laws are overcome in plants and animals, which resist change and decay. If the phrase vital principle is objected to, no one can deny the existence of a vital unity, which is unexplained by the senses. We are obliged to suppose some cause of all this, and a common

cause of this correlation. Men have decided to call it life or soul.

Not only has the existence of the soul been received in all religions (with the apparent exception of Buddhism), but also it has been the basis of all philosophies which deserve that name.

According to Pythagoras the soul is an emanation of the world soul, and so partakes of the divine nature. At death it leaves this body to take another, and so goes through the circle of appointed forms. The soul in man is a self-moving principle. Ovid describes this Pythagorean view of transmigration in verses thus translated by Dryden: —

> Souls cannot die. They leave a former home
> And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
> Nothing can perish, all things change below,
> For spirits through all forms may come and go.
> Good beasts shall rise to human forms; and men
> If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.
> Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go,
> And thus fulfil its destiny below.

The human soul, according to Plato, is essentially rational. It is pure mind, but associated with a lower animal soul, composed of energy or active power, and desire or passive affection.

The immortality of the soul is argued in the beautiful dialogue of "Phædo," one of the most charming works in all literature. According to Socrates, in this dialogue, the soul is the ego, the mind which thinks, loves, and acts, and when death comes, it is not the mind which dies, but the body. At the close of this long dialogue, one of the disciples of Socrates asks him what he wishes them to do with him after his death. He smiles and says: "Anything you please, if you can catch me."

According to the Stoics, the soul is an emanation of the Deity, an inborn breath of God, extending through the body.

According to Aristotle, all living things have a soul; the plant has a soul which enables it to grow; it is a constructive force. The vital force of the animal adds to this, sensation, desire, locomotion; in man, the faculty of reason is added.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization. (1) Because all we know is sensible phenomena. (2) Because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is

sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible unity; whereas matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain fibers decay, memory goes; without phosphorus, no thought,— is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is dis-

ordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus was not supplied to the brain. But this is no such great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon, no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.

SELF-CULTURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[William Ellery Channing, American Unitarian clergyman, one of the chief founders of his sect in America, was born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. An edition of his sermons, addresses, and other productions was published in 1848.]

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth

and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus

outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to

fall to pieces at death, but as a being of free spiritual powers; and I place little value on any culture but that which aims to bring out these and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work bench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or daydreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery!

You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer that Man is greater than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a great work? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all condi-

tions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamt of is needed by our whole race!

A great idea, like this of Self-culture, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important and only sufficient means. Let such consider that the grand volumes of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

A SERMON OF OLD AGE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

[THEODORE PARKER: An American clergyman; born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in arts in 1834 and in divinity in 1836. His extreme heterodox views brought upon him much adverse criticism. He was intimately associated with the antislavery leaders of the day and is more noted as a speaker than as a writer. He published "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion" (1842), "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology" (1853), etc.]

ALAS for the man who has lived meanly! his old age is a sad and wintry day, whereunto the spring offers no promise. He sowed the wind: it is the storm he reaps.

Here is an old sensualist. In his youth he threw the reins on the neck of every lust which wars against the soul. In his graver years, his calculation was only for the appetites of the flesh, ambition for sensual delight. Now he is old, his desire has become habit, but the instruments of his appetite are dull, broken, worn out. He recollects the wine and the debauch once rejoiced in; now they have lost their relish; his costly meat turns to gall in him. He remembers nothing but his feasting, and his riot, and his debauch. He has had his skin full of animal gluttony, nothing more. He thinks of the time when the flesh was strong about him. So the Hebrews, whom Moses led out of thraldom, remembered the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely, and said, "Carry us back to Egypt, that we may serve false gods and be full." He dreams of his old life; some night of sickness, when opium has drugged him to sleep, it comes up once more. His old fellow-sinners have risen from the dead; they prepare the feast; they pour the wine; they sing the filthy ribald song; the lewd woman comes in his dream; — alas! it is only a dream; he wakes with his gout and chagrin. Let us leave him with his bottle and his bloat, his recollection and his gout. Poor old man! his gray hairs not venerable, but stained with drunkenness and lust. So have I seen, in other lands, the snows of winter fall on what was once a mountain that spouted cataracts of fire. Now all is cold, and the volcano's crater is but a bowl of ice, which no mortal summer can melt; and underneath it there are the scoriæ and the lava which the volcano threw up in its heat — cold, barren, ugly to look on. O young man! young maid! would you be buried alive, to die of rot, in such a grave as that?

Here is an old man who loved nothing but money. Instead of a conscience, heart, and soul, he had only a three-headed greedy worm, which longed for money — copper, silver, gold. In youth, he minted his passion into current coin, courting an estate; in manhood, he was ambitious only for gold; in old age, he has his money, the passion and ambition therefor; the triple greedy worm, three times more covetous than before. As the powers of the body fail, his lust for gold grows fiercer in that decay: —

escaped both from ignorance and from acquired knowledge does not have this idea, "I am."

Here, however, comes in the necessity of understanding the meaning of words, of entering into the state of mind of the Buddhist thinker. It is of small consequence to have any statement, unless we comprehend the intention of the man who makes it.

Now the whole purpose of original Buddhism was to teach men how to escape the miseries of life by the destruction of desire. Among these desires is the wish for continued existence. This also must be destroyed. Therefore the Pitakas, or oldest religious books, perpetually repeat such statements as this: —

> I see in the world this trembling race given to desire for existences; they lament in the mouth of death, not being free from the desire for reiterated existences. Look on those men trembling with selfishness; let them be unselfish, not having any attachment to existences.

The object being to produce perfect peace by the destruction of all desire — even the desire for continued existence — the remedy must be found in knowledge, which is the Buddhist way of salvation. Brahmanism in the time of Buddha sought the same end. The Laws of Manu say of the sage: "Let him not seek for death, let him not seek for life." But their method of extinguishing all desire was by ascetic mortifications. Buddha had tried these, and found them insufficient. His great discovery was that salvation came through knowledge, knowledge of the laws of being. He reached that state, not by reasoning or philosophy, which he declares can never produce knowledge, but only fluctuating opinion. To him knowledge came by an interior insight of spiritual, moral, and physical law. To destroy all desire, the desire for future existence must be destroyed. This is destroyed by seeing that there is no soul, or personal identity, or ego to continue. Thus Buddhism seems to deny the existence of the soul.

On the other hand it teaches transmigration. This is a fundamental doctrine with Buddhism. But how can there be a migration of souls from one body to another, unless there are souls to migrate? The answer is an ingenious one. Here comes in the great law called Karma, which is the law of cause

and effect made universal. Every moral or immoral action which a man performs produces its result. If he does right he goes up, if wrong he goes down. When a man dies the whole results of his life are summed up in a new being, who takes his place by the law of Karma. He does not pass into another body, but another being appears as the consequence of his conduct. So the Buddhist metaphysicians say that what we call transmigration is really metamorphosis.

But this fine-spun doctrine belongs to the metaphysics, not to the religion of Buddhism. Even Hardy himself tells us that "it is almost universally repudiated." In historical composition, in narrative, and in conversation, the common idea of transmigration is always presented. We meet with innumerable passages like the following: "These four, by the help of Buddha, went after death to the celestial world. 'I myself was the wise merchant of this transaction.'"

This Buddhist doctrine of no soul is, therefore, no exception to the general law. The Buddhists, like the rest of mankind, believe in the personal ego, and its continued existence hereafter. Whatever their metaphysics may demand, their faith is in the continued existence of the individual through many births and deaths till he reach Nirvána. One of the most learned writers on Buddhism, Samuel Beal, takes this view in his introduction to "The Romantic History of Buddha."

We have seen how belief in a personal self arises through consciousness. Observation of organized life leads to a like conclusion. We observe in all animals and plants an organization in which matter is governed, molded, renewed, correlated, and brought into unity by some power not perceptible to the senses. There is a cause which operates steadily and constantly on every part of the organization, bringing all under the use of the unit,—a law of growth in the plant, of sensation in the animal, of thought in the man. While the vital vortex is going on, all the physical laws to which the molecules of the body are otherwise subject are neutralized and overcome. The law of gravity is neutralized and overcome in the plant which grows upward. The law of inertia is overcome in animals, who can originate motion. The chemical laws are overcome in plants and animals, which resist change and decay. If the phrase vital principle is objected to, no one can deny the existence of a vital unity, which is unexplained by the senses. We are obliged to suppose some cause of all this, and a common

cause of this correlation. Men have decided to call it life or soul.

Not only has the existence of the soul been received in all religions (with the apparent exception of Buddhism), but also it has been the basis of all philosophies which deserve that name.

According to Pythagoras the soul is an emanation of the world soul, and so partakes of the divine nature. At death it leaves this body to take another, and so goes through the circle of appointed forms. The soul in man is a self-moving principle. Ovid describes this Pythagorean view of transmigration in verses thus translated by Dryden: —

> Souls cannot die. They leave a former home
> And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
> Nothing can perish, all things change below,
> For spirits through all forms may come and go.
> Good beasts shall rise to human forms; and men
> If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.
> Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go,
> And thus fulfill its destiny below.

The human soul, according to Plato, is essentially rational. It is pure mind, but associated with a lower animal soul, composed of energy or active power, and desire or passive affection.

The immortality of the soul is argued in the beautiful dialogue of "Phædo," one of the most charming works in all literature. According to Socrates, in this dialogue, the soul is the ego, the mind which thinks, loves, and acts, and when death comes, it is not the mind which dies, but the body. At the close of this long dialogue, one of the disciples of Socrates asks him what he wishes them to do with him after his death. He smiles and says: "Anything you please, if you can catch me."

According to the Stoics, the soul is an emanation of the Deity, an inborn breath of God, extending through the body.

According to Aristotle, all living things have a soul; the plant has a soul which enables it to grow; it is a constructive force. The vital force of the animal adds to this, sensation, desire, locomotion; in man, the faculty of reason is added.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization. (1) Because all we know is sensible phenomena. (2) Because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is

sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible unity; whereas matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain fibers decay, memory goes; without phosphorus, no thought,— is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is dis-

ordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus was not supplied to the brain. But this is no such great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon, no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.

SELF-CULTURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[William Ellery Channing, American Unitarian clergyman, one of the chief founders of his sect in America, was born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. An edition of his sermons, addresses, and other productions was published in 1848.]

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth

and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus

outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to

fall to pieces at death, but as a being of free spiritual powers; and I place little value on any culture but that which aims to bring out these and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work bench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or daydreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery!

You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer that Man is greater than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a great work? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all condi-

tions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamt of is needed by our whole race!

A great idea, like this of Self-culture, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important and only sufficient means. Let such consider that the grand volumes of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

A SERMON OF OLD AGE.

By THEODORE PARKER.

[THEODORE PARKER: An American clergyman; born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in arts in 1834 and in divinity in 1836. His extreme heterodox views brought upon him much adverse criticism. He was intimately associated with the antislavery leaders of the day and is more noted as a speaker than as a writer. He published "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion" (1842), "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology" (1853), etc.]

ALAS for the man who has lived meanly! his old age is a sad and wintry day, whereunto the spring offers no promise. He sowed the wind: it is the storm he reaps.

Here is an old sensualist. In his youth he threw the reins on the neck of every lust which wars against the soul. In his graver years, his calculation was only for the appetites of the flesh, ambition for sensual delight. Now he is old, his desire has become habit, but the instruments of his appetite are dull, broken, worn out. He recollects the wine and the debauch once rejoiced in; now they have lost their relish; his costly meat turns to gall in him. He remembers nothing but his feasting, and his riot, and his debauch. He has had his skin full of animal gluttony, nothing more. He thinks of the time when the flesh was strong about him. So the Hebrews, whom Moses led out of thraldom, remembered the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely, and said, "Carry us back to Egypt, that we may serve false gods and be full." He dreams of his old life; some night of sickness, when opium has drugged him to sleep, it comes up once more. His old fellow-sinners have risen from the dead; they prepare the feast; they pour the wine; they sing the filthy ribald song; the lewd woman comes in his dream; — alas! it is only a dream; he wakes with his gout and chagrin. Let us leave him with his bottle and his bloat, his recollection and his gout. Poor old man! his gray hairs not venerable, but stained with drunkenness and lust. So have I seen, in other lands, the snows of winter fall on what was once a mountain that spouted cataracts of fire. Now all is cold, and the volcano's crater is but a bowl of ice, which no mortal summer can melt; and underneath it there are the scoriæ and the lava which the volcano threw up in its heat — cold, barren, ugly to look on. O young man! young maid! would you be buried alive, to die of rot, in such a grave as that?

Here is an old man who loved nothing but money. Instead of a conscience, heart, and soul, he had only a three-headed greedy worm, which longed for money — copper, silver, gold. In youth, he minted his passion into current coin, courting an estate; in manhood, he was ambitious only for gold; in old age, he has his money, the passion and ambition therefor; the triple greedy worm, three times more covetous than before. As the powers of the body fail, his lust for gold grows fiercer in that decay: —

—the interest table is his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.

How afraid he is of the assessor! In youth avarice was a passion; in manhood calculation; but now the passion is stronger, the calculation more intense, and there is the habit of covetousness, eighty years old. The accumulated fall of eighty winters gives his covetousness such a momentum as carries him with swiftly accelerated speed down into the bottomless pit of hunkerism. He has no care for right and justice; no love for mankind; none for God. Mammon is his sole divinity, that Godhead a trinity of coin. What an end of what a life! His gray hairs cover only an estate; he is worth nothing.

Did you ever see the old age of a covetous man who for eighty years had gathered gold and nothing more? I have seen more than one such. It is the sin of New England. I spoke of poverty the other day; of want which I saw in the cellars of Broad Street and Burgess Alley, in the attics of the North End Block. There is no want so squalid, no misery of poverty so desperate, as the consciousness of an old miser, in his old age of covetousness. Pass him by.

What a beautiful thing is the old age which crowns a noble life, of rich or poor! How fair are the latter days of many a woman — wife, mother, sister, aunt, friend — whom you and I have known! How proud were the last years of Washington; the old age of Franklin! How beautiful in his late autumn is Alexander von Humboldt! The momentum of manliness bears on the venerable man beyond his four-and-eightieth year. There you see the value of time. It takes much to make a great life, as to make a great estate. No amount of genius that God ever gives a man could enable one to achieve at forty what Humboldt has only done at more than eighty. It was so with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Leibnitz, every great man who has awed the world by the action of a mighty intellect, with corresponding culture.

These are men of high talent, station, genius perhaps. But the old age of a Quaker tailor in Philadelphia and New York was not a whit less fair. The philanthropy of Isaac Hopper blessed the land; in his manhood it enriched the world; in his old age it beautified his own life, giving an added glory to his soul.

How many farmers, mechanics, traders, servants, how many mothers, wives, and aunts have you and I known, whose last days were a handsome finish to a handsome life; the Christian ornament on the tall column of time! Their old age was the slow setting of the sun which left

> The smile of his departure spread
> O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Miss Kindly is aunt to everybody, and has been so long that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her; she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments, threescore years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found the way to college lay through her pocket. Generations not her own rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. That great fortune — when it was a seed, she carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old, very old. The little children, who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas, such an advent is there of blessings from her hand. She has helped lay a Messiah in many a poor man's crib.

Her hands are thin; her voice feeble; her back is bent; she walks with a staff — the best limb of the three. She wears a cap of antique pattern, yet of her own nice make. She has great round spectacles, and holds her book away off the other side of the candle when she reads. For more than sixty years she has been a special providence to the family. How she used to go forth — the very charity of God — to soothe and heal and bless! How industrious are her hands! how thoughtful and witty that fertile mind! Her heart has gathered power to love in all the eighty-six years of her toilsome life. When the birth angel came to a related house, she was there to be the mother's mother; ay, mother also to the newborn baby's soul. And when the wings of death flapped in the street and shook a neighbor's door, she smoothed down the pillow for the fainting head; she soothed and cheered the spirit of the waiting man, opening the curtains of heaven that he might look through and see the welcoming face of the dear Infinite mother: nay,

she put the wings of her own strong, experienced piety under him, and sought to bear him up.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are recollected in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum, her good works are laid up, imperishable, in the geology of her character.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

By HORACE BUSHNELL.

[Horace Bushnell: An American theologian; born in Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802; died at Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1876. He was graduated from Yale in 1827; taught school; studied law; engaged in journalism; and in 1833 became a Congregational clergyman. His liberal views resulted in his trial for heresy, but he was not excommunicated. His works include: "Christian Nature" (1847), "God in Christ" (1849), "Christ in Theology" (1851), "Nature and the Supernatural" (1858), "Sermons for the New Life" (1858), "Character of Jesus" (1861), "Work and Play" (1864), "The Vicarious Sacrifice" (1865), "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868), "Woman Suffrage" (1869), and "Forgiveness and Law" (1874). He received the degree of D.D. from Wesleyan in 1842, and from Harvard in 1852; and that of LL.D. from Yale in 1871.]

Come now, all ye that tell us in your wisdom of the mere natural humanity of Jesus, and help us to find how it is that he is only a natural development of the human; select your best and wisest character; take the range, if you will, of all the great philosophers and saints, and choose out one that is most competent; or if, perchance, some one of you may imagine that he is himself about upon a level with Jesus (as we hear that some of you do), let him come forward in this trial and say — "Follow me," — "Be worthy of me," — "I am the light of the world," — "Ye are from beneath, I am from above," — "Behold a greater than Solomon is here;" — take on all these transcendent assumptions, and see how soon your glory will be sifted out of you by the detective gaze, and darkened by the contempt, of mankind! Why not? is not the challenge fair? Do you not tell us that you can say as divine things as he? Is it not in you too, of course, to do what is human? Are you

not in the front rank of human developments? Do you not rejoice in the power to rectify many mistakes and errors in the words of Jesus? Give us then this one experiment, and see if it does not prove to you a truth that is of some consequence; viz., that you are a man, and that Jesus Christ is — more.

But there is also a passive side to the character of Jesus, which is equally peculiar and which likewise demands our attention. I recollect no really great character in history, excepting such as may have been formed under Christianity, that can properly be said to have united the passive virtues, or to have considered them any essential part of a finished character. Socrates comes the nearest to such an impression, and therefore most resembles Christ in the submissiveness of his death. It does not appear, however, that his mind had taken this turn previously to his trial, and the submission he makes to the public sentence is, in fact, a refusal only to escape from the prison surreptitiously; which he does, partly because he thinks it the duty of every good citizen not to break the laws, and partly, if we judge from his manner, because he is detained by a subtle pride; as if it were something unworthy of a grave philosopher, to be stealing away, as a fugitive, from the laws and tribunals of his country. The Stoics, indeed, have it for one of their great principles, that the true wisdom of life consists in a passive power, viz., in being able to bear suffering rightly. But they mean by this, the bearing of suffering so as not to feel it; a steeling of the mind against sensibility, and a raising of the will into such power as to drive back the pangs of life, or shake them off. But this, in fact, contains no allowance of passive virtue at all; on the contrary, it is an attempt so to exalt the active powers, as even to exclude every sort of passion, or passivity. And Stoicism corresponds, in this respect, with the general sentiment of the world's great characters. They are such as like to see things in the heroic vein, to see spirit and courage breasting themselves against wrong, and where the evil cannot be escaped by resistance, dying in a manner of defiance. Indeed it has been the impression of the world generally, that patience, gentleness, readiness to suffer wrong without resistance, is but another name for weakness.

But Christ, in opposition to all such impressions, manages to connect these nonresisting and gentle passivities with a character of the severest grandeur and majesty; and what is

more, convinces us that no truly great character can exist without them.

Observe him, first, in what may be called the common trials of existence. For if you will put a character to the severest of all tests, see whether it can bear without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life. Many a man will go to his martyrdom, with a spirit of firmness and heroic composure, whom a little weariness or nervous exhaustion, some silly prejudice or capricious opposition, would, for the moment, throw into a fit of vexation or ill nature. Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones. In all the history of his life, we are not able to detect the faintest indication that he slips or falters. And this is the more remarkable, that he is prosecuting so great a work with so great enthusiasm — counting it his meat and drink, and pouring into it all the energies of his life. For when men have great works on hand, their very enthusiasm runs to impatience. When thwarted or unreasonably hindered, their soul strikes fire against the obstacles they meet, they worry themselves at every hindrance, every disappointment, and break out in stormy and fanatical violence. But Jesus, for some reason, is just as even, just as serene, in all his petty vexations and hindrances, as if he had nothing on hand to do. A kind of sacred patience invests him everywhere. Having no element of crude will mixed with his work, he is able, in all trial and opposition, to hold a condition of serenity above the clouds, and let them sail under him, without ever obscuring the sun. He is poor, and hungry, and weary, and despised, insulted by his enemies, deserted by his friends, but never disheartened, never fretted or ruffled.

You see, meantime, that he is no Stoic; he visibly feels every such ill as his delicate and sensitive nature must, but he has some sacred and sovereign good present, to mingle with his pains, which, as it were, naturally and without any self-watching, allays them. He does not seem to rule his temper, but rather to have none; for temper, in the sense of passion, is a fury that follows the will, as the lightnings follow the disturb-

ing forces of the winds among the clouds; and accordingly, where there is no self-will to roll up the clouds and hurl them through the sky, the lightnings hold their equilibrium, and are as though they were not.

As regards what is called preëminently his passion, the scene of martyrdom that closes his life, it is easy to distinguish a character in it which separates it from all mere human martyrdoms. Thus, it will be observed that his agony, the scene in which his suffering is bitterest and most evident, is, on human principles, wholly misplaced. It comes before the time, when as yet there is no arrest and no human prospect that there will be any. He is at large, to go where he pleases, and in perfect outward safety. His disciples have just been gathered round him in a scene of more than family tenderness and affection. Indeed it is but a very few hours since that he was coming into the city, at the head of a vast procession, followed by loud acclamations, and attended by such honors as may fitly celebrate the inaugural of a king. Yet here, with no bad sign apparent, we see him plunged into a scene of deepest distress, and racked, in his feeling, with a more than mortal agony. Coming out of this, assured and comforted, he is shortly arrested, brought to trial, and crucified, where, if there be anything questionable in his manner, it is in the fact that he is even more composed than some would have him to be, not even stooping to defend himself or vindicate his innocence. And when he dies, it is not as when the martyrs die. They die for what they have said, and remaining silent will not recant. He dies for what he has not said, and still is silent.

By the misplacing of his agony thus, and the strange silence he observes when the real hour of agony is come, we are put entirely at fault on natural principles. But it was not for him to wait, as being only a man, till he is arrested, and the hand of death is upon him, then to be nerved by the occasion to a show of victory. He that was before Abraham must also be before his occasions. In a time of safety, in a cool hour of retirement, unaccountably to his friends, he falls into a dreadful contest and struggle of mind, coming out of it finally to go through his most horrible tragedy of crucifixion, with the serenity of a spectator!

Why now this so great intensity of sorrow? Why this agony? Was there not something unmanly in it, something unworthy of a really great soul? Take him to be only a man,

and there probably was; nay, if he were a woman, the same might be said. But this one thing is clear, that no one of mankind, whether man or woman, ever had the sensibility to suffer so intensely, even showing the body, for the mere struggle and pain of the mind, exuding and dripping with blood. Evidently there is something mysterious here; which mystery is vehicle to our feeling, and rightfully may be, of something divine. What, we begin to ask, should be the power of a superhuman sensibility? and how far should the human vehicle shake under such a power? How, too, should an innocent and pure spirit be exercised, when about to suffer, in his own person, the greatest wrong ever committed?

Besides, there is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and, in a certain sense, the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How then, if perchance Jesus should be divine, an embodiment of God's love in the world — how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history; to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God, the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him! Whosoever duly ponders these questions will find that he is led away, more and more, from any supposition of the mere mortality of Jesus. What he looks upon he will more and more distinctly see to be the pathology of a superhuman anguish. It stands, he will perceive, in no mortal key. It will be to him the anguish, visibly, not of any pusillanimous feeling, but of holy character itself; nay, of a mysteriously transcendent, or somehow divine character.

But why did he not defend his cause and justify his innocence in the trial? Partly because he had the wisdom to see that there really was and could be no trial, and that one who undertakes to plead with a mob only mocks his own virtue, throwing words into the air that is already filled with the clamors of prejudice. To plead in such a case is only to make a protestation such as indicates fear, and is really unworthy of a great and composed spirit. A man would have done it, but Jesus did not. Besides, there was a plea of innocence in the manner of Jesus, and the few very significant words that he dropped, that had an effect on the mind of Pilate, more searching and powerful than any formal protestations. And the more

we study the conduct of Jesus during the whole scene, the more we shall be satisfied that he said enough; the more admire the mysterious composure, the wisdom, the self-possession, and the superhuman patience of the sufferer. It was visibly the death scene of a transcendent love. He dies not as a man, but rather as some one might who is mysteriously more and higher. So thought aloud the hard-faced soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." As if he had said, "I have seen men die; this is not a man. They call him Son of God; he cannot be less." Can he be less to us?

NURTURE OF NOBLE IMPULSE.[1]

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(From a sermon preached May 30, 1875.)

[HENRY WARD BEECHER: An American clergyman; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N.Y., March 8, 1887. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher (1775–1863). He was graduated at Amherst in 1834; studied at Lane Theological Seminary, of which his father was president; was pastor at Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1837–1839; at Indianapolis, Ind., 1839–1847; and at Plymouth (Congregational) Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., until his death. He was editor of the *Independent*, 1861–1863, and delivered several courses of lectures at Yale. He was equally successful as a lecturer and a preacher, and his congregation at Brooklyn was one of the largest in the United States. Among his principal works are: "Lectures to Young Men" (1850), "Star Papers" (1855), "Life Thoughts" (1858), "Royal Truths" (1864), "Norwood," a novel (1864), "Life of Christ" (1871), "Evolution and Revolution" (1884), "Two Sermons on Evolution and Religion" (1885), and many other volumes of sermons. He was the founder of the *Christian Union*, and its editor, 1870–1881.]

WHEN, after long, long days of sailing during which no reckoning has been taken by the lost mariner, there opens, for half an hour, a rift in the cloud, he gets a view of the sun, and instantly he takes an observation; and then the cloud shuts again. Ah! but he has had an observation. The days are dark, and the storm continues; but he has had an observation, and that is of great advantage. But how much better it would have been if the storm had cleared away and given him a calm sea and an unobscured sky! Yet a momentary observation was better than nothing.

Now, it is better than nothing for a bad man to have one virtuous impulse; it is better than nothing for a man in a rocky field to find one place where there is soil and where a

[1] By permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

handful of corn will grow and wave like the trees of Lebanon; it is a glorious thing for a man to know that there is something in the world besides himself, and that he is not omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent; it is a good thing for a man once in his life to feel little, and to know himself as he is; but how much better it would be if he could fix the vision and turn it into character!

Many there are who admit that craftiness is wicked, but their whole life has been a training in good-natured insincerity. There are thief-like natures that bear the marks of what they are upon them; there are some men that it is conniving with fraud to look at twice, as there are some men that no woman could look at twice without the imputation of unchastity; but the most crafty men are not the men who are foxlike, vulpine. There are thousands of men who are exceedingly crafty, but over whose craft plays the fountain of good nature and good fellowship. Their craftiness is sheathed. They tell you pleasant stories, and say a thousand pleasant things.

When a farmer wants to catch wild turkeys, building his pen in the woods, and digging his trench, he strews corn along. He must be a miser who would grudge enough corn to catch a dozen turkeys; and crafty men must be mean and selfish indeed if they cannot spare enough disinterestedness to catch you with. And so they bait themselves with good nature, with jollity, and with wit; and people say of them, oftentimes, "Now that man has a great deal that is good about him." Yes, it is *about* him. There are men of whom it is said, "Oh well, a man had better look out for him in the end, but still he has very good qualities." He is a pleasant fellow; but under all his pleasantness there is craft.

I have seen mosquitoes. They are very delicately organized creatures. They have beautiful wings, looked at through the microscope; they sing a very sweet tenor; and if you notice how they sit down on you, nothing is more graceful. Lighting, they hush their song; and it is not until they have found the right place that they commence sucking your blood. And there are men in the world that are just like them. Blood is what they want. That is the reason of their gauzy flight and their singing about you. Since it is blood they want, they take the way to get it.

Then there are men who are not so bad as this. There are men who believe that the medium between honesty and crafti-

ness is the golden mean of life. They think that a man must not be too honest or too crafty. They have an idea that there should be a little craft with honesty, as there is a little alloy in coin — just enough to make it circulate well. That, they think, is wisdom. There are times when men, under the inspiration of truth, and of a high ideal of manhood, are filled with impulses of benefaction. Here is a man who has built himself up, not by stealing, not by wronging others, but by quarrying his own stone, and cutting his own timber. He cheats no one, defrauds no one, but helps and does good to many, and there is much in his life that he can take satisfaction in; and yet there are many things in which he is conscious that he comes short. And even the sneaking man of fraud has times when he is thoroughly ashamed of himself, and has no doubt that he needs to be born again. Yea, such men in the sanctuary often have lifted upon them such a light of heaven and of a better nature and character, and they feel such a need of the divine Spirit, that all their soul, for the hour, goes out in that direction. Oh, that the feeling could be condensed! Oh, that it could be kept! But there is an old channel through which it has been running; that channel is not altered; and to-morrow, when life resumes its ordinary operation, the man falls into the same soul current again, and finds himself swept away.

So there are men whose habitual current is that of greed, avarice, stinginess; and yet they are sometimes lifted above their lower selves into the realm of their real, true, higher nature. There comes a time when the community is moved toward some great enterprise. The champion of that enterprise opens up the grand theme of its importance as a public movement. A man listens; and, while the discourse stirs and stimulates him, under the influence of the speaker's voice he says to himself, "That is grand! I will give five thousand dollars to that." The meeting closes, and the audience disappear, and on his way home he falls in with a neighbor, and says, "That was a magnificent presentation; it really touched me; and I made up my mind on the spot that I would give twenty-five hundred dollars to this cause." He goes home, and at the dinner table the subject comes up, and he says, "My dear, I think we ought not to let such impulses of inspiration as we have felt to-day go empty; and I have made up my mind to subscribe a thousand dollars." On the morrow he

meets a friend, and says, "I am glad to see you, Saxton: you and I ought to move in this matter. I have agreed to give five hundred dollars." And when he comes to subscribe he gives two hundred and fifty dollars! He started at five thousand dollars and stopped at two hundred and fifty—and it was the grace of God that stopped him there! While the impulse was on him, nothing was too good and nothing was too much to do for that object; but the moment there was a sober second thought his feeling was changed. Ordinarily speaking, when men in this world have noble, generous, virtuous, and self-denying impulses, the sober second thought cuts them down, and brings them within the limits of a calculating secular life. One of the things which every young man should know is that the impulses of pride, of vanity, of lust, and of low ambition *ought* to be submitted to a sober second thought. Examine the malign impulses; put them to the highest test; bring the bottom of your soul into judgment before the top of your soul; and then determine what is right and what is wrong: but, in regard to all disinterested, self-sacrificing, pure, heroic impulses, do not let any sober second thought get at them if you can help it. It almost invariably lops their branches, trims them down, and hews them into the pitiful four-square timber with which we build earthly houses. The higher feelings need all the help you can give them, and the lower feelings need all the restraint you can give them.

Blessed is the man who says, "I will not," but whose conscience, when he thinks the matter over, is moved, and whose sense of fidelity lifts him up out of his obstinate state, so that he says, "I will go;" and woe to those men who say, "I go, sir, I go," but who, thinking about it, go not.

How many are there here who have been accustomed to lay down in their households maxims of prudence which tend to bear their children down, so that instead of being a little lower than the angels, they are but a little higher than brutes! How many parents teach their children to suspect virtue in any of its larger developments! Why should they not? How many pulpits there are that teach us the same thing! How many times, when men mean religion, do they hear from overcautious ministers this exhortation: "Beware, lest you fall into self-deception! Beware, lest you build on a false foundation!" Now, though that is well meant, and admirable, see what it amounts to. As if men were so liable to rush into heaven headlong as

to make it necessary to put cords on them and hold them, to be sure of their not going too quick! As if men were so intent to build on foundations of faith and hope and love that one should stand by and keep them from a too eager building of spiritual houses! As if the world were not drawing them with fatal attraction downward! As if all the maxims of society — of business and of social life — did not tend to keep men down!

When, struggling through a mass of fuel, the flame shows that the fire is kindled, and that it has found air passages, and that there is to be a grand blaze, suppose one should take a poker and say, "Let us see if this fire is well established," and should turn over the sticks, and shut up the air holes, and then, when the fire went out, should say, "Yes, I told you so: it was not well built. If it had been, it would not have gone out."

That is very much as some deal with religious hopes. When once hope begins to shine, they say, "Let us see if it is not a false hope." Then, when they have put it out, they say, "If it had been a true hope, it would not have died out. It was not the hope of God."

It is as if there should be an infant just born, that did not breathe, but in which there was a little palpitation, and the doctor should say, "Well, put it on the shelf, and if it is thoroughly born it will show by and by; if it does not, then evidently it is a false birth."

We do not so. The time of a man's weakness is the time when he needs to be helped. The time when there breaks in upon a sordid soul great, generous impulses is the time for that soul to hold on to those impulses and develop them.

A man hears me preach of a nobler, a divine life; and he says, "This sermon has done me a world of good, but I will not carry it into effect now: I am going to China, and if when I come back, a year from this time, I feel as I do now, I will join the church." I shall not see you next year.

If there is a bit of hunger in you, feed it. If you have a bit of aspiration, follow it. If there is one movement towards more truth, more generosity, more justness, more self-denial, in you, call on God without waiting — without rising from your seats. Begin and carry it out into something practical. Go home and tell your wife. Tell your daughter and your son. Speak of it to your friends. Speak of it to your minister. The first dawnings of truth are the ones that men ought to take care

of. The first good impulses of men are the ones that men should obey.

Christ is described as one who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The flax means the wick; and when it is first kindled you know how quivering and flickering the flame is; but so gentle is Christ that the least beginning flame of a better life or of better resolutions he will nourish. Even the harlot and the publican he will deal so gently with that, if they feel the least spark of a desire to reform, he will minister to it and feed it. And as Christ is such a ministrant of help, all you have to do is to get into sympathy and in accord with him, and look out for the beginnings of things. Cherish every noble impulse, every true feeling, every right ideal, and every high conception.

If men are afraid to go by graveyards, for fear that here and there some sheeted ghost will peer over the wall and chatter at them, what would they think if out of every sepulcher there should come up a peering, gibbering ghost, and the yard should be full of pallid specters? Who would go past it under such circumstances? And if God Almighty should give resurrection to all the times in which you have most solemnly entertained and enfranchised noble resolutions, and then buried them ignominiously; if he should call up to your memory all the virtues, all the soul fruits, which have been drawn out of you by the Sun of Righteousness, and which you have trampled underfoot, who of you could stand in your own presence, or in the presence of any congregation?

O thou man, seized in the midst of thine affairs, and thrown violently on a bed of tossing sickness, when all things depended on thy guidance, didst not thou lift up bloodshot eyes to heaven and call out, "God of my father and of my mother! spare me and I will serve thee"? God heard your prayer and brought you again to life: where is that promise? "I will go," you said: have you gone? O thou man that didst promise to leave thy salacious ways, hast thou left them? O thou who didst lift daily the cup of damnation to thy lips, and didst promise God in the hour of enfranchisement and vision of better things, hast thou fulfilled that promise? How many of us, if we should go back to times of distress, and times of bereavement, and times of sickness, and times of bankruptcy, and times of persecution, and times of vision, could stand up in judgment before God and account for those periods in which the way was opened to

the inspiration of God? The time for salvation came, and the sweet breeze wafted from heaven was sent and was ready to carry thee, and thou didst ignobly anchor.

It is no small thing for a man, born of the earth, reared upon the clod, beset by secular and downward-weighing temptations, rooted in selfishness and pride, to be seized by the other life, and have heaven open before him, and behold God and all angelic forms, and be in love with them, so that for the moment the soul rises to meet them; and it is a very serious thing for such a man to be false to God, false to truth, false to duty, and false to himself.

Therefore I say to every man in my presence: Do not neglect the impulses to a nobler life. Do not put them away from you. Do not prove dishonest and tricky with any of those movements in yourself which indicate that the germ of divine life is in you.

"A child is drowned! a child is drowned!"—this is the cry that goes through the whole village; and the mother, well-nigh bereft of reason, dashes wildly out as they are bearing the limp, helpless body, with long streaming hair, by her door. The physician is sped for, and the neighbors are there. "She's dead! she's dead! she's dead!" cries the mother, "she's dead! she's dead! she's dead! My only child! my only child! my only child!" They would comfort her, and they say, "Oh, do not be so despondent—do not be so despondent." "Dead! dead! Those eyes will never see me again. She's dead! she's dead!" And still the workers will not give over. But at last they say, "Yes, she *is* dead." Then, with a strange fantasy of opposition, the mother cries again, "She is *not* dead; she *cannot* be dead; she *shall not* be dead." And she lays hands upon her, and says, "I *know* she is not dead." And she gazes in anguish, until a little quiver is seen upon the lip, "Oh, my God! she is *not* dead." The eyes do not see, the ears do not hear, the hands do not move, the heart cannot be felt; but there is that little quiver of the lip. "There's life there! there's life there! there's life there!" Yes, there *is* life there; and now they come again, and remedies are applied, and the still form quickens, and the mother's faith is rewarded, and she takes the living child back to her bosom.

O thou that hast in thee but the quiver of the lip, but the trembling of the eye, but the faintest pulsation of the heart, God, thine Everlasting Father, beholds it; and he will not

break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he bring forth judgment unto victory. There is victory for you; there is hope for you; there is salvation for you. Oh, despise not the striving of the Spirit. Begin, accept, hold fast, and thou shalt be saved.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER.

By SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[1788–1846.]

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms,
Blow not a trump before thee: hypocrites
Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms:
On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,
Falls with sweet savor. Impious counterfeits!
Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!
Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!
God needs not iteration nor vain cries:
That man communion with his God might share
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:
Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given,
The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.

BOOK-BUYING.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NOTHING marks the increasing wealth of our times, and the growth of the public mind toward refinement, more than the demand for books. Within ten years the sale of common books has increased probably two hundred per cent., and it is daily increasing. But the sale of expensive works, and of library editions of standard authors in costly bindings, is yet more noticeable. Ten years ago such a display of magnificent works as is to be found at the Appletons' would have been a precursor of bankruptcy. There was no demand for them. A few dozen, in one little show-case, was the prudent whole. Now, one whole

side of an immense store is not only filled with admirably bound library books, but from some inexhaustible source the void continually made in the shelves is at once refilled.

Alas! where is human nature so weak as in a book-store! Speak of the appetite for drink; or of a *bon vivant's* relish for a dinner! What are these mere animal throes and ragings compared with those fantasies of taste, those yearnings of the imagination, those insatiable appetites of intellect, which bewilder a student in a great bookseller's temptation-hall?

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from a worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children; how tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding; the leather, — russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it and shuts it, he holds it off and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book magnetism. He walks up and down in a maze at the mysterious allotments of Providence, that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to Windle's or Smith's house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted, at Appleton's, of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without!

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises himself marvels of retrenchment; he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books, that he may buy

books! The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* get along when the time for payment comes! Ah! this SOMEHOW! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope. And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books, *to be* paid for? We have heard of a sot who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught! Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "Do not let me be taken from you."

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in *her* eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows*." It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh! nothing — a few books that I cannot do without." That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him at one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt! You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place.

Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been lately. I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without." After a while you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, what a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command: "That! oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal! The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method which will be found peculiarly effective is to make a present of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection, and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remark in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book — they will pass through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish of delight only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

ST. PAUL ON MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY.

By FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

[FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, one of the most influential preachers and brilliant pulpit orators of the century, was born at London in 1816, of Scotch gentry, son of a captain and grandson of a colonel in the Royal Artillery; educated at Edinburgh University; attempted law and military life (his passion), but at his father's wish entered the church after studying at Brasenose College, Oxford, 1836–1840; from 1847 to 1853 was incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, and made it famous, drawing crowds of the ablest men by his matter, form, style, and delivery, and bitter charges of heresy by his belittling of dogma. Always delicate, he died in 1853.]

WITH respect to the single life, he tells us that he had his own proper gift from God; in other words, he was one of those rare characters who have the power of living without personal sympathy. The feelings and affections of the apostle Paul were of a strange and rare character, tending to expansiveness rather than concentration. Those sympathies which ordinary men expend upon a few he extended to many. The members of the churches which he had founded at Corinth, and Ephesus, and Colossæ, and Philippi, were to him as children; and he threw upon them all that sympathy and affection which other men throw upon their own domestic circle. To a man so trained and educated, the single life gave opportunities of serving God which the marriage state could not give. Paul had risen at once to that philanthropy, that expansive benevolence, which most other men only attain by slow degrees; and this was made, by God's blessing, a means of serving his cause. However we may sneer at the monastic system of the Church of Rome, it is unquestionable that many great works have been done by the monks which could not have been performed by men who had entered into the marriage relationship. Such examples of heroic Christian effort as are seen in the lives of St. Bernard, of Francis Xavier, and many others, are scarcely ever to be found, except in the single state. The forlorn hope in the cause of Christianity, as well as in battle, must consist of men who have no domestic relationships to divide their devotion, who will leave no wife nor children to mourn over their loss.

Let this great truth bring its improvement to those who, either of their own choice or by the force of circumstances, are destined hereafter to live a single life on earth: and instead of

yielding to that feeling so common among mankind, the feeling of envy at another's happiness, instead of becoming gloomy and bitter and censorious, let them remember what the Bible has to tell of the deep significance of the Virgin Mary's life; let them reflect upon the snares and difficulties from which they are saved; let them consider how much more time and money they can give to God, — that they are called to the great work of serving Causes, of entering into public questions, while others spend their time and talents only upon themselves. The state of single life, however we may be tempted to think lightly of it, is a state that has peculiar opportunities of deep blessedness.

On the other hand, the Apostle Paul brings forward into strong relief the blessedness and advantages of the marriage state. He tells us that it is a type of the union between the Redeemer and the Church. But as this belongs to another part of the subject, we shall not enter into it now. But we observe that men in general must have their sympathies drawn out step by step, little by little. We do not rise to philanthropy all at once. We begin with personal, domestic, particular affections. And not only is it true that rarely can any man have the whole of his love drawn out except through this domestic state, but also it is to be borne in mind that those who have entered into this relationship have also their own peculiar advantages. It is true that in the marriage life, interrupted as it is by daily cares and small trifles, those works of Christian usefulness cannot be so continuously carried on as in the other. But is there not a deep meaning to be learned from the old expression, that celibacy is an *angelic* state? that it is preternatural, and not natural? that the goodness which is induced by it is not, so to speak, the natural goodness of humanity, but such a goodness as God scarcely intended? Who of us cannot recollect a period of his history when all his time was devoted to the cause of Christ, when all his money was given to the service of God, and when we were tempted to look down upon those who were less ardent than ourselves, as if they were not Christians? But now the difficulties of life have come upon us; we have become involved in the trifles and the smallness of social domestic existence; and these have made us less devoted, perhaps, less preternatural, less angelic, but more human, better fitted to enter into the daily cares and small difficulties of our ordinary humanity. And this has been represented to us by two great lives: one human, the other

divine; one the life of John the Baptist, and the other of Jesus Christ. In both these cases is verified the saying that "Wisdom is justified of all her children." Those who are wisdom's children, the truly wise, will recognize an even wisdom in both these lives; they will see that there are cases in which a solitary life is to be chosen for the sake of God, while there are other cases in which a social life becomes our bounden duty. But it should be specially observed here that *that* Life which has been given to us as a specimen of life for all was a social, a human Life. Christ did not refuse to mix with the common joys and common sorrows of humanity. He was present at the marriage feast, and by the bier of the widow's son. This, of the two lives, was the one which, because it was the most human, was the most divine; the most rare, the most difficult, the most natural, — therefore the most Christ-like.

Let us notice, in the second place, the principle upon which the apostle founds this decision. It is given in the text: "This I say, brethren, the time is short; it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none," "for the fashion of this world passeth away." Now observe here, I pray you, the deep wisdom of this apostolic decision. In point of fact, it comes to this: Christianity is a spirit, not a law; it is a set of principles, not a set of rules; it is not a saying to us, You shall do this, you shall not do that; you shall use this particular dress, you shall not use that; you *shall* lead, you shall *not* lead a married life. Christianity consists of principles, but the application of those principles is left to every man's individual conscience. With respect not only to this particular case, but to all the questions which have been brought before him, the apostle applies the same principle; the cases upon which he decided were many and various, but the large, broad principle of his decision remains the same in all. You may marry, and you have not sinned; you may remain unmarried, and you do not sin; if you are invited to a heathen feast, you may go, or you may abstain from going; you may remain a slave, or you may become free; in *these things* Christianity does not consist: But what it does demand is this; That whether married or unmarried, whether a slave or free, in sorrow or in joy, you are to live in a spirit higher and loftier than that of the world.

The apostle gives us in the text two motives for this Christian unworldliness. The first motive which he lays down is this: "The time is short." You will observe how frequently,

in the course of his remarks upon the questions proposed to him, the apostle turns, as it were, entirely away from the subject, as if worn out and wearied by the comparatively trivial character of the questions, — as if this balancing of one earthly condition or advantage with another were but a solemn trifling compared with eternal things. And so here he seems to turn away from the question before him, and speaks of the shortness of time. "The time is short!"

Time is short in reference to two things. First, it is short in reference to the person who regards it. That mysterious thing, *Time*, is a matter of sensation, and not a reality; a modification merely of our own consciousness, and not actual existence; depending upon the flight of ideas — long to one, short to another. The span granted to the butterfly, the child of a single summer, may be long; that which is given to the cedar of Lebanon may be short. The shortness of time, therefore, is entirely relative — belonging to us, not to God. Time is short, in reference to *existence*, whether you look at it before or after. Time past seems nothing; time to come always seems long. We say this chiefly for the sake of the young. To them fifty or sixty years seems a treasure inexhaustible. But, my young brethren, ask the old man, trembling on the verge of the grave, what he thinks of Time and Life. He will tell you that the threescore years and ten, or even the hundred and twenty years of Jacob, are but "few and evil." And therefore, if you are tempted to unbelief in respect to this question, we appeal to experience, — experience alone can judge of its truth.

Once more, time is short with reference to its *opportunities*. For this is the emphatic meaning in the original, — literally, "the opportunity is compressed, or shut in." Brethren, time may be long, and yet the opportunity may be very short. The sun in autumn may be bright and clear, but the seed which has not been sown until then will not vegetate. A man may have vigor and energy in manhood and maturity, but the work which ought to have been done in childhood and youth cannot be done in old age. A chance once gone in this world can never be recovered. Brother men, have you learned the meaning of yesterday? Do you rightly estimate the importance of to-day? — that there are duties to be done to-day which cannot be done to-morrow? This it is that throws so solemn a significance into your work. The time for working is short, therefore begin to-day; "for the night is coming when no man can work."

Time is short in reference to *eternity*. It was especially with this reference that the text was written. In those days, and even by the apostles themselves, the day of the Lord's appearance and the second advent seemed much nearer than it was. They believed that it would occur during their own lives. And with this belief came the feeling which comes sometimes to all, — "Oh, in comparison with that vast Hereafter, this little life shrivels into nothing! What is to-day worth, or its duties or its cares?" All deep minds have thought that. The thought of Time is solemn and awful to all minds in proportion to their depth; and in proportion as the mind is superficial, the thought has appeared little, and has been treated with levity. Brethren, let but a man possess himself of that thought — the deep thought of the brevity of time; this thought, that time is short, that eternity is long, — and he has learned the first great secret of unworldliness.

The second motive which the apostle gives us is the changing character of the external world. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" literally, "the *scenery* of this world," — a dramatic expression, drawn from the Grecian stage. One of the deepest of modern thinkers has told us, in words often quoted, "All the world's a stage." And a deeper thinker than he, because inspired, had said long before, in the similar words of the text, "the *scenery* of this world passeth away." There are two ways in which this is true. First, it is true with respect to all the things by which we are surrounded. It is only in poetry — the poetry of the Psalms, for example — that the hills are called "everlasting." Go to the side of the ocean which bounds our country, and watch the tide going out, bearing with it the sand which it has worn from the cliffs; the very boundaries of our land are changing; they are not the same as they were when these words were written. Every day new relationships are forming around us; new circumstances are calling upon us to act — to act manfully, firmly, decisively, and up to the occasion, remembering that an opportunity once gone is gone forever. Indulge not in vain regrets for the past, in vainer resolves for the future — act, act in the present. Again, this is true with respect to ourselves. "The fashion of this world passeth away" in us. The feelings we have now are not those which we had in childhood. There has passed away a glory from the earth; the stars, the sun, the moon, the green fields, have lost their beauty and significance: nothing remains as it

was, except their repeated impressions on the mind, the impressions of time, space, eternity, color, form; these cannot alter, but all besides has changed. Our very minds alter. There is no bereavement so painful, no shock so terrible, but time will remove or alleviate. The keenest feeling in this world time wears out, at last; and our minds become like old monumental tablets, which have lost the inscription once graven deeply upon them.

In conclusion, we have to examine the nature of this Christian unworldliness, which is taught us in the text. The principle of unworldliness is stated in the latter portion of the text; in the former part the apostle makes an application of the principle to four cases of life. First, to cases of domestic relationship: "It remaineth that they that have wives be as though they had none." Secondly, to cases of sorrow: "and they that weep, as though they wept not." Thirdly, to cases of joy: "and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not." And finally, to cases of the acquisition of worldly property: "and they that buy, as though they possessed not." Time will not allow us to go into these applications; we must confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the principle. The principle of Christian unworldliness, then, is this: to "use this world as not abusing it." Here Christianity takes its stand, in opposition to two contrary principles. The spirit of the world says, "Time is short, therefore use it while you have it; take your fill of pleasure while you may." A narrow religion says, "Time is short, therefore temporal things should receive no attention; do not weep, do not rejoice; it is beneath a Christian." In opposition to the narrow spirit of religion, Christianity says, "*Use* this world;" in opposition to the spirit of the world, Christianity says, "Do not *abuse* it." A distinct duty arises from this principle to use the world. While in the world we are citizens of the world; it is our *duty* to share its joys, to take our part in its sorrows, not to shrink from its difficulties, but to mix ourselves with its infinite opportunities. So that, if time be short, so far from that fact lessening their dignity or importance, it infinitely increases them; since upon these depend the destinies of our eternal being. Unworldliness is this: to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world, and not to let the world have us; to be the world's masters, and not the world's slaves.

CRITICISM OF HISTORY.

By FREDERICK D. MAURICE.

[John Frederick Denison Maurice, a great English liberal divine and leader, was born near Lowestoft in 1805, son of a Unitarian minister. Leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, without a degree (being a Dissenter), he did editorial work in London for a while; under Coleridge's influence joined the Church of England, and went through Exeter College, Oxford; ordained in 1834, became chaplain of Guy's Hospital, London, and made it a celebrity. In 1840 he was made professor of history and literature, and in 1846 of divinity, in King's College; in 1853 published "Theological Essays," of what was later called the "Broad Church" school of thought, and was deprived of his professorship for heresy on the subject of eternal punishment. He held also, undisturbed, the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn (1846–1860) and the incumbency of St. Peter's, Vere Street (1860–1869), without parish, but drawing audiences of immense weight. In 1854 he became principal of a workingmen's college, St. Martin's Hall; later of Queen's College for women; and in 1866 professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge. He tried to found coöperative schemes, and encouraged the movement known as Christian Socialism. His personal influence on religious thought and thinkers was enormous, as a stimulant and resolvent: his special tenet was that all successful religions were so in virtue of the partial truth they embodied. He died in 1872.]

There are subjects more interesting to us — at least to most of us — than the mere examination of the sources of history ever can be. We may look at great periods of history, we may study the feelings and passions and objects of those who were the actors in them. Here is a field for those two kinds of critics I have been speaking of, to try their different plans in. When I speak of plans, however, I do not mean that all the plans of those who set up for judges, and look down upon the events and doers of past times as something far beneath them, will be the same. Of necessity they will be very various. Each of them stands on its own pinnacle; he contemplates the ground below from that. One takes his measure from what he thinks the peculiar distinctions and glories of the nineteenth century. By these he judges of the twelfth century, or the sixteenth, or the seventeenth. So far as they departed from these they are all pronounced evil; so far as any approximates to these, there is in it an element of good. Another takes his stand on the maxims of the party in which he has been educated; everything is seen from a Whig or from a Tory point of view. One set of actors is seen to be fighting for everything that is holy and precious, the other for everything that is mean and detestable. There may be degrees of

excellence on the one side, and degrees of villainy on the other: but one carries the black flag and the other the white; that decides the question generally about leaders as well as privates. Another spectator dwells upon a more serene height than either of these. He looks down with impartial pity and contempt upon the whole struggle; all are foolish, all are wrong. He is ashamed of belonging to so contemptible a race of beings; it is quite amazing to him how he ever came to belong to them, why his habitation was not assigned him in some fixed star, entirely out of the reach of their passions and turmoils.

I do not say which of these different judges I should most wish to follow, if I must follow one of them. I will frankly tell you which I should least like to follow. I would rather be the most vehement and mad partisan than one of those old contemners of all parties and of all men. Wordsworth speaks of one of his heroines as

> "— dwelling in a sky
> Of undisturbed humanity."

I never liked the phrase, or envied the position. But it seems to me that *these* men have attained a sky of undisturbed inhumanity; and therefore I could most heartily say in this sense, "Save, oh save me from the impartial man!" But I apprehend that there is a kind of criticism which does not make it needful that we should be partisans in order to escape from this worse calamity. If we once abdicate the high position of being lawgivers, and wish rather to know what the law is under which we are all placed, and to obey that, we may take most interest in those parts of our history which have been most stirring; we may wish nothing less than that they had not been stirring; we may complain of nothing less than the earnestness of those who were engaged in them on either side. It is not their earnestness which hurts us, except that it shames us for having so little of the same quality, for believing so little, for being so cowardly in asserting what we believe. Their earnestness, we may be sure, was given to them because they were asserting a principle which it was worth while to live and to die for, — I mean that each party was asserting such a principle; that in our civil wars, for instance, there was not one atom too much of zeal on either side for what that side felt to be at stake, not one atom which we could afford to dispense with — the absence of which would not have been to us the most

grievous loss. It is the pettiness and selfishness which mingled with this earnestness, the little, low motives which had nothing to do with the principle, and which curdled and made sour that which had to do with it, — *this* is what we are to hate; for this is what we know in ourselves to be the cause of all our individual feebleness, and all our national degeneracy. We cannot criticise it in them till we have criticised it first in ourselves. When we have, the more heartily we condemn it the more heartily we shall reverence all the better thoughts and feelings which are struggling against it in every party and in every man; the more we shall be sure that *those* had a divine origin and a permanent strength; the more we shall be sure that they each have brought in their contribution to the national strength, and that they will unite to make it stronger still when the spirits that have degraded and held them down shall be cast out.

In what I have said on this subject I have thought particularly of the period of our own civil wars, because that has suffered more than perhaps any from the partial, as well as the pseudo-impartial temper, and because no time would reward us more if it were studied in a hearty, sympathizing, reverential spirit, which would not suffer us to pervert or warp any documents to suit a purpose of ours, which would enable us to discern, much more clearly than we ever have done, that Divine purpose which is working itself out through all the most contradictory and self-willed movements of men. But the principles which are applicable to this crisis are applicable to all times. They would enable us to do justice even to those torpid and stagnant times which often follow great excitements, into which great men seem not to be born, or in which they become changed into little men, being dwarfed, not by their circumstances, but by their own submission to circumstances, by their want of earnest faith in a power that could raise them above circumstances. Even in such times as these, the true critic of history will see that the same laws are at work as in those which bring forth all the good that is in men, and all the evil, into full display. They will learn that nothing is so ignominious as that craving for great men to appear, as if the universe depended upon them; as if each man may not do right in his own sphere without waiting for them, or asking whether there are such or not; as if the very longing for them were not a part of that restlessness which interferes with all greatness and checks the growth of it. In fact, what I have been chiefly maintaining

throughout this lecture is, that the desire to be kings and judges and law-makers has been one main cause why we have not done more, and are not capable of more; and that if we would turn the faculty which we suppose qualifies us for kings and law-givers to another use, we might obtain blessings and honors of which our ambition to be grand deprives us.

I am, however, very far from thinking that one of the main uses of criticism is not to recover the illustrious men whom God has given us from the misrepresentations of opponents who hated them, or of admirers who did not understand them. In every case, I think we shall find that those who have spoken of great men either as *their* men, those who were doing *their* work, and propagating *their* opinions, or who have attacked them because they were *not* doing their work and propagating their opinions, or have overlooked them as if they were their inferiors and might receive a sentence of applause or disapproval from them, have always done something to distort facts, and to make their biographies false. And I believe every one who has affectionately, and in a serious, respectful spirit, tried to understand what they meant, and what they were living for, has found apparently the most heterogeneous testimonies, helping him to bring out the live man who has been turned into a hero or a monster, or into a mere collection of dried bones which is something worse than a monster. It is not, of course, possible to prove this in all cases, because people write biographies from many mixed motives; and genuine affection, which is always favorable to truth, may mix with party motives, which are favorable to falsehood; but I think that our age has furnished abundant examples to prove that biography may be the most worthless or the most profitable of all studies. And in every case where it is profitable, we owe it to a resolute determination on the part of the biographer not to put himself in the place of his subject, or above his subject. It is, I know, very difficult indeed to avoid this temptation. The thought will be suggested again and again, to the biographer by others, and it will rise up in himself, "Ought not I to be moralizing upon this or that fact in the life? Am I right if I do not express my opinion about it?" And then comes the wish to see the thing just a little different from what it was — the desire, if possible, to make the facts tell a tale, so that they shall point the moral better. The temptation is great. But if we are assured that it is a temptation to do an immoral and a false thing we can

resist it. Now, I apprehend, the desire to moralize upon the acts of our fellow-creatures rather than to exhibit them as they are, arises from the very same motive which leads painters to put into nature what they do not find there. I know nothing of the Pre-Raphaelite controversies, and am too stupid about art to be able to say one word on the criticism which has reference to it. But if any persons say that we ought to look straight at Nature, hoping that in due time she will reveal her meaning to us, if it is ever so slow in coming, and that in the meantime we are not to anticipate her lessons, or to put any of our notions or fancies into her, by way of making her look prettier and more agreeable: this seems to me honest and true doctrine, which, I suppose, must apply to that department, because I know no other connected with human life to which it does not apply. In biographies I am afraid that religious men are often the most prone to depart from it, though they have the least excuse for doing so, and the most solemn and encouraging warning to do otherwise. For in the book which they regard as their rule and model, there is no moralizing about the lives which are given to us. They contain their own moral. We profane it and destroy it when, instead of seeking to bring it forth, we adorn it with additions of our own.

I have spoken more than once of the danger we are in of judging other times by the standard of our own, and of the correction of this tendency, which lies in the true criticism that seeks to see ages and men just as they were. But the judging, lordly temper may take another and apparently opposite position. We may utterly scorn our own time, and set up some other time against it. We may fill the air with wailings about the decay of all heroism, the loss of all wisdom, in that century in which it is our bitter misfortune to be born. This is, no doubt, a reaction against the other tendency. We may often oscillate between the one and the other; and when we have settled that we will like some period in the world's history better than this, we may often change our opinions which it shall be, — the Classical Ages, or the early Christian Ages, or the Middle Ages, or the Age of the Reformation. It is scarcely possible that we should rest in any of these; we shall probably try them all in turn. For each one will show us some bright image which we feel that we have need of; and then each one will turn its darkened side to us, and will show us deformities which we have never dreamt of. How can there be any end of

this? Shall we ever come at *the* heroic period, *the* golden age? No, thank God; that is not in any one of the ages, but in all of them. The good men, the heroes, whenever such appeared, sought for it close to them, and not at a distance. And they were able to see it because they were not going up into the heaven or down into the deep to discover it. We want a criticism which shall do justice to the time in which we are born, to the men who live in it, just as much as to any time gone by, — which shall do justice not to its modes and fashions, which are worth just as much as the modes and fashions of any other age and no more: not to its inventions, though we may rejoice in them, and do all honor to the patient toil and thought which has produced them; but to that in it which is most common, most human, to that which does not separate us from other times, but unites us to them. May not our work to find out this common bond of fellowship give it a higher dignity than all those peculiar treasures that we think others had and we have lost? If we are driven in our weakness to ask how all may be men, can we not leave the heroes to the elder generations? Is it not possible, after all, that a man may be more glorious than a hero? that to be on a level with all, and to feel that the lowliest is the highest, may be better than to vaunt of some great champions and representatives, who make us think even more highly of ourselves than of them?

CARCASSONNE.

BY GUSTAVE NADAUD.

[French songwright and composer, born at Roubaix in 1820; died 1893.]

I'M GROWING old — I've sixty years:
  I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
  I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that here below
  Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know:
  I never have seen Carcassonne,
  I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill, —
  It lies beyond the mountains blue;

And yet to reach it one must still
  Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And to return, as many more!
  Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store.
  I shall not look on Carcassonne,
  I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
  Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
  The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
  As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
  I do not know fair Carcassonne,
  I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
  Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
  Ambition ruins all mankind:
Yet could I there two days have spent,
  While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
  When I had looked on Carcassonne,
  When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
  In this my prayer if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
  Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
  And I have not seen Carcassonne,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
  A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
  But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on
The old man died upon the road:
  He never gazed on Carcassonne.—
  Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

POEMS OF THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch;* and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848–1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859–1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON DECK, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
  Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
  With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
  The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
  That shot across the deck,
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
  That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
  The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
  Jews black, and brown, and gray;

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
  Who did naught but scratch and pray;
Their dirty children puking —
Their dirty saucepans cooking —
Their dirty fingers hooking
  Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
Enormous wide their breeks were,
  Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
  In pretty pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
  Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
  Before the break of day —

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and cackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;

And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them
And splashed and overset them;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist de Sturm jetzt brausend!"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

LITTLE BILLEE.

There were three sailors of Bristol city
  Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
  And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
  And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
  They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmie;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

The Age of Wisdom.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray:
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

BY HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

[Born in Lancashire, 1808; died 1872. He was for many years literary and musical critic on the London *Athenæum*, and of very high quality as such from his taste and insight; and wrote also novels and plays of minor rank.]

A SONG of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Chorus—Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains. *Chorus.*

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Chorus—Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

By [illegible] P. MORRIS.

[illegible] journalist, was born at Phila- [illegible] Woodworth (author of the "Old [illegible] This was discontinued in 1842, [illegible] in 1843, in 1845 the *National* [illegible] with Willis he edited till near [illegible] and wrote "Briar Cliff" (1825).]

[illegible] that tree!
[illegible] bough!
[illegible] me,
[illegible] now.
[illegible] hand
[illegible] his cot;
[illegible] let it stand,
[illegible] harm it not!

[illegible] familiar tree,
[illegible] glory and renown
[illegible] o'er land and sea —
[illegible] wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
[illegible] not its earth-bound ties;
[illegible] spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a chance to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

THE IVY GREEN.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[For biographical sketch, see page 247.]

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he:
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

THE SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN DESICCATION.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

(From "The Man with the Broken Ear.")

[EDMOND ABOUT, French novelist, was born in Lorraine, February 14, 1828. He became a journalist, war correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, and editor of *Le XIXme Siècle* of Paris, and in 1884 a member of the Academy. He wrote, among other books: "Tolla Feraldi" (1855), "The King of the Mountains" (1856), "The Man with the Broken Ear" (1861), "The Nose of a Notary" (1862), "Madelon" (1863), "The Infamous One" (1869), and "The Romance of a Good Man" (1880). He died January 17, 1885.]

On this 20th day of January, 1824, being worn down by a cruel malady and feeling the approach of the time when my person shall be absorbed in the Great All;

I have written with my own hand this testament, which is the expression of my last will.

I appoint as executor my nephew Nicholas Meiser, a wealthy brewer in the city of Dantzic.

I bequeath my books, papers, and scientific collections of all kinds, except item 3712, to my very estimable and learned friend, Herr Von Humboldt.

I bequeath all the rest of my effects, real and personal, valued at 100,000 Prussian thalers or 375,000 francs, to Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas, at present desiccated, but living, and entered in my catalogue opposite No. 3712 (Zoölogy).

I trust that he will accept this feeble compensation for the ordeals he has undergone in my laboratory, and the service he has rendered to science.

Finally, in order that my nephew Nicholas Meiser may exactly understand the duties I leave him to perform, I have resolved to inscribe here a detailed account of the desiccation of Colonel Fougas, my sole heir.

It was on the 11th of November in that unhappy year 1813, that my relations with this brave young man began. I had long since quitted Dantzic, where the noise of cannon and the danger from bombs had rendered all labor impossible, and retired with my instruments and books under the protection of the Allied Armies in the fortified town of Liebenfeld. The French garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Hamburg, and several other German towns could not communicate

with each other or with their native land; meanwhile General Rapp was obstinately defending himself against the English fleet and the Russian army. Colonel Fougas was taken by a detachment of the Barclay de Tolly corps, as he was trying to pass the Vistula on the ice, on the way to Dantzic. They brought him prisoner to Liebenfeld on the 11th of November, just at my supper time, and Sergeant Garok, who commanded in the village, forced me to be present at the examination and act as interpreter.

The open countenance, manly voice, proud firmness, and fine carriage of the unfortunate young man won my heart. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His only regret, he said, was having stranded so near port, after passing through four armies; and being unable to carry out the Emperor's orders. He appeared animated by that French fanaticism which has done so much harm to our beloved Germany. Nevertheless, I could not help defending him; and I translated his words less as an interpreter than as an advocate. Unhappily, they found upon him a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp, of which I preserved a copy: —

> Abandon Dantzic, break the blockade, unite with the garrisons of Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau, march along the Elbe, arrange with St. Cyr and Davoust to concentrate the forces scattered at Dresden, Forgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg; roll up an army like a snowball; cross Westphalia, which is open, and come to defend the line of the Rhine with an army of 170,000 Frenchmen which you will have saved!
>
> NAPOLEON.

This letter was sent to the headquarters of the Russian army, whilst a half-dozen illiterate soldiers, drunk with joy and bad brandy, condemned the brave Colonel of the 23d of the line to the death of a spy and a traitor. The execution was fixed for the next day, the 12th, and M. Pierre Victor Fougas, after having thanked and embraced me with the most touching sensibility (he is a husband and a father), was shut up in the little battlemented tower of Liebenfeld, where the wind whistles terribly through all the loopholes.

The night of the 11th and 12th of November was one of the severest of that terrible winter. My self-registering thermometer, which hung outside my window with a southeast exposure, marked nineteen degrees below zero, centigrade. I went early

in the morning to bid the Colonel a last farewell, and met Sergeant Garok, who said to me in bad German: —

"We won't have to kill the Frantzouski, he is frozen to death."

I ran to the prison. The Colonel was lying on his back, rigid. But I found after a few minutes' examination that the rigidity of the body was not that of death. The joints, though they had not their ordinary suppleness, could be bent and extended without any great effort. The limbs, the face, and the chest gave my hands a sensation of cold, but very different from that which I had often experienced from contact with corpses.

Knowing that he had passed several nights without sleep, and endured extraordinary fatigues, I did not doubt that he had fallen into that profound and lethargic sleep which is superinduced by intense cold, and which if too far prolonged slackens respiration and circulation to a point where the most delicate physiological tests are necessary to discover the continuance of life. The pulse was insensible; at least my fingers, benumbed with cold, could not feel it. My hardness of hearing (I was then in my sixty-ninth year) prevented my determining by auscultation whether the beats of the heart still aroused those feeble though prolonged vibrations which the ear continues to hear some time after the hand fails to detect them.

The Colonel had reached that point of torpor produced by cold, where to revive a man without causing him to die requires numerous and delicate attentions. Some hours after, congelation would supervene, and with it, impossibility of restoration to life.

I was in the greatest perplexity. On the one hand I knew that he was dying on my hands by congelation; on the other, I could not, by myself, bestow upon him the attentions that were indispensable. If I were to administer stimulants without having him, at the same time, rubbed on the trunk and limbs by three or four vigorous assistants, I would revive him only to see him die.

And even if I should succeed in bringing him back to health and strength, was not he condemned by court-martial? Did not humanity forbid my rousing him from this repose akin to death, to deliver him to the horrors of execution?

I must confess that in the presence of this organism where life was suspended, my ideas on reanimation took, as it were, fresh hold upon me. I had so often desiccated and revived

beings quite elevated in the animal scale, that I did not doubt the success of the operation, even on a man. By myself alone I could not revive and save the Colonel; but I had in my laboratory all the instruments necessary to desiccate him without assistance.

To sum up, three alternatives offered themselves to me. I. To leave the Colonel in the crenellated tower, where he would have died the same day of congelation. II. To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable execution. III. To desiccate him in my laboratory with the quasi certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. All friends of humanity will doubtless comprehend that I could not hesitate long.

I had Sergeant Garok called, and I begged him to sell me the body of the Colonel. It was not the first time that I had bought a corpse for dissection, so my request excited no suspicion. The bargain concluded, I gave him four bottles of kirschwasser, and soon two Russian soldiers brought me Colonel Fougas on a stretcher.

As soon as I was alone with him, I pricked one of his fingers: pressure forced out a drop of blood. To place it under a microscope between two plates of glass was the work of a minute. Oh, joy! The fibrin was not coagulated. I was not deceived then, it was a torpid man that I had under my eyes, and not a dead one!

I placed him on a pair of scales. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, clothing included. I did not care to undress him, for I had noticed that animals desiccated directly in contact with the air died oftener than those which remained covered with moss and other soft materials, during the ordeal of desiccation.

My great air pump, with its immense platform, its enormous oval wrought-iron receiver, which a rope running on a pulley firmly fixed in the ceiling easily raised and lowered by means of a windlass — all these thousand and one contrivances which I had so laboriously prepared in spite of the railleries of those who envied me, and which I felt desolate at seeing unemployed, were going to find their use! Unexpected circumstances had arisen at last to procure me such a subject for experiment, as I had in vain endeavored to procure, while I was attempting to reduce to torpidity dogs, rabbits, sheep, and other mammals by

the aid of freezing mixtures. Long ago, without doubt, would these results have been attained if I had been aided by those who surrounded me, instead of being made the butt of their railleries — if our authorities had sustained me with their influence instead of treating me as a subversive spirit.

I shut myself up *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, and took care that even old Gretchen, my housekeeper, now deceased, should not trouble me during my work. I had substituted for the wearisome lever of the old-fashioned air pumps a wheel arranged with an eccentric, which transformed the circular movement of the axis into the rectilinear movement required by the pistons: the wheel, the eccentric, the connecting rod, and the joints of the apparatus all worked admirably, and enabled me to do everything by myself. The cold did not impede the play of the machine, and the lubricating oil was not gummed: I had refined it myself by a new process founded on the then recent discoveries of the French *savant*, M. Chevreul.

Having extended the body on the platform of the air pump, lowered the receiver and luted the rim, I undertook to submit it gradually to the influence of a dry vacuum and cold. Capsules filled with chloride of calcium were placed around the Colonel to absorb the water which should evaporate from the body, and to promote the desiccation.

I certainly found myself in the best possible situation for subjecting the human body to a process of gradual desiccation without sudden interruption of the functions, or disorganization of the tissues or fluids. Seldom had my experiments on rotifers and tardigrades been surrounded with equal chances of success, yet they had always succeeded. But the particular nature of the subject, and the special scruples imposed upon my conscience, obliged me to employ a certain number of new conditions, which I had long since, in other connections, foreseen the expediency of. I had taken the pains to arrange an opening at each end of my oval receiver, and fit into it a heavy glass, which enabled me to follow with my eye the effects of the vacuum on the Colonel. I was entirely prevented from shutting the windows of my laboratory, from fear that a too elevated temperature might put an end to the lethargy of the subject, or induce some change in the fluids. If a thaw had come on, all would have been over with my experiment. But the thermometer kept for several days between six and eight

degrees below zero, and I was very happy in seeing the lethargic sleep continue, without having to fear congelation of the tissues.

I commenced to produce the vacuum with extreme slowness, for fear that the gases distributed through the blood, becoming free on account of the difference of their tension from that of rarefied air, might escape in the vessels and so bring on immediate death. Moreover, I watched, every moment, the effects of the vacuum on the intestinal gases, for by expanding inside in proportion as the pressure of the air diminished outside of the body, they could have caused serious disorders. The tissues might not have been entirely ruptured by them, but an internal lesion would have been enough to occasion death in a few hours after reanimation. One observes this quite frequently in animals carelessly desiccated.

Several times, too rapid a protrusion of the abdomen put me on my guard against the danger which I feared, and I was obliged to let in a little air under the receiver. At last, the cessation of all phenomena of this kind satisfied me that the gases had disappeared by exosmose or had been expelled by the spontaneous contraction of the viscera. It was not until the end of the first day that I could give up these minute precautions, and carry the vacuum a little further.

The next day, the 13th, I pushed the vacuum to a point where the barometer fell to five millimeters. As no change had taken place in the position of the body or limbs, I was sure that no convulsion had been produced. The Colonel had been desiccated, had become immobile, had lost the power of performing the functions of life, without death having supervened, and without the possibility of returning to activity having departed. His life was suspended, not extinguished.

Each time that a surplus of watery vapor caused the barometer to ascend, I pumped. On the 14th, the door of my laboratory was literally broken in by the Russian General, Count Trollohub, who had been sent from headquarters. This distinguished officer had run in all haste to prevent the execution of the Colonel and to conduct him into the presence of the Commander in Chief. I loyally confessed to him what I had done under the inspiration of my conscience; I showed him the body through one of the bull's-eyes of the air pump; I told him that I was happy to have preserved a man who could furnish useful information to the liberators of my country; and I offered to resuscitate him at my own expense if they would promise me to

respect his life and liberty. The General, Count Trollohub, unquestionably a distinguished man, but one of an exclusively military education, thought that I was not speaking seriously. He went out slamming the door in my face, and treating me like an old fool.

I set myself to pumping again, and kept the vacuum at a pressure of from three to five millimeters for the space of three months. I knew by experience that animals can revive after being submitted to a dry vacuum and cold for eighty days.

On the 12th of February, 1814, having observed that for a month no modification had taken place in the shrinking of the flesh, I resolved to submit the Colonel to another series of operations, in order to insure more perfect preservation by complete desiccation. I let the air reënter by the stopcock arranged for the purpose, and, after raising the receiver, proceeded at once to my experiment.

The body did not weigh more than forty-six pounds; I had then reduced it nearly to a third of its original weight. It should be borne in mind that the clothing had not lost as much water as the other parts. Now the human body contains nearly four fifths of its own weight of water, as is proved by a desiccation thoroughly made in a chemical drying furnace.

I accordingly placed the Colonel on a tray, and, after sliding it into my great furnace, gradually raised the temperature to seventy-five degrees, centigrade. I did not dare to go beyond this heat, from fear of altering the albumen and rendering it insoluble, and also of taking away from the tissues the capacity of reabsorbing the water necessary to a return to their functions.

I had taken care to arrange a convenient apparatus so that the furnace was constantly traversed by a current of dry air. This air was dried in traversing a series of jars filled with sulphuric acid, quicklime, and chloride of calcium.

After a week passed in the furnace, the general appearance of the body had not changed, but its weight was reduced to forty pounds, clothing included. Eight days more brought no new decrease of weight. From this, I concluded that the desiccation was sufficient. I knew very well that corpses mummified in church vaults for a century or more end by weighing no more than a half-score of pounds, but they do not become so light without a material alteration in their tissues.

On the 27th of February, I myself placed the Colonel in the

boxes which I had had made for his occupancy. Since that time, that is to say during a space of nine years and eleven months, we have never been separated. I carried him with me to Dantzic. He stays in my house. I have never placed him, according to his number, in my zoölogical collection; he remains by himself, in the chamber of honor. I do not grant any one the pleasure of re-using his chloride of calcium. I will take care of you till my dying day, O Colonel Fougas, dear and unfortunate friend! But I shall not have the joy of witnessing your resurrection. I shall not share the delightful emotions of the warrior returning to life. Your lachrymal glands, inert to-day, but some day to be reanimated, will not pour upon the bosom of your old benefactor the sweet dew of recognition. For you will not recover your life until a day when mine will have long since departed! Perhaps you will be astonished that I, loving you as I do, should have so long delayed to draw you out of this profound slumber. Who knows but that some bitter reproach may come to taint the tenderness of the first offices of gratitude that you will perform over my tomb! Yes! I have prolonged, without any benefit to you, an experiment of general interest to others. I ought to have remained faithful to my first intention, and restored your life, immediately after the signature of peace. But what! Was it well to send you back to France when the sun of your fatherland was obscured by our soldiers and allies? I have spared you that spectacle — one so grievous to such a soul as yours. Without doubt you would have had, in March, 1815, the consolation of again seeing that fatal man to whom you had consecrated your devotion; but are you entirely sure that you would not have been swallowed up with his fortune, in the shipwreck of Waterloo?

For five or six years past, it has not been your welfare, nor even the welfare of science, that prevented me from reanimating you: it has been . . . Forgive me, Colonel, it has been a cowardly attachment to life. The disorder from which I am suffering, and which will soon carry me off, is an aneurism of the heart; violent emotions are interdicted to me. If I were myself to undertake the grand operation whose process I have traced in a memorandum annexed to this instrument, I would without any doubt succumb before finishing it; my death would be an untoward accident which might trouble my assistants and cause your resuscitation to fail.

Rest content! You will not have long to wait, and moreover, what do you lose by waiting? You do not grow old, you are always twenty-four years of age; your children are growing up, you will be almost their contemporary when you come to life again. You came to Liebenfeld poor, you are now in my house poor, and my will makes you rich. That you may be happy also, is my dearest wish.

I direct that, the day after my death, my nephew, Nicholas Meiser, shall call together, by letter, the ten physicians most illustrious in the kingdom of Prussia, that he shall read to them my will and the annexed memorandum, and that he shall cause them to proceed without delay, in my own laboratory, to the resuscitation of Colonel Fougas. The expenses of travel, maintenance, etc., etc., shall be deducted from the assets of my estate. The sum of two thousand thalers shall be devoted to the publication of the glorious results of the experiment, in German, French, and Latin. A copy of this pamphlet shall be sent to each of the learned societies then existing in Europe.

In the entirely unexpected event of the efforts of science being unable to reanimate the Colonel, all my effects shall revert to Nicholas Meiser, my sole surviving relative.

JOHN MEISER, M.D.

It did not take long to get spread about the town that M. Martout and the Messieurs Renault, intended, in conjunction with several Paris *savants*, to resuscitate a dead man.

M. Martout had sent a detailed account of the case to the celebrated Karl Nibor, who had hastened to lay it before the Biological Society. A committee was forthwith appointed to accompany M. Nibor to Fontainebleau. The six commissioners and the reporter agreed to leave Paris the 15th of August, being glad to escape the din of the public rejoicings. M. Martout was notified to get things ready for the experiment, which would probably last not less than three days.

Some of the Paris papers announced this great event among their "Miscellaneous Items," but the public paid little attention to it. The grand reception of the army returning from Italy engrossed everybody's interest, and, moreover, the French do not put more than moderate faith in miracles promised in the newspapers. . . .

On the morning of the 15th of August, M. Karl Nibor pre-

sented himself at M. Renault's with Doctor Martout and the committee appointed by the Biological Society of Paris.

M. Nibor and his colleagues, after the usual compliments, requested to see the subject. They had no time to lose, as the experiment could hardly last less than three days. Leon hastened to conduct them to the laboratory and to open the three boxes containing the Colonel.

They found that the patient presented quite a favorable appearance. M. Nibor took off his clothes, which tore like tinder from having been too much dried in Father Meiser's furnace. The body, when naked, was pronounced entirely free from blemish and in a perfectly healthy condition. No one would yet have guaranteed success, but every one was full of hope.

After this preliminary examination, M. Renault put his laboratory at the service of his guests. He offered them all that he possessed, with a munificence which was not entirely free from vanity. In case the employment of electricity should appear necessary, he had a powerful battery of Leyden jars and forty of Bunsen's elements, which were entirely new. M. Nibor thanked him smilingly.

"Save your riches," said he. "With a bath tub and caldron of boiling water, we will have everything we need. The Colonel needs nothing but humidity. The thing is to give him the quantity of water necessary to the play of the organs. If you have a small room where one can introduce a jet of vapor, we will be more than content."

M. Audret, the architect, had very wisely built a little bathroom near the laboratory, which was convenient and well lighted. The celebrated steam engine was not far off, and its boiler had not, up to this time, answered any other purpose than that of warming the baths of M. and Mme. Renault.

The Colonel was carried into this room, with all the care necessitated by his fragility. It was not intended to break his second ear in the hurry of moving. Leon ran to light the fire under the boiler, and M. Nibor created him Fireman, on the field of battle.

Soon a jet of tepid vapor streamed into the bathroom, creating round the Colonel a humid atmosphere which was elevated by degrees, and without any sudden increase, to the temperature of the human body. These conditions of heat and humidity were maintained with the greatest care for

twenty-four hours. No one in the house went to sleep. The members of the Parisian Committee encamped in the laboratory. Leon kept up the fire; M. Nibor, M. Renault, and M. Martout took turns in watching the thermometer. Mme. Renault was making tea and coffee, and punch too. Gothon, who had taken communion in the morning, kept praying to God, in the corner of her kitchen, that this impious miracle might not succeed. A certain excitement already prevailed throughout the town, but one did not know whether it should be attributed to the *fête* of the 15th, or the famous undertaking of the seven wise men of Paris.

By two o'clock on the 16th, encouraging results were obtained. The skin and muscles had recovered nearly all their suppleness, but the joints were still hard to bend. The collapsed condition of the walls of the abdomen and the interval between the ribs, still indicated that the viscera were far from having reabsorbed the quantity of water which they had previously lost with Herr Meiser. A bath was prepared and kept at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees and a half. They left the Colonel in it two hours and a half, taking care to frequently pass over his head a fine sponge soaked with water.

M. Nibor removed him from the bath as soon as the skin, which was filled out sooner than the other tissues, began to assume a whitish tinge and wrinkle slightly. They kept him until the evening of the 16th in this humid room, where they arranged an apparatus which, from time to time, occasioned a fine rain of a temperature of thirty-seven and a half degrees. A new bath was given in the evening. During the night, the body was enveloped in flannel, but kept constantly in the same steaming atmosphere.

On the morning of the 17th, after a third bath of an hour and a half, the general characteristics of the figure and the proportions of the body presented their natural aspect: one would have called it a sleeping man. Five or six curious persons were admitted to see it, among others the colonel of the 23d. In the presence of these witnesses, M. Nibor moved successively all the joints, and demonstrated that they had recovered their flexibility. He gently kneaded the limbs, trunk, and abdomen. He partly opened the lips, and separated the jaws, which were quite firmly closed, and saw that the tongue had returned to its ordinary size and consistency. He also partly opened the eyelids: the eyeballs were firm and bright.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, "these are indications which do not deceive; I prophesy success. In a few hours you shall witness the first manifestations of life."

"But," interrupted one of the bystanders, "why not immediately?"

"Because the *conjunctivæ* are still a little paler than they ought to be. But the little veins traversing the whites of the eyes have already assumed a very encouraging appearance. The blood is almost entirely restored. What is the blood? Red globules floating in serum, or a sort of whey. The serum in poor Fougas was dried up in his veins; the water which we have gradually introduced by a slow endosmose has saturated the albumen and fibrin of the serum, which is returned to the liquid state. The red globules which desiccation had agglutinated, had become motionless like ships stranded in shoal water. Now behold them afloat again: they thicken, swell, round out their edges, detach themselves from each other, and prepare to circulate in their proper channels at the first impulse which shall be given them by the contractions of the heart."

"It remains to see," said M. Renault, "whether the heart will put itself in motion. In a living man, the heart moves under the impulse of the brain, transmitted by the nerves. The brain acts under the impulse of the heart, transmitted by the arteries. The whole forms a perfectly exact circle, without which there is no wellbeing. And when neither heart nor brain acts, as in the Colonel's case, I don't see which of the two can set the other in motion. You remember the scene in the 'École des Femmes,' where Arnolphe knocks at his door? The valet and the maid, Alain and Georgette, are both in the house. 'Georgette!' cries Alain.—'Well?' replies Georgette. 'Open the door down there!'—'Go yourself! Go yourself!'—'Gracious me! I shan't go!'—'I shan't go either!'—'Open it right away!'—'Open it yourself!' And nobody opens it. I am inclined to think, Monsieur, that we are attending a performance of this comedy. The house is the body of the Colonel; Arnolphe, who wants to get in, is the Vital Principle. The heart and brain act the parts of Alain and Georgette. 'Open the door!' says one.—'Open it yourself!' says the other. And the Vital Principle waits outside."

"Monsieur," replied M. Nibor, smiling, "you forget the ending of the scene. Arnolphe gets angry, and cries out:

'Whichever of you two doesn't open the door, shan't have anything to eat for four days!' And forthwith Alain hurries himself, Georgette runs and the door is opened. Now bear in mind that I speak in this way only in order to conform to your own course of reasoning, for the term 'Vital Principle' is at variance with the actual assertions of science. Life will manifest itself as soon as the brain, or the heart, or any one of the organs which have the capacity of working spontaneously, shall have absorbed the quantity of water it needs. Organized matter has inherent properties which manifest themselves without the assistance of any foreign principle, whenever they are surrounded by certain conditions. Why do not M. Fougas' muscles contract yet? Why does not the tissue of the brain enter into action? Because they have not yet the amount of moisture necessary to them. In the fountain of life there is lacking, perhaps, a pint of water. But I shall be in no hurry to refill it: I am too much afraid of breaking it. Before giving this gallant fellow a final bath, it will be necessary to knead all his organs again, to subject his abdomen to regular compressions, in order that the serous membranes of the stomach, chest, and heart may be perfectly disagglutinated and capable of slipping on each other. You are aware that the slightest tear in these parts, or the least resistance, would be enough to kill our subject at the moment of his revival."

While speaking, he united example to precept and kept kneading the trunk of the Colonel. . . .

Never had the little Rue de la Faisanderie seen such a crowd. An astonished passer-by stopped and inquired:—

"What's the matter here? Is it a funeral?"

"Quite the reverse, Sir."

"A christening, then?"

"With warm water!"

"A birth?"

"A being born again!" . . .

At noon, the commissioner of police and the lieutenant of *gens d'armes* made way through the crowd and entered the house. These gentlemen hastened to declare to M. Renault that their visit had nothing of an official character, but that they had come merely from curiosity. In the corridor they met the Sub-prefect, the Mayor, and Gothon, who was lamenting in loud tones that she should see the government lend its hand to such sorceries.

About one o'clock, M. Nibor caused a new and prolonged bath to be given the Colonel, on coming out of which the body was subjected to a kneading harder and more complete than before.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we can carry M. Fougas into the laboratory, in order to give his resuscitation all the publicity desirable. But it will be well to dress him, and his uniform is in tatters."

"I think," answered good M. Renault, "that the Colonel is about my size; so I can lend him some of my clothes. Heaven grant that he may use them! But, between us, I don't hope for it."

Gothon brought in, grumbling, all that was necessary to dress an entirely naked man. But her bad humor did not hold out before the beauty of the Colonel: —

"Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he is young, fresh, and fair as a little chicken. If he doesn't revive, it will be a great pity!"

There were about forty people in the laboratory when Fougas was carried thither. M. Nibor, assisted by M. Martout, placed him on a sofa, and begged a few moments of attentive silence. During these proceedings, Mme. Renault sent to inquire if she could come in. She was admitted.

"Madame and gentlemen," said M. Nibor, "life will manifest itself in a few minutes. It is possible that the muscles will act first, and that their action may be convulsive, on account of not yet being regulated by the influence of the nervous system. I ought to apprise you of this fact, in order that you may not be frightened if such a thing transpires." . . .

He again began making systematic compressions of the lower part of the chest, rubbing the skin with his hands, half opening the eyelids, examining the pulse, and auscultating the region of the heart.

The attention of the spectators was diverted an instant by a hubbub outside. A battalion of the 23d was passing, with music at the head, through the Rue de la Faisanderie. While the saxhorns were shaking the windows, a sudden flush mantled on the cheeks of the Colonel. His eyes, which had stood half open, lit up with a brighter sparkle. At the same instant, M. Nibor, who had his ear applied to the chest, cried: —

"I hear the beatings of the heart!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the chest rose with a violent inspiration, the limbs contracted, the body straightened up, and out came a cry: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

FRITZ AND SUZEL.

By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

[Erckmann-Chatrian is the signature of the literary collaborators Émile Erckmann (born at Phalsbourg, Meurthe, May 20, 1822) and Alexandre Chatrian (born at Soldatenthal, Meurthe, December 18, 1826; died at Raincy, Seine, September 3, 1890). Their reputation is founded chiefly upon a series of historical romances dealing with episodes in the wars of the Revolution and Empire, the most widely read being: "Madame Thérèse," "The Conscript," "The Blockade of Phalsbourg," "Year One of the Republic," and "Waterloo." Among their other works are "Friend Fritz" and "The Polish Jew," both successfully dramatized, — the latter as "The Bells," one of Irving's successes.]

Fritz, turning about on the orchestra steps, cast a look around the hall, and for a moment began to fear that he should not find Suzel. Pretty girls were not wanting — black and brown, fair and auburn, all were on the qui vive in a moment,

looking eagerly at Kobus and blushing when their looks met his, for they felt it a great honor to be chosen by such a handsome man, especially to dance the *treieleins*. But Fritz did not see their blushes, did not see them straightening themselves up like the hussars of William Frederick on parade, flattening their shoulders and primming their mouths. He paid no attention to all this parterre of youth and beauty thus budding into new life under his gaze; what he was looking for was the humble little forget-me-not — the little blue flower, the symbol of love and memory.

Long he searched, every moment becoming more and more uneasy, but at last he discovered her away in the distance, half concealed behind a garland of oak leaves, which drooped from a pillar to the right of the entrance. Scarcely visible through the leafy screen, Suzel was sitting with drooping head and timid downcast eyes, stealing a glance now and then towards the orchestra, at once fearful and desirous of being seen.

She had no adornment but her beautiful fair hair falling on her shoulders in two long plaits; a blue silk handkerchief was folded across her bosom, and a little velvet bodice showed off her graceful figure to advantage. Beside her sat her grandmother, Annah, as upright as the figure 1, her gray hair pushed back under a black cap, and her arms hanging down stiffly by her side. These people had not come to dance, but merely to look on, and had stationed themselves quite on the outskirts of the crowd.

Fritz' cheeks flushed; he descended the steps of the orchestra and crossed the hall amidst the general attention. Suzel, seeing him coming, turned quite pale, and had to lean against the pillar for support. She dare not look again. He ran up the steps, pushed aside the garland, and took her hand, saying in a low voice, —

"Suzel, will you dance the *treieleins* with me?"

Lifting her large blue eyes towards his as if in a dream, Suzel from being quite pale turned scarlet.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kobus," said she, looking at her grandmother.

The old woman, after waiting for a moment, bent her head, and said, "It is well — you may dance." For she knew Fritz from having seen him formerly when he came to Bischem with his father.

They descended, therefore, into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the

round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz' arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging, her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black silk ribbons which crossed over her snow-white stockings, her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful, flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz' with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, "He has chosen well!"

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He, too, would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing — he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who outtopped him by half a head, looked as if she was taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little roundabout woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out, —

"Kobus, are you ready?"

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon, when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, rapid, sparkling, wild — the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air, for inspiration comes from Heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time, with an air of profound admiration, while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weathercock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semicircle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth, they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause, but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her round him twice, shouted in a stentorian voice — "*you! you!*" subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout — "*you! you! you! you! you! you!*" that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs, which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away, they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted, the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to

promenade their partners through the hall, although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators did not seem to reach their ears, and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love from his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

"Halloo! So you are here, too, Father Christel," exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; "you see Suzel and I have been dancing together."

"It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus," replied the farmer, smiling; "a great honor, indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life."

"Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!"

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes, and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked: —

"But, Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now."

"Mazel and I," replied the little one, "used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves."

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing, and the other Anabaptist exclaimed: —

"What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!"

Fritz, learning by this that Suzel had never danced with any man but himself, felt fairly intoxicated with happiness. He would have liked to burst out singing, but restraining himself he said: —

"Oh! this is only the beginning of the *fête*. You will see what fun we shall have. You will stay with us, Father Christel; Haan and Schoultz are here too; we shall dance until evening, and sup together afterwards at the Golden Sheep."

"That," said Christel, "saving your favor, Mr. Kobus, and notwithstanding all the pleasure I should have in staying, I

could not take on myself to agree to. I must go now. I only came here to fetch Suzel."

"To fetch Suzel?"

"Yes, Mr. Kobus."

"And why so?"

"Because the work is pressing at home — we are now busy with the harvest, and the weather may change from this till to-morrow. It is more than I like to have lost two days already at this season; but still I don't say against it, for it is said, 'Honor thy father and mother.' And to come once or twice a year to see one's mother is not too much. But I must go now. And then, last week, at Hunebourg, you entertained me so well that I didn't get home till ten o'clock at night. And if I were to stay now my wife would think I was getting into bad ways, and would be quite uneasy."

Fritz was quite disconcerted. Not knowing what to reply, he took Christel by the arm, and with Suzel on the other, left the hall, the other Anabaptist following.

"Father Christel," said he, catching him by the button of his overcoat, "perhaps you are quite right as concerns yourself, but what is the necessity of taking Suzel? You might very well trust her with me. Deuce take it! one hasn't so many opportunities of taking a little enjoyment."

"Why, goodness knows, I would trust her with you with pleasure," said the farmer, holding up his hands; "I consider she would be as safe with you as with her own father, Mr. Kobus, only look at the loss she would be to us. It doesn't do to leave the laborers to themselves altogether. My wife attends to the kitchen, I drive the wagons; if the weather should change, who knows when we would get the hay in? And, besides, we have a family matter to settle — a weighty matter too."

Whilst saying this he looked at the other Anabaptist, who nodded his head gravely.

"And so, Mr. Kobus, I beg you will not keep us — you would be quite wrong if you did — eh, Suzel?"

Suzel did not answer; she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, but it was plain she would have liked dearly to stay.

Fritz saw that by persisting longer he might give rise to all sorts of surmises; so, yielding to circumstances, he changed his tone, and said in as cheerful a voice as he could command: —

"Well, then, since it is impossible, we shall say no more

about it. But at least you will take a glass of wine with us at the Golden Sheep?"

"Oh, as for that, Mr. Kobus, I won't refuse you. I shall just go now with Suzel and say good-by to grandmother, and in a quarter of an hour we will be with you at the auberge."

"Very good — I shall be on the lookout for you."

Fritz pressed Suzel's hand tenderly; the poor little thing looked very sad as she turned away with her father. Fritz stood looking after them as they crossed the square, and then turned back into the Madame Hütte.

Haan and Schoultz, after conducting their partners to their seats, had returned to the orchestra gallery, and Fritz rejoined them there.

"You must tell Andrès to lead the orchestra for you," said he to Joseph, "and join us over a glass or two of good wine at the hotel yonder."

The Bohemian asked for no better, and Andrès having taken his place at the desk, the four left the hall arm in arm.

At the auberge of the Golden Sheep Fritz ordered up a dessert into the now deserted *salle-à-manger*, and Father Loerich went down to the cellar for three bottles of champagne, which he put to cool in a bucket of water fresh from the spring. That done, the party took their seats at the window, and almost immediately afterwards the Anabaptist's *char-à-banc* appeared at the end of the street. Christel was seated in front, and Suzel behind on a bundle of straw in the midst of a heap of *kougelhof* and tarts of all kinds which they were always in the habit of bringing home from the fair.

Fritz, seeing Suzel coming, hastened to cut the wire of one of the bottles, and just at the moment when the wagon stopped he stood up in the window and let fly the cork like a rocket, exclaiming, —

"To the prettiest dancer of the *treieleins* in Bischem!"

You may imagine whether the little Suzel was happy on hearing this; it was exactly like a pistol shot at a wedding. Christel laughed heartily, and thought to himself, —

"This good-hearted Mr. Kobus is a little tipsy, but one can't be surprised at that on a *fête* day."

And entering the *salle*, he raised his broad-brimmed hat, saying: —

"That ought to be the champagne of which I have often heard — that wine of France which turns the heads of those

fighting people, and leads them to make war on all the world! Am I wrong?"

"No, Father Christel, no; take a seat," replied Fritz. "See, Suzel, here is your chair beside me. Take one of these glasses. To the health of my fair partner!"

All the party hammered on the table, crying, —

"*Das soll gulden!*"

And then, raising their elbows, they tossed off the bumper with a clacking of tongues like the sound of a flock of thrushes at the myrtle harvest.

Suzel only dipped her rosy lips in the foaming liquor, her large blue eyes raised towards Kobus, and said in a scarcely audible voice: —

"Oh, how good it is! It is not wine, it is something far better!"

She was as red as a cherry; and Fritz, who felt as happy as a king, drew himself up in his chair, murmuring with a smile of satisfaction, —

"Yes, yes, it isn't bad."

He would have given all the wines of France and Germany to dance the *treieleins* once more with Suzel.

How a man's ideas can change in three months!

Christel, seated opposite the window, with his great felt hat resting on the back of his neck, his face beaming, his elbows on the table, and his whip between his knees, gazed at the magnificent sunshine outside, and, thinking all the time of the harvest, kept saying, —

"Yes, yes, it is a good wine!"

He paid no attention to Kobus and Suzel, who smiled at each other like two children without saying a word, perfectly happy in being together. But Joseph observed them with a dreamy and thoughtful expression.

Schoultz filled the glasses afresh, exclaiming: —

"You may say what you like, but Frenchmen have some good things in that country of theirs! What a pity that their Champagne, their Burgundy, and their Bordeaux are not on the right side of the Rhine!"

"Schoultz," said Haan, gravely, "you don't know what you are wishing for. Just reflect that if we had these provinces, they would come over and take them from us. It would be quite another sort of extermination from that of their liberty and equality — it would be the end of the world! — for wine

is something real and tangible, and these Frenchmen, who are always talking of first principles, sublime ideas, and noble sentiments, hold fast to the real and substantial. Whilst the English are ever protecting the human race in general, and would have you believe they never cast a thought on such trifles as sugar, pepper, or cotton, the French on their side have always some line or other to rectify. Sometimes it leans too much to the right, sometimes too much to the left. They call that resuming their natural limits.

"As for the fat pasture grounds, the vineyards, the meadows, the forests that happen to lie within these lines, that is a thing they never think about; they hold merely to their ideas of justice and geometry. Heaven preserve us from having a slice of Champagne in Saxony or Mecklenburg; their natural limits would soon be found to tend in that direction! Far better to buy a few bottles of good wine from them when we want them and preserve our equilibrium. Our old Germany loves peace and quietness, and she has therefore invented the equilibrium. In Heaven's name, Schoultz, don't let us cherish rash desires!"

Haan spoke with considerable warmth, and Schoultz, emptying his glass, abruptly replied: —

"You speak like a pacific citizen, but I as a warrior. Every one to his taste and profession."

So saying, he knit his brow, and proceeded to uncork another bottle.

Christel, Joseph, Fritz, and Suzel paid no attention to this dialogue.

"What splendid weather!" exclaimed Christel, as if speaking to himself. "Here is now nearly a month that we have had no rain, and every evening dew in abundance. It is a real blessing from Heaven."

Joseph filled the glasses.

"Since the year '22," resumed the old farmer, "I don't remember to have seen such a fine weather for getting in the hay harvest; and that year the wine, too, was very good. It was mild, well-flavored wine. There was a good harvest and a good vintage."

"Did you enjoy yourself, Suzel?" asked Fritz.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Kobus," said the little one; "I never enjoyed myself so much as to-day. I shall always remember it!"

She looked at Fritz, whose eyes were suffused with agitation and happiness.

"Come," said he, "another glass."

In pouring it out he happened to touch her hand, and a thrill ran through his whole frame.

"Do you like the *treieleins*, Suzel?"

"Oh, it is the nicest dance, Mr. Kobus! How could I help liking it? And then with such music! Oh, how good the music was!"

"Do you hear, Joseph!" murmured Fritz.

"Yes, yes," replied the Bohemian, in a low voice. "I hear it, Kobus; that gives me pleasure — I am content."

He looked at Fritz as if he would read to the bottom of his heart, and Kobus felt in such a state of happiness that he could not utter a word. Meanwhile the three bottles had been emptied. Fritz, turning to the innkeeper, said, —

"Father Loerich, two bottles more!"

But at this, Christel starting from his reverie exclaimed: —

"Mr. Kobus! Mr. Kobus! what are you thinking of? I should be sure to overturn the wagon! No, no; it's now after five o'clock. It's full time we were on the road."

"Well, since you wish it, Father Christel, we must put it off till some other time. So you don't like this wine?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Kobus, I like it greatly, but although mild to the taste it's terribly strong. I might miss my way if I took any more — he! he! he! Come, Suzel, we must go!"

Suzel rose from her seat, quite agitated, and Fritz, holding her by the arm, stuffed the dessert into the pockets of her apron: macaroons, almonds — in short, everything.

"Oh, Mr. Kobus," said she, in her little soft voice, "that's enough."

"Eat these to please me," said he; "you have pretty little teeth, Suzel, just made for eating nice things; and we must some day or other drink some more of this small white wine together, since you say you like it."

"Oh! good gracious, how should I drink such wine — it's so dear!" said she.

"Never mind, never mind — I know what I am saying," murmured he; "you shall see we will drink some more of it together."

And Father Christel, who was slightly elevated, looked at them, saying to himself: —

"What a good-hearted man Mr. Kobus is! Ah! the Lord

does well to shower down His blessings on such men — it's like the dew of heaven, every one gets his share."

At last all the party rose to go. Fritz gave his arm to Suzel and led the way, saying, —

"I must certainly see my partner off."

When they reached the wagon he caught Suzel under the arms, and crying, "Jump, Suzel!" he lifted her like a feather and placed her on the straw, which he pulled up about her carefully.

"Push your little feet well into it," said he; "the evenings are getting cool now."

Then, without waiting for any answer, he went straight up to Father Christel, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"A pleasant journey to you, Father Christel," said he, "and safe home!"

"I wish you a very pleasant evening, gentlemen," replied the old farmer, seating himself beside the shaft and taking the reins.

Suzel had turned quite pale. Fritz took her hand, and raising his forefinger, —

"Remember! we are to drink some more of the little white wine together!" said he, which made her smile.

Christel gave a smart cut of the whip to his horses, which set off at a gallop. Haan and Schoultz had returned into the auberge. Fritz and Joseph remained standing on the threshold, looking after the vehicle; Fritz, especially, never took his eyes off it. It was just about to disappear round the corner when Suzel turned her head quickly.

Then Kobus, throwing his two arms about Joseph, gave him a hearty hug, the tears standing in his eyes.

"Yes, yes," said the Bohemian, in a deep, soft voice, "it is a good thing to embrace an old friend! But her whom you love, and who loves you — ah, Fritz, that is another thing!"

Kobus saw that Joseph had guessed everything. He felt as if he could burst into tears; but all at once, seizing the Bohemian by the hand, he began to jump about, exclaiming: —

"Come along, old fellow, come along; let's have some fun and enjoy ourselves. Now for the Madame Hütte. What a glorious evening! What a lovely sun!"

MILLER VOSS AND THE AMTSHAUPTMANN.

By FRITZ REUTER.

(From "In the Year '13": translated by Charles L. Lewes.)

[FRITZ REUTER, German dialect poet and novelist, was born in Stavenhagen, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, November 7, 1810. While finishing his law studies at Jena, he joined a secret society. He was arrested for high treason in 1833, condemned to death in 1834, and, his sentence being commuted to thirty years' imprisonment, was confined in several fortresses, but was amnestied in 1840. Being too old to resume the study of law, he engaged in several enterprises, lost his property, and became a private tutor in a little town in Pomerania. There he composed "Läuschen un Rimels" ("Melodies and Rhymes") in Low German (1853), which at once placed him in the first rank of popular poets. He also wrote novels, stories, etc., among the best being "In the Time of the French" and "In the Time of my Imprisonment." He died June 12, 1874.]

I WAS baptized, and had godfathers: four of them. And, if my godfathers were still alive, and walked through the streets with me, people would stop and say: "Look, what fine fellows! you won't see many such." They were indeed godfathers! And one of them was a head taller than the others, and towered above them as Saul did above his brethren. This was the old Amtshauptmann Weber. He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blacked boots, and his face was so marked by the smallpox that it looked as if the Devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, and in his eyes too you could read, "Not the fear of Man but the fear of God." And he was the right man in the right place.

About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an armchair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: "Yes, look, old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair, and if I can wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head."

When I took him a message from my father, and managed

to give it straight off, he would pat me on the head and then say: "Now, away with you, boy. Off, like a shot! When you pull the trigger the gun mustn't hang fire, but must go off like a flash of lightning. Run to Mamsell Westphalen, and ask her for an apple."

To my father he would say: "Well, friend, what do *you* think? Are not you glad that you have a son? Boys are much better than girls; girls are always fretting and crying. Thank God, I have a boy too, my Joe. — What say you, eh!"

My father told my mother. "Do you know," said he, "what the old Amtshauptmann says? Boys are better than girls." Now I was in the room at the time and overheard this, and of course I said to myself: "My godfather is always right, boys *are* better than girls, and every one should have his deserts." So I took the large piece of plumcake for myself and gave my sister the small one, and thought not a little of myself, for I knew now that I was the larger half of the apple. But this was not to last; the tables were to be turned. —

One day — it was at the time when the rascally French had just come back from Russia, and everything was in commotion — some one knocked at the Herr Amtshauptmann's door. "Come in," cried the old gentleman, and in came old Miller Voss of Gielow, ducking his head nearly down to the ground by way of a bow.

"Good afternoon, Herr Amtshauptmann," said he.

"Good morning, Miller."

Now, though the one said "good afternoon" and the other said "good morning," each was right from his own point of view; for the Miller got up at four o'clock in the morning, and with him it was afternoon, while with the Amtshauptmann it was still early in the morning, as he did not rise till eleven.

"What is it, Miller?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, I've come to you about a weighty matter. — I'll tell you what it is: I want to be made a bankrupt."

"What, Miller!"

"I want to be made a bankrupt, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Hm — hm," muttered the Amtshauptmann, "that's an ugly business." And he paced up and down the room scratching his head. "How long have you been at the bailiwick of Stemhagen?"

"Three and thirty years come Midsummer."

"Hm — hm," again muttered the Amtshauptmann, "and how old are you, Miller?"

"Come peas harvest five and sixty, or maybe six and sixty; for as to our old Pastor Hammerschmidt he wasn't much given to writing, and didn't trouble his head about parish registers, and the Frau Pastor, who made the entries, — I' faith she had a deal to do besides, — only attended to them every three years, so that there might be enough to make it worth while; and then some fine afternoon she would go through the village and write down the children's ages, but more according to height and size than to what they really were; and my mother always said she had cut off a year from me, because I was small and weakly. But less than five and sixty I'm not. I am sure of that."

During this speech the Amtshauptmann had kept walking up and down the room, listening with only one ear; he now stood still before the Miller, looked straight into his eyes, and said sharply: "Then, Miller Voss, you're much too old for anything of the kind."

"How so, Herr?" exclaimed the poor Miller, quite cast down.

"Bankruptcy is a hard matter; at your age you could not carry it through."

"Do you think so, Herr?"

"Yes, I do. We are both too old for it. We must leave such things to younger people. What do you think folks would say if I were to get myself declared bankrupt? Why, they would say, of course, the old Amtshauptmann up at the Schloss has gone quite mad! And," added he, laying his hand gently on the Miller's shoulder, "they would be right, Miller Voss. What say you, eh?"

The Miller looked down at the toes of his boots and scratched his head: "It's true, Herr."

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "where does the shoe pinch? What is troubling you?"

"Troubling! say you, Herr Amtshauptmann," shouted the Miller, clapping his hand to the side of his head as if a wasp had stung him. "Troubling! Torturing, you mean. Torturing! — That Jew! That cursed Jew! And then the lawsuit, Herr Amtshauptmann, the cursed lawsuit!"

"Look you, Miller, that's another of your follies, entangling yourself at your age in a lawsuit."

"True enough, Herr; but when I began it I was in my prime and thought to be able to fight it out; now I see clear enough that your lawsuit has a longer breath than an honest Miller."

"But I think it's coming to an end now."

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and then I shall be hard up, for my affairs are in a bad way. The lawyers have muddled them, and as for my uncle, old Joe Voss, why, his son who will soon get possession of all is a downright vagabond, and they say he's sworn a great oath to oust me from the Borcherts Inn at Malchin. But I have the right on my side, Herr Amtshauptmann. And how I got into this lawsuit I don't know to this day, for old Frau Borcherts while she was still alive — she was the aunt of my mother's sister's daughter — and Joe Voss — he was my cousin . . ."

"I know the story," interrupted the Amtshauptmann, "and if you would follow my advice, you would make it up."

"But I can't, Herr, for Joe Voss' rascally son wouldn't be satisfied with less than half the money, and if I pay that, I shall be a beggar. No, Herr Amtshauptmann, it may go as it will, but one thing I'm resolved on, I won't give in though I go to prison for it. Is a ruffian like that, who struts about with his father's money in his pocket, spending it right and left, and who doesn't know what it is to have to keep up a house in these hard times — and who's never had his cattle carried off by those cursed French, nor his horses stolen out of the stable, nor his house plundered, — is such a rascal as that to get the better of me? By your leave, Herr, I could kick the fellow."

"Miller Voss, gently, Miller Voss," said the old gentleman, "the lawsuit will come to an end sometime or other. It is going on."

"Going, Herr Amtshauptmann? It's flying, as the Devil said when he tied the Bible to his whip and swung it round his head."

"True, true, Miller Voss; but at present you're not much pressed."

"Pressed? Why, I'm fixed in a vise — in a vise, I say! That Jew, Herr Amtshauptmann, that thrice-cursed Jew!"

"What Jew is it?" asks the Herr Amtshauptmann. And the Miller twirls his hat between his finger and thumb, looks

cautiously round to see that no one is listening, draws closer to the old gentleman, and, laying a finger on his lip, whispers: "Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Whew!" said the old Herr. "How came you to be mixed up with that fellow?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, how came the ass to have long ears? Some go to gather wild strawberries, and get stung by nettles. The sexton of Gägelow thought his wheelbarrow was full of holy angels, and when he had got to the top of the mountain and expected to see them fly up to heaven, the Devil's grandmother was sitting in the wheelbarrow, and she grinned at him and said: 'Neighbor, we shall meet again!' In my troubles, when the enemy had taken everything I had, I borrowed two hundred thalers from him, and for the last two years I have been obliged to renew the bill from term to term, and the debt has crept up to five hundred thalers, and the day after to-morrow I shall be forced to pay it."

"But, Miller, did you sign?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Then you must pay. What's written is written."

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thought . . ."

"It can't be helped, Miller; what's written is written."

"But the Jew?. . ."

"Miller, what's written is written."

"Then, Herr Amtshauptmann, what shall I do?"

The old gentleman began again to walk backwards and forwards in the room, tapping his forehead. At last he stopped, looked earnestly in the Miller's face, and said: "Miller, young people get out of such difficulties better than old ones; send me one of your boys."

The old Miller looked once more at the toes of his boots, and then turning his face away, said in a tone which went straight to the old Amtshauptmann's heart: "Sir, whom shall I send? My Joe was ground to death in the mill, and Karl was carried off to Russia by the French last year, and he's not come back."

"Miller," replied the old Amtshauptmann, patting him on the back, "have you then no children at all?"

"I have," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, "a little girl left."

"Well, Miller, I am not particularly fond of girls myself, they are always fretting and crying."

"That's true, sir, they *are* always fretting and crying."

"And they can be of no use in a matter like this, Miller."

"But what will happen to me then?"

"The Jew will put in an execution, and will take away everything."

"Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, the French have done that twice already, so the Jew may as well try it now. At any rate he will leave the millstone behind. — And you think I'm too old to be made bankrupt?"

"Yes, Miller, I fear so."

"Well, then, good day, Herr Amtshauptmann." And so saying he went away.

The old gentleman stands still awhile and looks after the Miller as he goes across the courtyard of the Schloss, and says to himself: "It's hard for one old man to see another gradually going to ruin through the bad times and bad people. But who can help him? . . . The only thing is to give him time. — Five hundred thalers!! Who in these days can pay down five hundred thalers? . . . Take away old Roggenbom of Scharfzow, and I think you might set the whole bailiwick of Stemhagen, town and all, on its head, and no five hundred thalers would fall out. . . . And Roggenbom won't do it. . . . Possibly at Easter it might be done; but the Jew will not wait as long as that. — Yes, yes, they are hard times for everybody."

But while he thus stood and looked out of the window, the courtyard became full of life, and seven French Chasseurs rode in at the gate. One of them got down, and fastened his horse to the door of Mamsell Westphalen's henhouse, and went straight into the Amtshauptmann's room, and began swearing and gesticulating at him, while the old gentleman remained standing, and stared at him. But as it grew more serious, and the Frenchman began to draw his sword, the Amtshauptmann stepped towards the bell and called for his factotum Fritz Sahlmann, who used to run his errands for him, and "Fritz," said he, "run down to the Herr Burmeister and see if he cannot come up here a little while, for I have come to the end of my Latin."

And Fritz Sahlmann now comes down to my father and says: "Herr Burmeister, come quickly to the Amtshauptmann's help, or, by my life, things will go badly."

"Why, what's the matter?" asks my father.

"There are six rascally French Chasseurs in the courtyard

at the Schloss, — and the Captain of them, — he is in with the Herr, — and has forgotten his manners, — and has drawn his sword, and is brandishing it before the eyes of the Herr, and the Herr stands fixed to the spot, and doesn't move an inch; for he knows about as much of French as the cow does of Sunday."

"The devil!" said my father, and jumped up, for he was a quick, determined man, and did not know what fear meant.

When he entered the room, the Frenchman was rushing about like a wild beast, and the words came sputtering out of his mouth like the beer from a barrel without a bung. The Amtshauptmann was standing quite still, and had his French pocket dictionary in his hand, and whenever he caught a word the Frenchman said, he turned over the leaves to see what the dictionary made of it, and when my father came in, he asked: "My friend, what does the fellow want? Eh! . . . Ask the fellow what he wants."

My father thereupon began to speak to the Frenchman, but he was so loud and vehement, shouted and gesticulated so much, that the old Amtshauptmann asked: "What is he so excited for, friend?" Well, at last my father got out of the Frenchman what it was he wanted: "Fifteen fat oxen, and a load of corn, and seven hundred ells of green cloth, and a hundred louis d'ors;" — and a great deal "doo vang" (as my father told the Amtshauptmann) for himself and his men besides. "My friend," then said the old Herr, "tell the fellow he is a scound——"

"Stop!" cried my father, "don't say that word, Herr Amtshauptmann, he will often have heard it lately, and maybe he understands it. No, I advise that we should give him plenty 'doo vang' now; it will be time enough to think of the rest afterwards." And the Herr Amtshauptmann agreed, and ordered Fritz Sahlmann to get glasses and wine from Mamsell Westphalen, "but not the best."

Well, the wine comes, and my father fills the Frenchman's glass and the Frenchman fills my father's, and they drink and fill alternately, and my father soon says: "Herr Amtshauptmann, you must sit down too and help me, for this fellow is a cask without a bottom."

"My friend," answered the Amtshauptmann, "I am an old man and the chief justiciary in his Grace's bailiwick of Stemhagen; it is not fitting that I should sit and drink with this fellow."

"Yes," said my father, "but Necessity knows no law; and besides, this is for our country."

And so the old Herr sat down and did his best. But after some time my father said: "Herr Amtshauptmann, the fellow is too many for us; what a mercy it would be if we could get hold of some one with a strong head." And as he said this, there came a knock at the door. "Come in."

"Good day," says old Miller Voss of Gielow, coming in, "good day, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Good day, Miller, what is the matter now?"

"Oh! Herr, I have come again about my lawsuit."

"There's no more time for that to-day; you see the position we are in."

But my father cried out: "Voss, come here, and do a Christian deed. Just seat yourself by this Frenchman and drink him down." Miller Voss looked first at my father and then at the Amtshauptmann, and thought to himself: "I've never been at a session like this before;" but nevertheless he soon found himself at home in it.

My father now goes to the Amtshauptmann, and says: "Herr Amtshauptmann, this is our man; he will finish the fellow; I know him."

"Good," said the old Herr, "but how are we to get rid of the six fellows out there in the courtyard?"

"They are but a band of ruffians and marauders," replied my father; "only let me do as I like, and I will soon get rid of them;" and he called Fritz Sahlmann and said: "Fritz, my lad, go down through the Schloss garden, — mind no one sees you, — and run to Droz the watchmaker; he is to put on his uniform and his black leggings and bearskin and sword and gun, and slip across the garden through the little green gate to the corner window, and then cough."

Now as concerns Droz the watchmaker, he was by birth a Neufchatelois; he had served under many flags, amongst them the French, and at last had come to a halt in my native town, where he had married a widow and settled. He had hung up his French uniform, and in the evening twilight, when it was too dark to see to mend watches, he used to put it on and strut up and down his little room, but with his head bare, as the ceiling was too low for him to wear his bearskin. And then he would talk about "la grande nation" and "le grand Empereur" and command the division: Right wheel: Left wheel: Right

about face: till his wife and children crept behind the bed for fear. But he was a good man and would not hurt a fly, and the next day "la grande nation" would be safe in the cupboard, and he mending away at his watches and eating Mecklenburg dumplings dipped in the fat of Mecklenburg bacon.

Well, while the watchmaker was buttoning on his leggings and putting on his bearskin, Miller Voss sat drinking with the Frenchman, both working well at the Amtshauptmann's red wine, and the Frenchman clinked glasses with the Miller and said: "À vous!" and the Miller then took his glass, drank, and said: "Pooh, pooh!" and then the Miller clinked glasses with the Frenchman, and the Frenchman thanked him and said: "Serviteur," and then the Miller drank again and said: "Rasc'lly cur!" And in this way they went on drinking and talking French together.

Gradually they became more and more friendly, and the Frenchman put his sword in its sheath, and before very long they were in each other's arms. At this moment a cough was heard under the corner window, and my father stole out and gave the watchmaker directions what he was to do. But the Herr Amtshauptmann kept walking up and down, wondering what the Duke would say to all this if he were to see it, and said to the Miller: "Miller, don't give in, I will not forget you." And the Miller did not give in, but drank sturdily on.

Meanwhile the watchmaker went stealthily back again through the Schloss garden, and when he came on to the road leading up to the Schloss, he slapped himself on the breast and drew himself up to his full height, for he was now "grande nation" again, and he marched in at the Schloss gate in military style, which suited him well, for he was a fine-looking fellow. The six Chasseurs, who were standing by their horses, looked at him and whispered together, and one of them went after him and demanded whence he came and whither he was going. But Droz looked scornfully over his shoulder at him and answered him sharply and shortly in French that he was the quartermaster of the seventy-third Regiment, and that it would be up from Malchin in half an hour, and he must first of all speak to "Monsieur le Baillif." The Chasseur turned pale, and as Droz began to talk about marauders and related how his Captain had had a couple shot the day before, first one and then another jumped on to his horse, and although a few did chatter together for a moment or two and pointed to the

Schloss, yet none of them felt inclined to stay any longer, and almost before you could lift your finger the courtyard was empty. And we boys stood at the Brandenburg gate and watched the six French Chasseurs as they floundered about in the mud, for it was just the season for the Mecklenburg roads, being the spring, and the thaw having just set in.

MARJORIE FLEMING.

By Dr. JOHN BROWN.

[John Brown: A Scotch physician and author; born in Lanarkshire, September, 1810; died May 11, 1882. He was one of the chief doctors of Edinburgh, taking his M.D. at that university in 1883; and the author of "Horæ Subsecivæ" (Leisure Hours) (1858, 1861, 1882), a volume of essays and sketches, containing the ever-popular "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie," etc.]

One November afternoon in 1810 — the year in which "Waverley" was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India — three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm in arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggled with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, "a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace," slight, with "small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering

glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and, though lame, nimble and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills, — a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath, —

> And at the touch of wrong, without a strife
> Slipped in a moment out of life.

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the *Darsie Latimer* of "Redgauntlet," "a man," as Scott says, "of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been, — a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian, as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh,

the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw, — ay, that's the word, — on-ding ——" He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d—— it, it won't do, —

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of 'Waverley' to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gamboled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of

the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding,— that's odd,— that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb —Maida gamboling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be,— "Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,— he saying it after her,—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty and she rebuked him with

most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over "Gil Morrice" or the "Baron of Smailholm"; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in "King John," till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating: —

> "For I am sick, and capable of fears,
> Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
> A woman, naturally born to fears."

> "If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
> Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
> Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious ——"

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument," —

> "I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
> For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
> Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie, — before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshiped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old watermark, "Lingard,

1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him, — fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, willful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge: —

O blessed vision, happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I thought of thee with many fears,
Of what might be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
Oh, too industrious folly!
Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines: —

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
And Innocence hath privilege in her,
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself

Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society; she fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed, you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant, Jeanie Robertson, who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella, — a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old, when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between, crying out, 'Pay [whip] Maidjie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements, when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch [catechism]" in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with, "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face, as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT," was the answer uniformly given.

"Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay — birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? What other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *be*loving, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She periled her all upon it, and it may have been as well — we know, indeed, that it was far better — for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was indeed "her Lord and King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead: "The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey [Craigie], and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith — the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakyhall [Craigiehall] hand in hand in Innocence and matitation [meditation] sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds

are singing sweetly — the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession: "I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubt of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? It is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him! . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes — In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite!*) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronunced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch.

I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of that bad bad sina [senna] tea to-day," — a better excuse for bad humor and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful, — has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects his praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them" (this is a meditation physiological), "and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man dog than a woman dog, because they do not bear like women dogs; it is a hard case — it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial [phial] of rose oil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gude man o' Ballengiech," as a reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gypsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk, this Braehead, preserved almost as it was two hundred years ago. "Lot and his wife," mentioned by Maidie, — two quaintly cropped

yew trees, — still thrive; the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune, — as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful: "I am very sorry to say that I forgot God — that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me — if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me — I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin — how could I resist it O no I will never do it again — no no — if I can help it." (Canny wee wifie!) "My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again — but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it." (Poor little "habit and repute"!)

Her temper, her passion, and her "badness" are almost daily confessed and deplored: "I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God's assistance — I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa's health will be quite ruined by me — it will indeed." "Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me." "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it."

Poor dear little sinner! — Here comes the world again: "In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage — offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me." A fine scent for "breach of promise!"

This is abrupt and strong: "The Divil is curced and all works. 'Tis a fine work 'Newton on the profecies.' I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible." "Miss Potune" (her "simpliton" friend) "is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian." Here come her views on church government: "An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member

of — I am a Pisplekan [Episcopalian] just now, and" (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) "a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!" — (*Blandula! Vagula! cœlum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e. *trans Bodotriam*)*-curris!*) — "my native town." "Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it" (!) "I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body." "There is a new novel published, named 'Self-Control'" (Mrs. Brunton's) — "a very good maxim forsooth!" This is shocking: "Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man" (a fine directness this!) "was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman — Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings." "Mr. Banester's" (Bannister's) "Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally." You are right, Marjorie. "A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him — truly it is a most beautiful one." "I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients." "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. 'Macbeth' is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The 'Newgate Calender' is very instructive" (!) "A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love." This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: "Love is a very papithatick thing" (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), "as well as troublesome and tiresome — but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it." Here are her reflections on a pineapple: "I think the price of a pineapple is very dear: it is a whole bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family." Here is a new vernal simile: "The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*." "Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart." "Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read

novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo, Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song: —

EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH — WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a nightcap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

Here are some bits at random: —

Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven.
And makes us like for to be living.

"The casawary is a curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Still harping on the "Newgate Calendar"!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the toothake, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer — balmy sleep — but did not get it — a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again: "In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and it is too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's [Edgeworth's] tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories nowadays better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's "Lines on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle: "I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her biding me get up."

She begins thus loftily, —

> Death the righteous love to see,
> But from it doth the wicked flee.

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter), —

I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!

There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee.

I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words! — "I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the Arabian Nights, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains: —

Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair.

This is a higher flight: —

DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer — for that we are kneeling at the foot-stool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots: —

Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize —
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil!

She hits off Darnley well: —

A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.

"By some queer way or other," — is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh: —

> He was killed by a cannon splinter,
> Quite in the middle of the winter;
> Perhaps it was not at that time,
> But I can get no other rhyme!

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching: "MY DEAR MOTHER, — You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"MARJORY FLEMING.

"P.S. — An old pack of cards (!) would be very exeptible."

This other is a month earlier: "MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA, — I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo' — 'I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me. — I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you — to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child* — M. FLEMING."

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811: —

There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
We would be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.
Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat;
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.
I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory.

In a letter from "Isa" to

Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,

she says: "I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee, — to come "quick to confusion." The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns, — heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment seat, — the publican's prayer in paraphrase: —

"Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

"Fain would I say, forgive my foul offense,
Fain promise nevermore to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,
Again in folly's path might go astray,
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

"O thou great Governor of all below,
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE."

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale, they are now: but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use, — that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

King Philip to Constance —
You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Constance —
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief.

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie: "Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest waxwork. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie

said of you would fill volumes; for you were the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then. 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother, mother!'"

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness, — not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come, — all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there, — all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy, — "hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;" and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equaled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and "Helvellyn," the ballad then much in vogue, and

all her *répertoire*, — Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following — and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations — to her sister: "Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles. I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead; but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy' for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of 'Early Lessons.' I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared."

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest':—

"Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;

Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
By timely culture, to their native skies;
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters."

We cannot better end than in words from this same pen: "I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, 'Just this once'; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth: —

"Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly.

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child, — Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark; — the words of Burns touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend, — *moriens canit*, — and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

NEW-BORN DEATH.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

To-day Death seems to me an infant child,
  Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
  Has set to grow my friend and play with me;
If haply so my heart might be beguiled
To find no terrors in a face so mild,—
  If haply so my weary heart might be
  Unto the new-born milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment reconciled.
How long, O Death? And shall thy feet depart
  Still a young child with mine, or wilt thou stand
Full-grown the helpful daughter of my heart,
  What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
  And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?

DEATH OF BARNIER.

By E. and J. DE GONCOURT.

(From "Sister Philomène": translated by Laura Ensor.)

[Edmond and Jules Huot de Goncourt: French artists and men of letters. Edmond was born at Nancy, May 26, 1822; died July 16, 1896; Jules was born at Paris, December 17, 1830; died June 20, 1870. They began active life as artists, and in 1850 commenced a literary partnership. A series of monographs on art and the stage first gave them repute in 1851–1852. They wrote always in collaboration, kept a journal together, and lived almost as one man until Jules' death; after which Edmond continued to publish novels of the same high degree of excellence as those written with his brother. Among their works, historical and fictitious, are: "Gavarni" (1873), "L'Art au XVIIIe Siècle" (1874), "Watteau" (1876), "Prud'hon" (1877), "Les Hommes de Lettres" (1860), "Sœur Philomène" (1861), "Renée Mauperin" (1864), "Germinie Lacerteux" (1865), "Manette Salomon" (1867), and "Madame Gervaisais" (1869). Jules wrote "La Fille Élisa" (1878), "La Faustin" (1882), and "Idées et Sensations" (1866). The "Journal des Goncourt" was published in six volumes, 1888–1892.]

When in the hospital the patient — man or woman — is not a brutish creature, a kind of animal whom poverty has hard-

ened and filled with enmity; when he shows some of the feelings of human nature, and under the hand that tends him reveals some moral sentiments; when his heart has received even the slightest education, he at once finds the doctors and students full of kindly attention.

The Sisters, too, obey the irresistible law of sympathy. They are involuntarily attracted where their tenderness will meet with the best reward, and where also they may hope, in their pious zeal, to find the greatest facility in propagating their religious ideas, and sowing thoughts of God in a soul.

This affection for grateful and favorite patients sustained Sister Philomène's courage; it made her strong and patient. Often she reproached herself for it; she fancied, in her hours of stern self-examination, that her preferences were unjust; but as she felt no remorse, she concluded that God did not demand this sacrifice of her.

Was not her whole life made up of those affections created by her self-devotion, formed by the bedside of the patients, and too often broken by death — abrupt separations that made her so sad? Was it not all her consolation, her love for these women whom she saw, after many long days and much suffering, start off one morning with the joyousness of renewed health, turn the handle of the door, and disappear, leaving with her a feeling of intense happiness, but also the pang of parting?

Amongst her patients Sister Philomène had a young woman whom they had at first hoped to cure, and whose life was now despaired of. In her speech and attitude this woman — entered on the books as a seamstress, and who never spoke of her past — betrayed early traces of education, of fortune, and of a once happy life. A catastrophe could be suspected — one of those misfortunes that oblige unaccustomed hands to work. The emotion of her thanks, her deep and subdued despair, and her resignation had interested every one, the surgeon, the students, and the other patients. Every day — taking advantage of the permission granted to the patients' sons and daughters, a little boy, whom they soon found out lived in a common lodging house in the Rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, came and sat by the poor woman's bedside, and called her mother. He was dressed in the old clothes of a better class, which he seemed to have grown up in, and grown out of. He sat on a tall chair, dangling his legs, with the unhappy expression of a child longing to cry, looking at his mother, who, too weak to talk to him,

devoured him with her eyes for a full hour, and then dismissed him.

Sister Philomène took a fancy to the child; every day she had some fruit or tidbit put aside for him as a surprise. She led him by the hand to her little room, and there talked to him, showed him religious picture books, or gave him a pencil and, seating him at her desk, let him scribble on blank tickets. Sometimes she would wash his face, part his hair, and bring him back clean and tidily combed to the sick bed of his mother, who blessed her with a look such as she would have bestowed on the Holy Virgin if she had appeared to her holding her son's hand.

The woman was fading away. One day the child was seated by her side on a chair. He gazed at her almost terrified, seeking in vain his mother in the face he no longer recognized. The Sister tried in vain to amuse and coax him. At the foot of the bed Barnier was putting mustard plasters on the patient's legs. And the woman, turned toward the Sister, was saying in the slow, low, penetrating voice of one about to die:

"No, Sister, it is not . . . dying . . . that frightens me. . . . I am ready . . . if it were only I . . . but he, my Sister." And she glanced at the child. "When I shall be no longer there . . . so young a child . . . what will become of him?"

"Come, come," said Sister Philomène, "you are going to recover . . . we shall cure you, shall we not, Monsieur Barnier?"

"Certainly . . . we shall cure you, . . ." replied the house surgeon, slowly and with difficulty bringing out his words.

"Oh!" said the sick woman, with a broken-hearted smile, and half-closed eyes. "You cannot understand, Sister, . . . a poor child left all alone in the world. . . . He had but me. . . ."

"As a Christian, you cannot doubt God's goodness and mercy. . . . He will not abandon your child. . . ."

And from Sister Philomène's lips rose an exhortation, which became a prayer, and seemed to lift up and stretch wings out to God, over the bed of the dying woman and the poor little unhappy orphan.

When the Sister had finished, the patient remained silent for a time, and then she sighed: —

"Yes, Sister, I know . . . but to leave him . . . without knowing; . . . if I were only sure he would have food . . .

bread even . . . if I only were certain he would have bread every day!" And the tears streamed from her eyes half dimmed by death.

Barnier, after putting on the mustard plasters, had remained motionless at the bedside, turning his back on the woman; his hands behind him played nervously with the iron post of the bedstead, when suddenly, carried away by one of those impulses that sometimes seize hold of the strongest, he turned round, and in a short, abrupt voice said to the dying woman: —

"Well, if that is all you want, you may make your mind easy. . . . I have a kind old mother who lives in the country. . . . She says the house seems too big now I have left. . . . It is an easy matter; your boy will keep her company. . . . And I can answer for it, she does not make children unhappy."

"Oh!" said the woman, who seemed to revive for a moment. "God will reward you!"

And she drew the child toward her in an ardent embrace, as though she wished, before giving him up to another woman, to fill his memory with his mother's last kiss.

"Yes," repeated the Sister, looking at the surgeon — "yes, indeed, God will reward you."

Sometimes the surgeon was in a teasing mood. On such days he amused himself by tormenting Sister Philomène on religion. He would argue, philosophize, dispute with mischievous persistency, but yet handle his subject with as light a touch as that with which a well-mannered man makes fun of the tastes of a young girl he honors, or the convictions of a woman he respects. He would press the Sister, worry her by jesting in order to make her speak and reply to him. He would have liked to make her impatient; but the Sister understood his maneuvers and guessed his intention from the smile that he could not conceal. She would allow him to talk, look at him, and then laugh. The surgeon, with his most serious air, would renew his arguments, seeking for those that might most embarrass the Sister; trying, for example, to prove to her by scientific reasons the impossibility of such and such a miracle. The Sister, undisturbed, replied by evading the question with a jest, a sally of natural mother wit and honest common sense, by one of those simple and happy phrases that faith puts into the mouths of the ignorant and the simple. One day, pushed to the far end, Barnier said to her: —

"After all, Sister, suppose heaven does not exist: you will be famously sold."

"Yes," replied Sister Philomène, laughing, "but if it does, you will be much more sold than I."

The next morning the whole hospital knew that Barnier, having scratched his hand on the previous day while dissecting a body in a state of purulent infection, was dying in terrible agonies.

When at four o'clock Malivoire, quitting for a few moments the bedside of his friend, came to replace him in the service, the Sister went up to him. She followed from bed to bed, dogging his steps, without, however, accosting him, without speaking, watching him intently, with her eyes fixed on his. As he was leaving the ward:—

"Well?" she asked, in the brief tone with which women stop the doctor on his last visit at the threshold of the room.

"No hope," said Malivoire, with a gesture of despair, "there is nothing to be done. It began at his right ankle, went up the leg and thigh, and has attacked all the articulations. Such agonies, poor fellow; it will be a mercy when it's over."

"Will he be dead before night?" asked the Sister, calmly.

"Oh, no! He will live through the night. It is the same case as that of Raguideau three years ago; and Raguideau lasted forty-eight hours."

That evening, at ten o'clock, Sister Philomène might be seen entering the church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The lamps were being lowered, the lighted tapers were being put out one by one with a long-handled extinguisher. The priest had just left the vestry.

The Sister inquired where he lived, and was told that his house was a couple of steps from the church in the Rue de la Banque.

The priest was just going into the house when she entered behind, pushing open the door he was closing.

"Come in, Sister," he said, unfurling his wet umbrella and placing it on the tiled floor in the anteroom. And he turned toward her. She was on her knees. "What are you doing, Sister?" he said, astonished at her attitude. "Get up, my child. This is not a fit place. Come, get up."

"You will save him, will you not?" and Philomène caught hold of the priest's hands as he stretched them out to help her to rise. "Why do you object to my remaining on my knees?"

"Come, come, my child, do not be so excited. It is God alone, remember, who can save. I can but pray."

"Ah! you can only pray," she said, in a disappointed tone. "Yes, that is true."

And her eyes sank to the ground. After a moment's pause the priest went on:—

"Come, Sister, sit down there. You are calmer now, are you not? Tell me, what is it you want?"

"He is dying," said Philomène, rising as she spoke. "He will probably not live through the night," and she began to cry. "It is for a young man of twenty-seven years of age; he has never performed any of his religious duties, never been near a church, never prayed to God since his first Communion. He will refuse to listen to anything. He no longer knows a prayer even. He will listen neither to priest nor any one. And, I tell you, it is all over with him, he is dying. Then I remembered your Confraternity of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, since it is devoted to those who do not believe. Come, you must save him!"

"My daughter . . ."

". . . And perhaps he is dying at this very moment. Oh! promise me you will do all at once, all that is in the Confraternity book; the prayers, everything in short. You will have him prayed for at once, won't you?"

"But, my poor child, it is Friday, to-day, and the Confraternity only meets on Thursday."

"Thursday only; why? It will be too late Thursday. He will never live till Thursday. Come, you must save him; you have saved many another."

Sister Philomène looked at the priest with wide-opened eyes, in which, through her tears, rose a glance of revolt, impatience, and command. For one instant in that room there was no longer a Sister standing before a priest, but a woman face to face with an old man.

The priest resumed:—

"All I can do at present for that young man, my dear daughter, is to apply to his benefit all the prayers and good works that are being carried on by the Confraternity, and I will offer them up to the Blessed and Immaculate Heart of Mary to obtain his conversion. I will pray for him to-morrow at Mass, and again on Saturday and Sunday."

"Oh! I am so thankful," said Philomène, who felt tears

rise gently to her eyes as the priest spoke to her. "Now I am full of hope; he will be converted, he will have pity on himself. Give me your blessing for him."

"But, Sister, I only bless from the altar, in the pulpit, or in the confessional. There only am I the minister of God. Here, my Sister, here I am but a weak man, a miserable sinner."

"That does not signify; you are always God's minister, and you cannot, you would not, refuse me; he is at the point of death."

She fell on her knees as she spoke. The priest blessed her, and added, —

"It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sister; you have nearly three miles to get home, all Paris to cross at this late hour."

"Oh! I am not afraid," replied Philomène, with a smile; "God knows why I am in the street. Moreover, I will tell my beads on the way. The Blessed Virgin will be with me."

The same evening Barnier, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted the whole day, said to Malivoire: "You will write to my mother. You will tell her that this often happens in our profession."

"But you are not yet as bad as all that, my dear fellow," replied Malivoire, bending over the bed. "I am sure I shall save you."

"No, I chose my man too well for that. How well I took you in, my poor Malivoire!" and he smiled almost. "You understand, I could not kill myself. I did not wish to be the death of my old mother. But an accident — that settles everything. You will take all my books, do you hear, and my case of instruments also. I wish you to have all. "You wonder why I have killed myself, don't you? Come nearer. It is on account of that woman. I never loved but her in all my life. They did not give her enough chloroform; I told them so. Ah! if you had heard her scream when she awoke — before it was over! That scream still reëchoes in my ears! However," he continued, after a nervous spasm, "if I had to begin again, I would choose some other way of dying, some way in which I should not suffer so much. Then, you know, she died, and I fancied I had killed her. She is ever before me, . . . covered with blood. . . . And then I took to drinking. I drank because I loved her still. . . . That's all!"

Barnier relapsed into silence. After a long pause, he again spoke and said to Malivoire, —

"You will tell my mother to take care of the little lad."

After another pause, the following words escaped him,—

"The Sister would have said a prayer."

Shortly after, he asked,—

"What o'clock is it?"

"Eleven."

"Time is not up yet, . . . I have still some hours to live. . . . I shall last till to-morrow."

A little later he again inquired the time, and crossing his hands on his breast, in a faint voice he called Malivoire and tried to speak to him. But Malivoire could not catch the words he muttered.

Then the death rattle began and lasted till morn.

A candle lighted up the room.

It burned slowly, it lighted up the four white walls on which the coarse ocher paint of the door and of the two cupboards cut a sharp contrast. One of the open cupboards displayed books crowded and piled up on its shelves; on the other was an earthen jug and basin. Over the chimney, painted to imitate black marble, a petrified *Gorgone* leaf hung in the middle of the empty panel. In one corner, where the paint was worn by scratching matches, was a little glass framed in gilt paper, a souvenir of some excursion in the neighborhood of Paris. The curtainless window revealed a roof and blank darkness beyond. It was the counterpart of a room of some inn in the suburb of a great city.

On the iron bedstead, with its dimity curtains, a sheet lay thrown over a motionless body, molding the form as wet linen might do, indicating with the inflexibility of an immutable line the rigidity, from the tip of the toes to the sharp outline of the face, of what it covered.

Near a white, wooden table Malivoire, seated in a large, wicker armchair, watched and dozed, half slumbering and yet not quite asleep.

In the silence of the room nothing could be heard but the ticking of the dead man's watch.

From behind the door something seemed gently to move and advance, the key turned in the lock, and Sister Philomène stood beside the bed. Without looking at Malivoire, without seeing him, she knelt down and prayed in the attitude of a kneeling marble statue; and the folds of her gown were as motionless as the sheet that covered the dead man.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she rose, walked away without once looking round, and disappeared.

The next day, awaking at the hollow sound of the coffin knocking against the narrow stairs, Malivoire vaguely recalled the night's apparition, and wondered if he had dreamed it; and, going mechanically up to the table by the bedside, he sought for the lock of hair he had cut off for Barnier's mother — the lock of hair had vanished.

POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING was born at London, May 7, 1812, and educated at London University. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833), anonymous; "Paracelsus," under his own name in 1836, gave him repute, and in 1837 his play "Strafford" was brought out by Macready, who took the title rôle. Seven other plays appeared between 1841 and 1846: "Sordello," "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (Drury Lane, 1843, under Macready, and revived later), "Colombe's Birthday," "Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy." There followed "Men and Women" (1855), "Dramatis Personæ" (1864, collections of relatively short pieces), "The Ring and the Book" (1868–1869), "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" [Napoleon III.] (1871), "Fifine at the Fair" (1872), "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (1873), "Aristophanes' Apology" (1875), "The Inn Album" (1876), "The Agamemnon of Æschylus" (1877), "Dramatic Idylls" (1879), "Asolando" (1889). In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, and lived chiefly in Italy afterward. He died at Venice, December 12, 1889.]

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY.

As distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.

I.

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

II.

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

III.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,

Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull! —
I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

IV.

But the city, oh, the city — the square with the houses! Why!
They are stone-faced, white as a curd — *there's* something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

V.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps e'er the snow shall have withered well off the heights;
You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-trees.

VI.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well;
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

VII.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

VIII.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons — I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

IX.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in;
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By-and-by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth,
Or the Pulcinello trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene-picture, — the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, St. Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover" (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of St. Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."
Noon strikes — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

X.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate,
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still — ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals;
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

Love Among the Ruins.

I.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop —
Was the site once of a city great and gay
(So they say),
Of our country's very capital, its prince,
Ages since,
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

II.

Now, — the country does not even boast a tree,
As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills
Intersect and give a name to (else they run
Into one),
Where the doomed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

III.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer time, o'erspreads
And imbeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone —
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

IV.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks —
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

V.

And I know — while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away —
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

VI.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

VII.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,

And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

The Jews' Plea.

(From "Holy Cross Day."—Of old, the Jews in Rome were hounded to church once a year to listen to a sermon for their conversion. One of them contemplates the orthodox rabble, and speaks inwardly thus.)

God spoke, and gave us the word to keep;
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was set;
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

Thou! if thou wast he who at mid-watch came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious Name!
And if, too heavy with sleep, too rash
With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—

Thou art the Judge. We are bruisèd thus.
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause! and not more thine
Than ours is the work of these dogs and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain thee in word and defy thee in deed!

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared:
To have called these—Christians, had we dared!
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,

By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship, —

We boast our proof that at least the Jew
Would wrest Christ's name from the Devil's crew.
Thy face took never so deep a shade
But we fought them in it, God our aid!
A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band,
South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land!

Any Wife to Any Husband.

I.

My love, this is the bitterest, that thou —
Who art all truth, and who dost love me now
As thine eyes say, as thy voice breaks to say —
Shouldst love so truly, and couldst love me still
A whole long life through, had but love its will,
Would death, that leads me from thee, brook delay.

II.

I have but to be by thee, and thy hand
Will never let mine go, nor heart withstand
The beating of my heart to reach its place.
When shall I look for thee and feel thee gone?
When cry for the old comfort and find none?
Never, I know! Thy soul is in thy face.

III.

Oh, I should fade — 'tis willed so! Might I save,
Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
Joy to thy sense, for that was precious too.
It is not to be granted. But the soul
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;
Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

IV.

It would not be because my eye grew dim
Thou couldst not find the love there, thanks to Him
Who never is dishonored in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark.

V.

So, how thou wouldst be perfect, white and clean
Outside as inside, soul and soul's demesne
  Alike, this body given to show it by!
Oh, three parts through the worst of life's abyss,
What plaudits from the next world after this,
  Couldst thou repeat a stroke and gain the sky!

VI.

And is it not the bitterer to think
That, disengage our hands and thou wilt sink
  Although thy love was love in very deed?
I know that nature! Pass a festive day,
Thou dost not throw its relic flower away
  Nor bid its music's loitering echo speed.

VII.

Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie where it fell;
If old things remain old things all is well,
  For thou art grateful as becomes man best:
And hadst thou only heard me play one tune,
Or viewed me from a window, not so soon
  With thee would such things fade as with the rest.

VIII.

I seem to see! We meet and part; 'tis brief;
The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,
  The very chair I sat on, breaks the rank;
That is a portrait of me on the wall —
Three lines, my face comes at so slight a call:
  And for all this, one little hour to thank!

IX.

But now, because the hour through years was fixed,
Because our inmost beings met and mixed,
  Because thou once hast loved me — wilt thou dare
Say to thy soul and Who may list beside,
"Therefore she is immortally my bride;
  Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair.

X.

"So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
I, a tired traveler of my sun bereft,
  Look from my path when, mimicking the same,

The firefly glimpses past me, come and gone?
— Where was it till the sunset? where anon
It will be at the sunrise! What's to blame?"

XI.

Is it so helpful to thee? Canst thou take
The mimic up, nor, for the true thing's sake,
Put gently by such efforts at a beam?
Is the remainder of the way so long,
Thou need'st the little solace, thou the strong?
Watch out thy watch, let weak ones doze and dream!

XII.

— Ah, but the fresher faces! "Is it true,"
Thou'lt ask, "some eyes are beautiful and new?
Some hair, — how can one choose but grasp such wealth?
And if a man would press his lips to lips
Fresh as the wilding hedge rose cup there slips
The dewdrop out of, must it be by stealth?

XIII.

"It cannot change the love still kept for Her,
More than if such a picture I prefer
Passing a day with, to a room's bare side:
The painted form takes nothing she possessed,
Yet, while the Titian's Venus lies at rest,
A man looks. Once more, what is there to chide?"

XIV.

So must I see, from where I sit and watch,
My own self sell myself, my hand attach
Its warrant to the very thefts from me —
Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,
Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,
Thy man's truth I was bold to bid God see!

XV.

Love so, then, if thou wilt! Give all thou canst
Away to the new faces — disentranced,
(Say it and think it) obdurate no more:
Reissue looks and words from the old mint,
Pass them afresh, no matter whose the print,
Image and superscription once they bore!

XVI.

Recoin thyself and give it them to spend, —
It all comes to the same thing at the end,
  Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shalt be,
Faithful or faithless: sealing up the sum
Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come
  Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee!

XVII.

Only, why should it be with stain at all?
Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal,
  Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
Why need the other women know so much,
And talk together, "Such the look and such
  The smile he used to love with, then as now!"

XVIII.

Might I die last and show thee! Should I find
Such hardships in the few years left behind,
  If free to take and light my lamp, and go
Into thy tomb, and shut the door and sit,
Seeing thy face on those four sides of it
  The better that they are so blank, I know!

XIX.

Why, time was what I wanted, to turn o'er
Within my mind each look, get more and more
  By heart each word, too much to learn at first;
And join thee all the fitter for the pause
'Neath the low doorway's lintel. That were cause
  For lingering, though thou called'st, if I durst!

XX.

And yet thou art the nobler of us two:
What dare I dream of, that thou canst not do,
  Outstripping my ten small steps with one stride?
I'll say then, here's a trial and a task;
Is it to bear? — if easy, I'll not ask:
  Though love fail, I can trust on in thy pride.

XXI.

Pride? — when those eyes forestall the life behind
The death I have to go through! — when I find,
  Now that I want thy help most, all of thee!

What did I fear? Thy love shall hold me fast
Until the little minute's sleep is past
And I wake saved. — And yet it will not be!

POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT [BROWNING] was born in County Durham, England, March 6, 1806; daughter of a rich country gentleman of Jamaica birth. Extremely precocious, she was self-taught to a profound cultivation; but always frail, in 1837 permanently invalided from lung rupture, and in 1839 prostrated by the drowning of her only brother before her eyes. In 1846 she eloped with Robert Browning, by whom she had one son. She died in Florence, June 30, 1861. She wrote "The Battle of Marathon" at fourteen, and published various juveniles in 1826 and 1833; "The Seraphim," etc., in 1838; "A Drama of Exile," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Cry of the Children," etc., in 1844; "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in 1847; "Casa Guidi Windows," 1851; "Aurora Leigh," a great semi-autobiographical story-poem, 1856; "Poems before Congress," 1860; her "Last Poems" were collected in 1862.]

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

"BUT why do you go?" said the lady, while both sat under the yew,
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; — "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone,
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."

"Yet farewell so," he answered; — "the sunstroke's fatal at times.
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:
If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles, and where's the pretense?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

Pan and Psyche.

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me afraid."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger, — "Why, now, you no longer are fair!
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn: "These men! Oh, these men over-nice,
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice."

Her eyes blazed upon him — "And *you!* You bring us your vices so near
That we smell them! You think in our presence a thought 'twould defame us to hear!

"What reason had you, and what right, — I appeal to your soul from my life, —
To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

"Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

"If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise! — shall I thank you for such?

"Too fair? — not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,
You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

"A moment, — I pray your attention! — I have a poor word in my head
I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.

"You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring.
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter! — I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved at my side now and then
In the senses — a vice, I have heard, which is common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes! — as white as the snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfills.

"I love my Walter profoundly, — you, Maude, though you faltered a week,
For the sake of . . . what was it — an eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face! — in the face. Understand, if you can,
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar —
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . . there's Walter! And so at the end
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me, in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine."